May 5, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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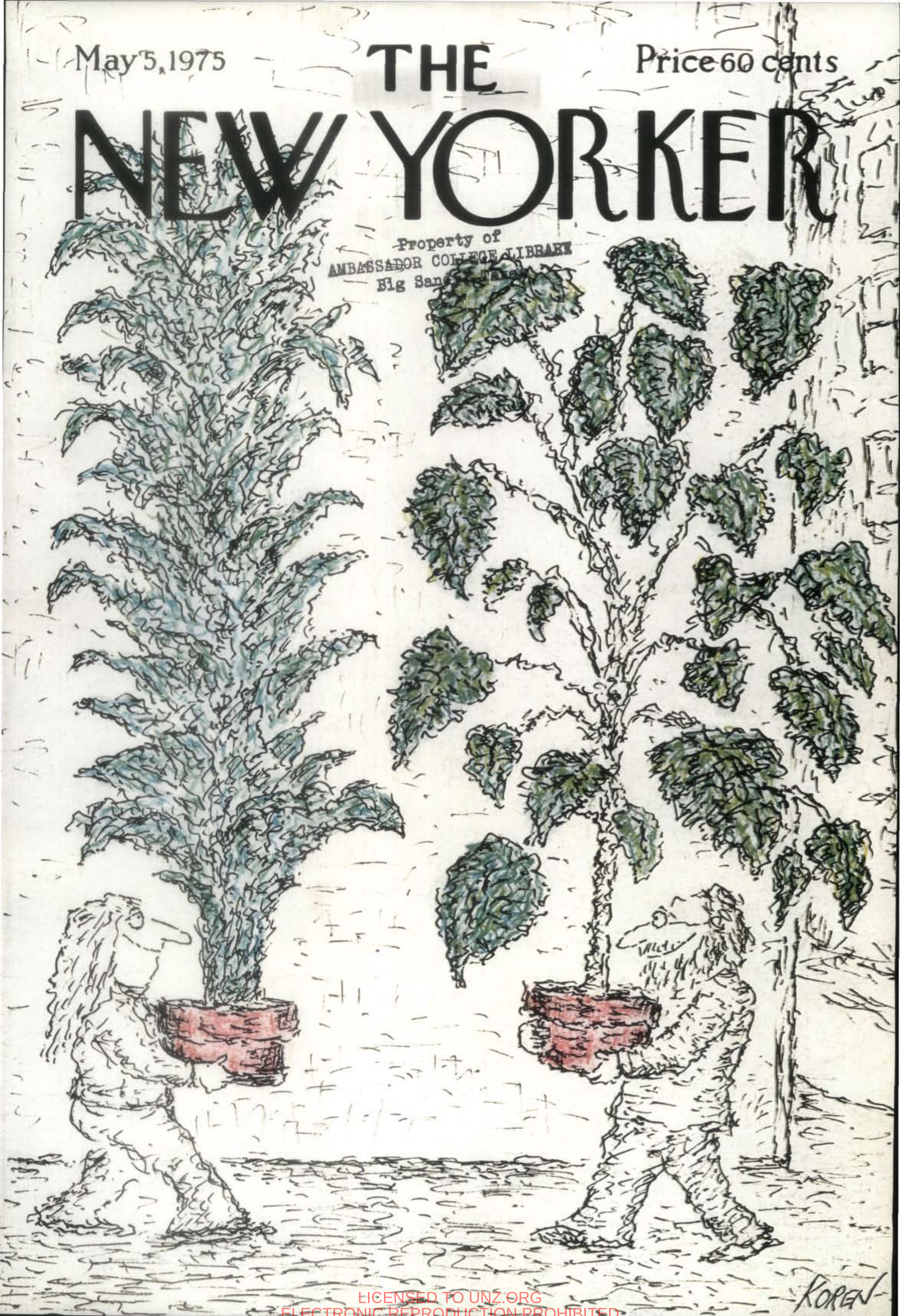

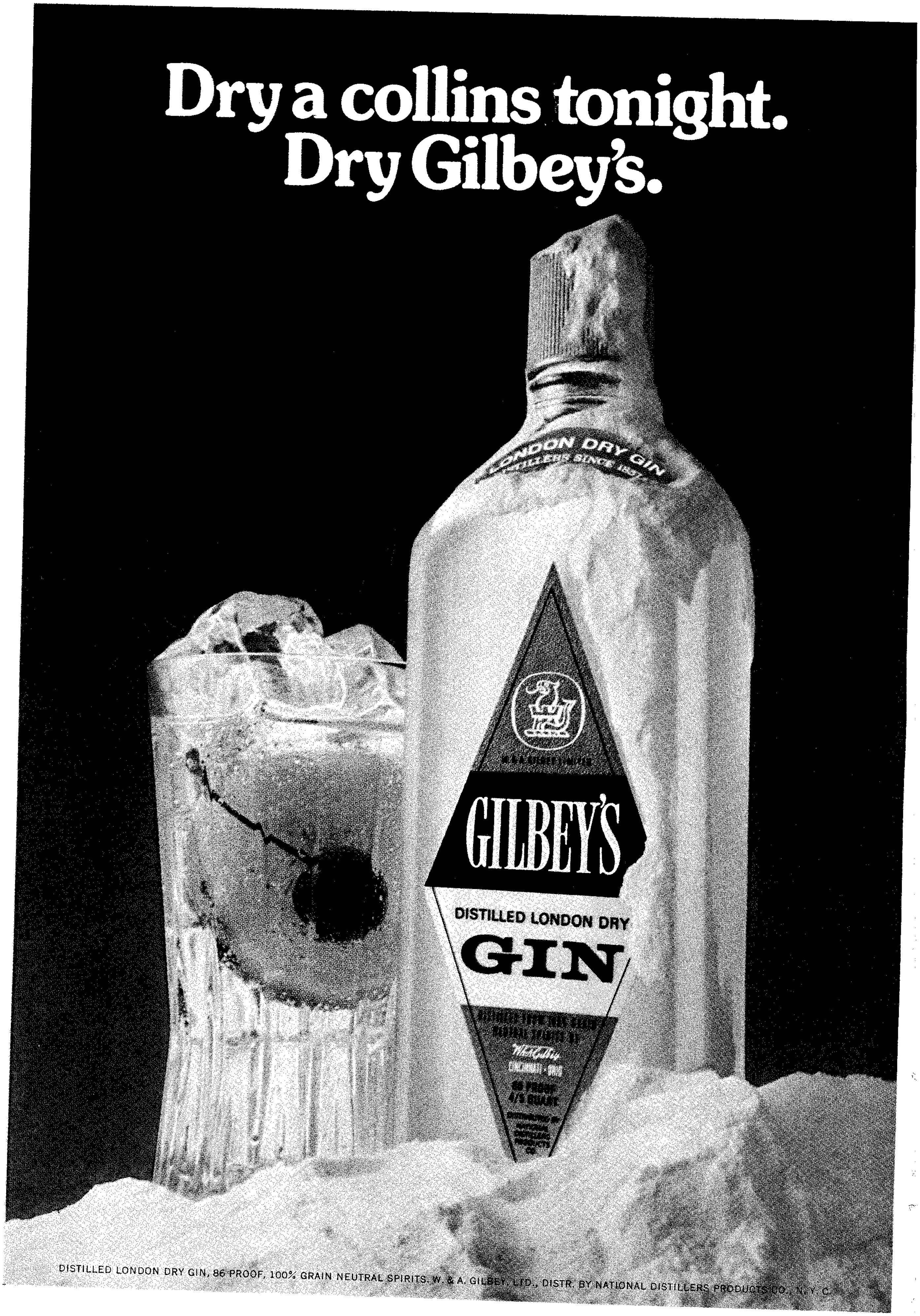
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Action—A play by Sam Shepard, together with his "Killer's Head," a short monologue. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

All God's Chillun Got Wings—O'Neill's first essay in family revelation, disguised as a play about a black man who falls obsessively in love with a white woman. With Trish Van Devere and Robert Christian, and directed by George C. Scott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

All Over Town—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—Bette Midler is more volcanic than clamlike, and a good thing, too. A superstar in the making. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)

The Constant Wife—Ingrid Bergman can do no wrong, but Maugham's old drawing-room comedy is wrong for her, and so is most of the cast with whom she is surrounded. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Dance with Me—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A two-week return engagement of André Gregory's production of the Beckett play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ghosts and **The Measures Taken**—The Ibsen play, translated by Rolf Fjelde: Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ The Brecht play, translated by Eric Bentley: Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Goodtime Charley—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking make this musical oddity about the Dauphin and Joan of Arc worth giving half your attention to. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce's Dubliners—A play by J. W. Riordan, taken from Joyce's early writings and Stanislaus Joyce's biography, "My Brother's Keeper." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

Little Black Sheep—A comedy by Anthony Scully, with Ken Howard. Edward Payson Call directed. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews through Tuesday, May 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 7. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Matter of Time—A pitiful little musical about Heaven and Hell and the likes of that. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misanthrope—A strange rendering of Molière's great play, with Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg pretending to be Parisians of the nineteen-sixties. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Past Is the Past and **The Breakout**—A double bill of one-act plays by black playwrights, the first by Richard Wesley and the second by OyamO. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Monday

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Tuesday, May 5-6, at 8. Matinée Sunday, May 11, at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

PHILEMON—A tenderhearted, overlong musical about a clown in Antioch, some two thousand years ago. By Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, who wrote "The Fantasticks." (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. 246-6755. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

POLLY—John Gay's eighteenth-century musical, a sequel to "The Beggar's Opera." (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE RITZ—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. *With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno.* (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RODGERS & HART—A musical production based on a concept by Richard Lewine and John Fearnley. The songs are drawn from the eighteen-year collaboration of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, and the cast includes Laurence Guittard and Virginia Sandifur. Directed by Burt Shevelove. Previews through Monday, May 5. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 6. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 30, and Saturdays at 2.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A-SEASON-WITHIN-A-SEASON—The Negro Ensemble Company presenting four one-week programs of works by new black playwrights. Through Sunday, May 4: **LIBERTY CALL**, by Buriel Clay. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 6-11: **SUGAR MOUTH SAM DON'T DANCE NO MORE** and **ORRIN**, two one-act plays by Don Evans. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

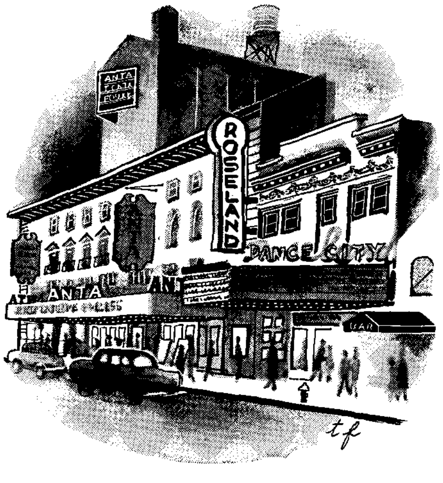
SHENANDOAH—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. Patrick Horgan is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD and **THE ISLAND**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

THE WIZ—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A play by Tom Eyen. Preview Wednesday, April 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 1, at 7. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)



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LONG RUNS—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of *the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire* musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,249 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and *lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that* parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Now tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10 and 2:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 26.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, April 30, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Meditation," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, at 1: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 4, at 7: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

BOLSHOI BALLET—"Giselle": Wednesday matinée, April 30; Wednesday evening, May 7; and Saturday evening, May 10. . . . ¶ "Spartacus": Wednesday evening, April 30; Friday evening, May 2; Wednesday matinée, May 7; and Saturday matinée, May 10. . . . ¶ "Ivan the Terrible": Thursday evening, May 1; Saturday matinée, May 3; Monday evening, May 5; and Friday evening, May 9. . . . ¶ "Swan Lake": Saturday evening, May 3 (American première of a full-length version); Tuesday evening, May 6; and Thursday evening, May 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, May 24.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, April 30; Friday evening, May 2; and Saturday matinée, May 3: "Night Creature," "After Eden," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 1, and Saturday evening, May 3: "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 4: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 4: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday evening, April 30; Saturday matinée, May 3; and Sunday evening, May 4: "Concerto Barocco," "Le Corsaire," "After Corinth," and "Fête Noire.". . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday evenings, May 1-3, and Sunday matinée, May 4: "Allegro Brillante" (company première), "Every Now and Then," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Rhythmetron.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 6-7, and Saturday evening, May 10: "Holberg Suite," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Dougla.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 8-9, and Saturday matinée, May 10: "Design for Strings," "Every Now and Then," "Bugaku," and "Forces of Rhythm." (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

NATIONAL FOLK ENSEMBLE OF PERU—A company of sixty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, May 4, at 1:30 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Saxophonist Tommy Jones pilots a trio at this Chelsea pub, which re-

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mains unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. English soul food: fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—*A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off* Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians: they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and listen to some reliable, vigorously amplified music. Tenor player George Coleman and trumpeter Danny Moore share the bandstand Wednesdays through Saturdays. Drummer Michael Carvin brings in his quartet on Monday and Tuesday, May 5-6. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Saxophonist Tom Scott, who, in his mid-twenties, is already a successful Hollywood composer, arranger, studio musician, and jazz consultant to the stars, heads up his band, the L. A. Express, through Thursday, May 1. Friday through Sunday, May 2-4, sixties-pop writer and singer Neil Sedaka trades sets with comic Mike Preminger. Things become a bit more rural on Monday and Tuesday, May 5-6, as Vassar Clements, one of the fanciest fiddlers now making records, alternates with **JOHN HARTFORD**, who sings about (among other things) "the wheat fields and the clothes lines/ and the junkyards and the highways . . . from the backroads by the/ rivers" of his memory. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, the Hollies, a veteran British rock band, appears opposite country-rocker Danny O'Keefe. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Vibraharpist Mike Mainieri and pianist Warren Bernhardt play some heavily lyrical and spaced-out duets in this pleasant and occasionally chaotic dark-pine-walled Village sanctuary; through Saturday, May 3. On Tuesday, May 6, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, a pianist, composer, and Monday-night bandleader (at the Five Spot), begins performing with guitarist Sam Brown and bassist John Beal. Sundays, **JAKI BYARD**, who doesn't seem one bit tired after *his* bandleading stint an hour or so earlier (also at the Five Spot), receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** demonstrates his unique, hard-hitting ways with classic popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Short and company go on at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DICK WELLSTOOD**, a subtle and inventive pianist, reproduces the raw materials—the emotions, the rhythmic patterns, the harmonic strengths—that the old-master pianists of the thirties and forties quarried their styles out of. He is playing by himself, which is as it should be; bass players simply bounce off his left hand. From eight until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman. Johnny Windhurst and Eddie Hubble sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, May 6. Dill Jones plays a versatile and often rollicking piano nightly from five to nine. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Pianist **CECIL TAYLOR**, a revolutionary who came forward almost twenty years ago, has just settled in here, playing a never-silent, jointless, rushing music that goes by so fast each new note spills back on the preceding one. Taylor has two old sidekicks with him—Jimmy Lyons on alto saxophone and Andrew Cyrille on drums. Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier **BROOKS KERR** works with and learns from drummer **SONNY GREER**, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** swaps ideas with pianist Dick Katz and a bassist. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson soloes every night but Sunday from six to nine. The Sunday musicians (they play from four-thirty to nine-thirty) include pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jemil Nasser. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Mabel Mercer Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A portrait of the artist at seventy-five, which **MABEL MERCER** has just gracefully turned. Everything is just right—the voice (despite its early-evening ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, her regal good looks, and the newly christened room itself. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. She sings—and miraculously well of late, particularly at her second show—at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A partial list of first-rate songwriters and/or lyricists who are also high-class performers: Matt Dennis, Eddie Heywood, Johnny Mercer, Dave Frishberg, Erroll Garner, Benny Carter, and Bobby Troup. One of the most durable and attractive is **MATT DENNIS**, who, after an eleven-year absence from New York, has lighted here—but only until Saturday, May 3. He has written "Will You Still Be Mine?," "Little Man," "Angel Eyes," "Everything Happens to Me," "The Night We Called It a Day," "Violets for Your Furs," and "Let's Get Away from It All." They are surprising songs. Some merely glint and bounce, but "Violets" and "Little Man" and "Angel Eyes" are wistful and graceful and permanent. Dennis is a jazz singer with a light, sliding voice that likes to roll over and play legato. And he is a sure piano soloist and a precise, lifting accompanist who has listened to Fats Waller and Nat Cole. Upon occasion, he plays for his wife, Ginny, and does easy duets with her. She is a vest-pocket Jo Stafford. If you can, sit down front, within the apron of quiet that usually rings the bandstand; neither singer is a shouter. Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden are playing backstop, and they are faultless. From nine-fifteen to one. . . . ¶ The astonishing **JOE VENUTI**, who played the dinner shift while Rome burned, arrives with a trio on Tuesday, May 6. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same sort of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. Some intricate, super-cool, and lazy rhythm and blues is offered up by bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, tenorman Charlie Brown, and drummer Chris Parker Sundays through Thursdays. The music is of the puristic, early- and mid-fifties variety—the basic and raw materials, untarnished by sixties and seventies rock-and-roll inflections or soul mannerisms. The five have Fridays and Saturdays off, and **ROY HAYNES** fills in, guiding his youthful quintet through some familiar but fast-paced and moving material. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven, makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually responsive to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, with an enthusiastic clientele and a reverence for just about anything campy. **ODETTA**, a woman of many powers and many musical styles—she's lately added rock, soul, and Nashville tunes to her formerly strict regimen of folk and blues—tops the bill through Saturday, May 3. Janis Ian, a pop-rock prodigy a decade ago who has got slicker with age, comes in on Tuesday, May 6. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, Eric Bentley—Brecht scholar, academician, dramatist, composer, and a charming, if tentative and somewhat absentminded-professorial, performer—sings at the piano and harmonium at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—An infirmary in name only—the music is very much alive and kicking. **CHET BAKER**, playing in his traditionally smooth and laid-back style, visits Wednesday through Sunday, April 30-May 4, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8. He occasionally does a loose, front-of-the-throat vocal—his two favorites seem to be "My Funny Valentine" (a hard song for any vocalist, to say nothing of vocalizing trumpet players, to bring off) and "There Will Never Be Another You." **ZOOT SIMS** contributes some dancing tenor-sax solos on Friday and Saturday, May 9-10. The very capable resident rhythm section comprises pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris. On Mondays, singer Joe Lee

Wilson and saxophonist Monty Waters' combo take over. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays. Snacks.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays and Tuesdays, **CHET BAKER** returns to this attractive and darkly lit home base. His young and enthusiastic cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat from nine-thirty to two. Mellophonist Don Elliot's quartet is on hand Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, and Peter La Barbera, an interesting vibraharp soloist, leads a trio Friday and Saturday, May 2-3. Bright and frisky trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE** brings in his quartet on Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, and pianist Albert Dailey works with a trio Friday and Saturday, May 9-10. Sundays, from nine to two, are given over to the guitar duo of **JOE PUMA** and **CHUCK WAYNE**, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested of the growing number of SoHo hangouts, is one of the more animated. The source of the commotion is the bandstand, where **RASHIED ALI**, an astonishingly gifted drummer, and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, a black-marble-topped bar, and an acoustically perfect corner where the musicians are to be found. On Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, the musicians are pianist Rosalinda and bassist George Mraz. John Abercrombie, an up-and-coming guitarist, works with pianist Andy LaVerne on Friday and Saturday, May 2-3. Guitarist Warren Spencer and bassist David Jackson are here Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, and pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Mickey Bass are scheduled for Friday and Saturday, May 9-10. Music from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when, on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his capable crew—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—begin to play lilting, rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored jazz. On Sundays, saxophonist Anatol Gerasimov's quintet is on the stand, and Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Greg Bobulinski's quartet performs, along with vocalist **JOE CARROLL**. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. For the past several years, **TONY WILLIAMS** has devoted himself to leading Lifetime, a rock band complete with a Cocker-esque female vocalist, and, as a result, he has taken rock-and-roll rhythms about as far as they can be taken. Recently, Williams has been forsaking his inclinations toward rock, and this, no doubt, has pleased many of his long-standing admirers who once felt that he embodied the future of jazz drumming. When he participated in an ultrajazz George Russell concert at Carnegie Hall some weeks ago, Williams seemed to play more impressively and engagingly than he has played in some time. And his current gig (through Sunday, May 4) with pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RON CARTER** promises more of the same percussive intricacies and subtleties. On Tuesday, May 6, singer, actress, and Public Theatre consultant Novella Nelson, aided by a quartet led by bassist Richard Davis, arrives to sing a batch of standards that she reconstructs and delivers in a forceful and sometimes gruelling fashion. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band ambles in, assembles itself, lets loose, and sometimes—but not often enough—blasts off. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Mondays through Wednesdays, Steve Elmer is at the keyboard, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist. Music from eight until two.

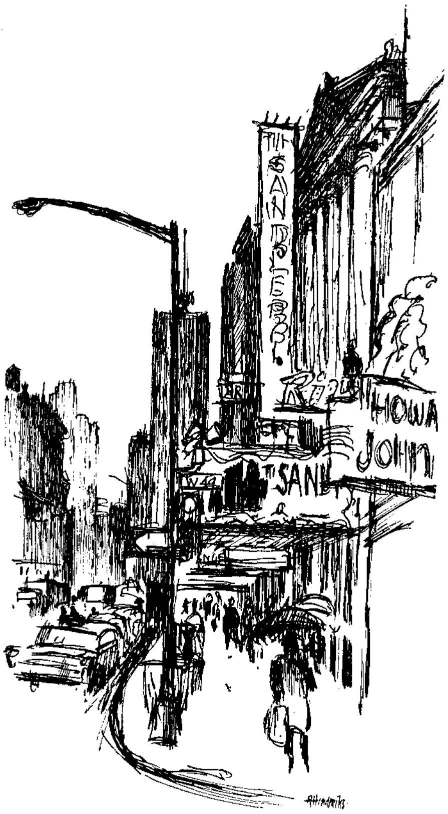
West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here and away from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Brian Torff, and his drummer, Shelton Gary. Fridays and Saturdays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Sundays are claimed by Paul Quinichette, Mabel Godwin, and their band. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the Café, pianist Steven Weltner will play on Wednesday, April 30, and Monday, May 5, as well as from eight to midnight on Sunday, May 4. Pianist-singer Tony Gorody will perform Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, and Tuesday through Saturday, May 6-10, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singers and dancers Robert Kole and Ernest Parham are in operation in the Persian Room at ten weekdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, May 5, Vivienne Della Chiesa will start carolling. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Plaza Restaurant provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the Palm Court, from five to one. Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.



Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Vocalist Billy Daniels is holding forth on this sixty-fifth-floor height at dinner and supper. Dancing from seven-forty-five to two. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting **SY OLIVER'S** dance orchestra from seven every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by Della Reese, a two-fisted soprano. Dancing to the music of the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the King Cole Grille, Eleanor Fell plays the harp from seven-thirty to eleven every night but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and book-jacket illustrations spanning a forty-year period. Through Saturday, May 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings from all periods, including New England harbor-town scenes and depictions of circus life. Through May 29. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Rosemarie Beck—Figure paintings based on the Orpheus legend. Through Saturday, May 10. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Joseph Beuys—An environment composed of copper and iron rods arranged against a wall, an antique wooden sled, and two blackboards on which there are drawings. Through May 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Erich Brauer—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through Saturday, May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Brooks—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Hugh Bulley—Representational landscape and still-life paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Corneille—Gouache paintings inspired by the story of Pinocchio, done in a primitive style. Through May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Peter Dechar—Large paintings of outsize pears. Through Saturday, May 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Sonia Delaunay—Eight large tapestries with geometric designs, along with some gouaches and graphics by an artist now ninety. Through Saturday, May 3. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Juan Downey—An installation mounted in homage to Velázquez consisting of a reproduction of "Las Meninas," doctored up with mirrors, television screens, and other arcana. Also drawings by this Chilean artist. Through May 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Realist portraits, group compositions, and still-lifes in mixed mediums. Through May 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

René Genis—Landscapes of Mykonos and a few still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through May 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexander Hollweg—Three-dimensional painted wood-and-plaster models of factories and meadows; first one-man show in New York. Through May 15. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A new series of paintings, all in shades of gray. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Robert Keyser—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through May 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Barbara Lekberg—Figurative bronze sculptures, welded and cast. Through Saturday, May 10. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

André Masson—A comprehensive show of his surrealist works, 1937-43, including paintings and sculptures. Through May 24. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Richard A. Milholland—A series of pencil drawings entitled "Book of Jews." Through May 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings, with selections from his entire career. Through May 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Harvey Quaytman—Five acrylic paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, May 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Robert Reid—Abstract watercolors derived from beach scenes. Through May 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Paul Resika—Small landscapes in oil. Through Saturday, May 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Paul Rickert—Watercolor paintings of Philadelphia and its environs, mostly. Through Saturday, May 10. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

George Rickey—Abstract stainless-steel kinetic pieces. Through May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jorge Noceda Sanchez—Surrealist paintings. Through May 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Paintings, collages in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through May 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Janet Stayton—Watercolors, soft canvases mounted in boxes, and a group entitled "Worksheets" that combines various mediums on paper. Through May 17. (Deitcher, 20 E. 67th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages. Through Saturday, May 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Frederick Wardy—Linear black-and-white oils. Through May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jane Wilson / Ardeshir Mohassess—New still-life paintings, some representational and others abstract. / Colored-pencil and watercolor caricatures. Through May 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them a Calder mobile, a Picasso tapestry, and an oil by Léger. Through May 17. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Marini, and others. Through May 15. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings and watercolors by, among others, Miklos Suba, Gaston Lachaise, and William Zorach. Through Saturday, May 3. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A loan exhibition (entrance fee: $2) of still-lifes from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, beginning with paintings of flowers, fruits, meat, fish, and utensils by Dutch masters, and including work by Chardin, Courbet, Manet, Monet, Gauguin, Renoir, van Gogh, Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, O'Keeffe, and Magritte. Through Saturday, May 3.

Sculpture—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Indoor and outdoor pieces (in bronze, terra-cotta, and stone, for instance) by Lucchesi, Manzù, Gross, and others. Through May 30. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Bronzes from the sixties, mostly, by British artists Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, Bernard Meadows, and Henry Moore. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through May 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jack Beal—Three new large paintings, all with figures, and related charcoal drawings. Through Friday, May 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—A small retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through May 31. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Isabel Bishop—Drawings and etchings, as well as a few new paintings, in a show running concurrently with her retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gene Davis / Anne Dunn—New color-field paintings. / Ink paintings on paper. Through May 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings. Through May 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Karl-Heinz Krause—Bronze nudes by a contemporary German sculptor. Through Saturday, May 10. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Paintings and sculptures executed between 1969 and 1974. Through Friday, May 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Reginato—Abstract welded-steel floor pieces. Through Thursday, May 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bridget Riley—Six large oils and fourteen gouaches by an Optical artist who previously worked in black and white but has now turned to color. Through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

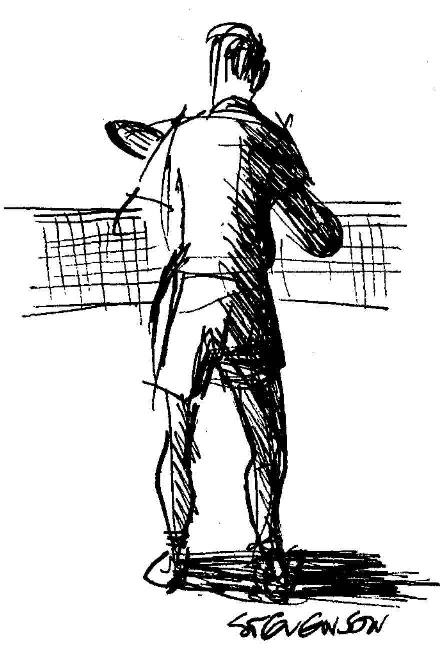
Ernest Trova—Five large sculptures, plus models for outdoor pieces. Through Tuesday, May 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Anne Truitt / Sam Francis—New sculptures and drawings. / Abstract gouaches on paper. Through May 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Abstract drawings done with white watercolor and pencil. Through May 17. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Siet Zuyderland—Paintings of interiors by a Dutch artist; first one-man show in New York. Through May 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bronze sculptures by Douglas Abdell, polyester-resin sculptures by Fred Eversley, and acrylics on paper by Cynthia Polsky. Through Saturday, May 10. (Open Mondays.) . . . **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by a group that includes René Magritte, Max Ernst, and Victor Brauner. Through Saturday, May 10. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: A show called "People" (portraits and people in groups) with examples by Ben Shahn, Ruth Gikow, Charles Demuth, and others. Through May 14. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: An exhibition that is a re-creation of one held by Denise René, the owner of this gallery, twenty years ago in Paris. Among the eight painters and sculptors are Vasarely, Agam, Soto, and Duchamp. Through May 17.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Valerio Aló / Stephanie Brody Lederman—Photo-Realist paintings of gas stations and gas trucks. / Drawings. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Meriam Appel—Abstract oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 10. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Vincent Arcilesi / Milo Lazarević—Landscapes (many of the Grand Canyon and the Zion Canyon) and interiors with figures. / Marble sculptures. Through May 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Robert Buxbaum—Glass sculptures. Through May 17. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

David Diao—Abstract paintings. Through May 15. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Susan Hall—Figurative paintings. Through Friday, May 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract acrylics. Through Wednesday, May 7. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Lobel / Gregory M. Ryan—Depictions of New York City street scenes and figures on shaped canvases. / Semi-abstract figure paintings. Through Thursday, May 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Gerald Samuels—Abstract paintings. Through May 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Jane Schneider—Enamelled-steel sculptures in many colors and many sizes; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, May 7. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Susan Smith / Joe Neill—Two large paintings in gesso and pastels on triple-ply cardboard, plus a charcoal drawing on the wall. / Tentlike structures, in nylon mesh, metal, and Rhoplex, some of which can be unsnapped. Through May 14. (55 Mercer Street.)

Eileen Spikol / Shirley Gorelick—Wall and floor pieces, among them plaster masks mounted on wood panels. / Large figurative paintings and etchings. Through Wednesday, May 7. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John L. Stewart / Robert Colescott—Primarily abstract paintings incorporating such images as saws and doorknobs. / Satirical paintings based on social themes. Through Thursday, May 8. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Idelle Weber—Photo-Realist paintings of trash. Through May 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Sam Wiener / Helen Soreff—Small-scale sculptures of glass and concrete placed on wooden stands. / Linear paintings in muted grays. Through May 13. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Luis Jimenez, Michael Gitlin, and Alan Suicide showing sculptures, and Stephen Woodburn showing landscapes. Through May 17. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Richard Stankiewicz—Four welded-steel sculptures. Through Friday, May 2. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Drawings by fifty artists (among them Willem de Kooning, Judy Lerner Brice, Robert Gordy, Michael Mazur, and William T. Wiley) representing all sections of the United States. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Saturdays at 1; closed Sundays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Four Los Angeles artists showing paintings, drawings, and conceptual work. Through May 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **WALKER STREET GALLERY**, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Works in mixed mediums by ten artists. Through May 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—Portraits of stage-and-screen stars of the nineteen-twenties, in-

1970, A FRAGRANCE IS CREATED FOR A WOMAN WHO IS SURE OF HERSELF.

Guerlain introduces Chamade. It is purely female. Deep, rich and sensuous.

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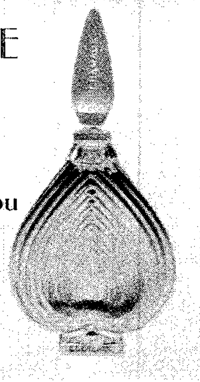

Write Pamphlet offer, Sony, 9 W. 57 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10019   ©1975 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cluding Gloria Swanson, Josephine Baker, and John Barrymore. Through May 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Michael Bishop / Les Krims—Abstractions. / Erotic color Polaroids. Through May 24. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Photographs of New York City taken between 1938 and 1950. Through May 24. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Charles Gatewood / Arthur Tress—Photographs of people taken by the artist on his travels around the country. / Each photograph by this artist incorporates his shadow. Through June 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through May 11. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jack Manning—Surrealistic pictures by a *Times* photographer. Through Friday, May 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. The pictures confirm the power of photography as a medium for conveying the reality of suffering. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

George A. Tice—People, cityscapes, and landscapes, as well as plants, trees, and ice forms, in a selection that represents work from 1953 to 1973. Through May 17. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Collodion-process prints, mostly, dating from the eighteen-fifties to the early nineteen hundreds, by French photographers (Le Gray, Baldus, Atget, and others). Through June 31. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment), as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Great Wave" is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. Through May 11. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, including eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6. . . . ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Ceramic tiles, some mounted singly, others mounted in groups, by the noted painter Helen Frankenthaler. . . . ¶ Forty-six recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Both exhibitions start Friday, May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 9, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of the realist painter Isabel Bishop. Through June 1. A complementary show is at the Midtown Galleries, 11 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and constructions by Roy De Forest. Through Sunday, May 4. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and watercolors of the Scottish coast by the American painter Jon Schueler. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Starts Thursday, May 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A loan show of more than fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A model of a huge prehistoric flying reptile, a pterosaur, with a wingspan of fifty-one feet. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the Musée Guimet, in Paris. Starts Saturday, May 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 5:45.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Included are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions start Thursday, May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, and trade signs, for example) from the seventeenth century to the present. Through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Century-old dolls, new dolls, Easter eggs, and Victorian toys are part of "A Dolls' Easter." Through Sunday, May 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Leon Golub. Through Sunday, May 4. . . . ¶ A show of American prints done during the last two years by James Rosenquist, Yvonne Jacquette, Joe Goode, and others. Through Sunday, May 4. . . . ¶ Figures and abstract bronze sculptures by Caroline Newhouse. Through May 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Portraits by Kwasi Seitu Asantey. Through May 29. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—Additional benefit performances of a revised version of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8:30; Friday, May 9, at 2; Saturday, May 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting the final concerts of the season here—Wednesday, April 30, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Leontyne Price, soprano; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: A varied program, with Tamás Vásáry, piano.

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final concert of the season here, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Bavarian Symphony Orchestra—Rafael Kubelik conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 6, at 8, a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 9; and Wednesday, May 7, at 8, "Má Vlast," Smetana's cycle of symphonic poems.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Heinz Holliger, oboist-composer, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, with the Speculum Musicae, the Gregg Smith Singers, and groups from Boston and Philadelphia. Composers John Cage and Lejaren Hiller will be present and participate in a discussion at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 3, from 7 to 11.)

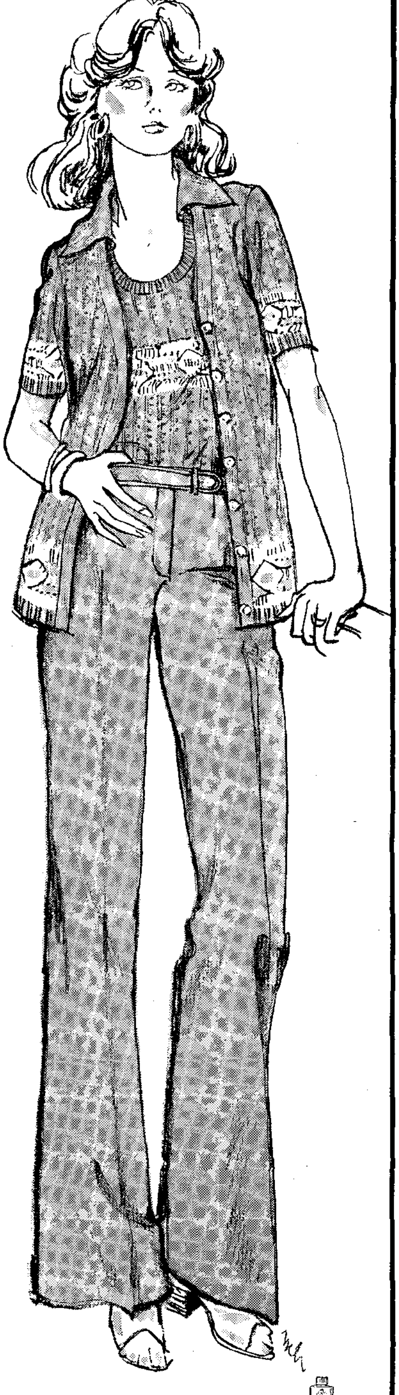
New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble and acting as piano soloist in the final concert (postponed from March 23) of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 2:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 4, at 3.)

Orchestra da Camera of New York—James Conlon conducting an all-Mozart benefit program, with Robert Mann, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley

James Kenrob



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Walker directing, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 4, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Union and Wheaton College Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with Charles Fassett and Hugh Allen Wilson directing, and with John Houseman, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8:15.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing an all-Mozart program, with a vocal quartet and a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—With Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music, this one with Mario Davidovsky, speaker, and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

LaSalle Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete quartets of Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of concerts of premières. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

Grace Harrington—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8.)

Early Music Quartet—A program of music composed during the time of the Albigensian Crusades, 1209-29. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, May 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3702.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Amati Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of two benefit recitals presenting the Schoenberg cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Marlboro Trio—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Armenta Adams—Piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, May 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Joanna Simon—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final program of the season (two performances) will be played by Michael Tilson Thomas, pianist-conductor; Charles Treger and Ani Kavafian, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 11, at 5.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 30, at 5:45: **ANITA LOOS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 5:45: **BARBARA COOK**.

Jeff Beck and the Mahavishnu Orchestra (with John McLaughlin)—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, at 8.

Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 1, at 8.

Country in New York—Merle Haggard and the Strangers, and Willie Nelson. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, May 2, at 7 and 10.)

Minnie Riperton—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.

Helen Reddy and Peter Allen—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 7:30.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 8.

Nektar—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

Roswell Rudd and Friends—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 4, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

America—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 5, at 8.

Alice Cooper—With Suzi Quatro. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Woody Herman and His Orchestra—Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Monday, May 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 688-8257.

Sammy Davis, Jr.—A benefit performance. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, May 6, at 8.)

LaBelle—Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesday through Friday, May 6-9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, May 11, at 8.

Rod McKuen—With strings. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, May 6, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—"The Savoy Ballroom, Home of Happy Feet," a program recalling the sounds of Lucky Millinder's Blue Rhythm Orchestra and Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Caterina Valente and Woody Herman—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 9, and Sunday, May 11, at 8.

Sparks and Orchestra Luna—Academy of Music. Friday, May 9, at 8.

Jesse Colin Young and Leo Kottke—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Montreal, Friday, May 2, at 8:05; Saturday, May 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6-7, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 10, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES**: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, April 30-May 1, at 8.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 3.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 3.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. The third game will be played on Sunday, May 4, at 4; after that, dates will be announced.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 3; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 7; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 10. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis: Los Angeles vs. Boston and New York Sets vs. Cleveland. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Tuesday, May 6, at 6. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Light Opera of Manhattan presenting "Naughty Marietta." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Stage Shows—By the Meri Mini Players—"Looice," Saturday, May 3, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Sunday, May 4, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," Saturday, May 10, at 12:30 and 2:30. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. For tickets, call 697-0730.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Between the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 5, at 8.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, May 3, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 6, at 2: Whistler prints, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 1. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 7, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 10:15: Old Master prints, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 2: Contemporary prints, from various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 25.

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Cincinnati, May 11 (day). San Francisco, May 12-14 (night). Yankees, May 15 (benefit exhibition night game). Los Angeles, May 26 (at 4:05) and May 27-28 (n). San Diego, May 30-31 (n) and June 1 (d). Houston, June 2-4 (n) and June 5 (d). Atlanta, June 6 (n) and June 7-8 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Oakland, May 16-17 (night) and May 18 (day). Kansas City, May 19-21 (n). Texas, May 23-24 (n) and May 25 (d). California, June 9-10 (n).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton, May 11.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. May 27-29.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, June 7.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D. C. June 1.)

Racing—At **pimlico**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 17. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 29-Oct. 4. . . . **belmont:** June 2-July 26. The Belmont, June 7. . . . **epsom**, England: The Derby, June 4.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: May 19-July 19.

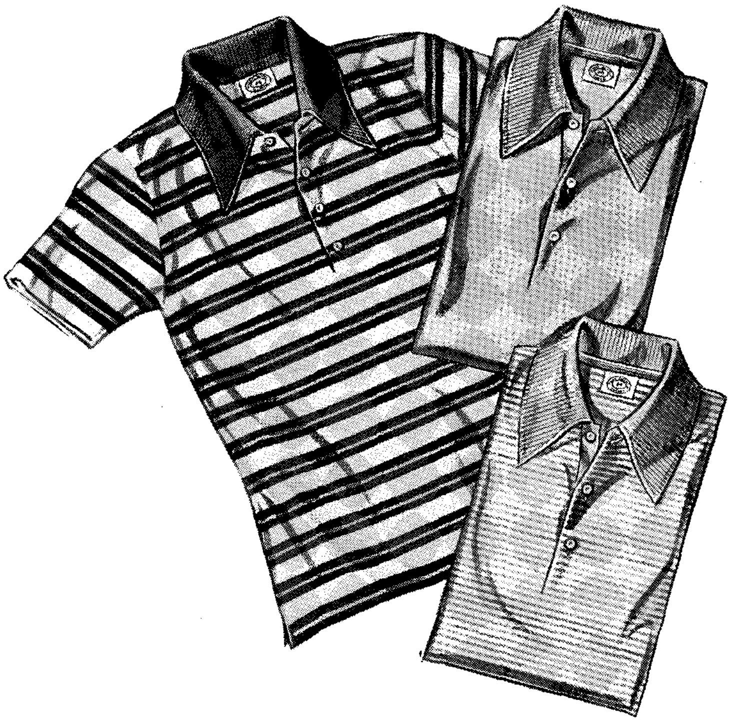
Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound, May 31-June 1.)

Music—**avery fisher hall** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 17, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 21 to June 14. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, May 16. . . . ¶ Our Bach Concert, May 17. . . . **carnegie hall** (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, May 22. . . . ¶ Utah Symphony, May 23. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Dessoff Choirs, May 13. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Greek Chorale, May 17. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, May 18. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, May 25. . . . **hunter college playhouse** (535-5350): Speculum Musicae, May 12. . . . ¶ Bronx Opera Company, May 16-17. . . . ¶ Paul Sperry, tenor, May 19. . . . ¶ Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano, June 3.

Ballet—Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 27-June 21.

Theatre—Scheduled to open within the next several weeks: Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach in "Chicago," a musical. Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse wrote the book (based on Maurine Dallas Watkins' 1926 comedy of the same name, which was later made into the film "Roxie Hart"), John Kander supplied the score, and Mr. Ebb is responsible for the lyrics.

Other Dates—May Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 14. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 23-June 8. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 26. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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4	5	6	7	8		

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EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 3: "White Savage" and "Cobra Woman."
May 4-6: "Stagecoach" and "The Grapes of Wrath."
From May 7: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Down Argentine Way."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 6: "The Front Page" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From May 7 (tentative): "The Sting" and "American Graffiti."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 6: "The Stepford Wives."
From May 7: "The Four Musketeers."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 3: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Women in Love."
May 4-6: "The Boys in the Band" and "Something for Everyone."
From May 7: "The Happy Hooker."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Capone."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Ten Little Indians."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"And Now My Love."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 6: "Day for Night" and "Mean Streets."
From May 7: "The Happy Hooker."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Passenger."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 6: "Touch and Go."
From May 7: "Lulu the Tool."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 6: "Hearts and Minds."
From May 7: "The Day of the Locust."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Aloha, Bobby and Rose."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
April 30: "Ulysses" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
May 1: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Passion of Anna."
May 2: "California Split" and "Fat City."
May 3: "Frenzy" and "Topaz."
May 4: "A Man for All Seasons" and "Elvira Madigan."
May 5: "In Cold Blood" and "Repulsion."
May 6: "Memories of Underdevelopment" and "Tristana."
May 7: "Red Desert" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
May 8: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "Dear John."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Middle of the World."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 6: "Lenny."
From May 7: "Amarcord."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Yakuza."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Ten Little Indians."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Capone."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 1: "The Great Waldo Pepper."
From May 2: "Rosebud."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 6: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation."
From May 7: "Mandingo."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
April 30-May 1: "Dr. Strangelove"/"Day of Wrath"/"Black Thursday."
May 2: "Women in Love"/"Touch of Evil"/"Black Thursday."
May 3: "Painters Painting"/"Black Thursday"/"Sally of the Sawdust"/"Women in Love."
May 4: "Painters Painting"/"Black Thursday"/"Abraham Lincoln"/"Women in Love."
May 5: "Leo the Last"/"Titicut Follies"/"Black Thursday."
May 6: "Medea"/"Metroliner"/"Black Thursday."
May 7: "Medea"/"Red Desert"/"Black Thursday."
May 8: "Targets"/"The Golem"/"Black Thursday."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 6: "The Four Musketeers."
From May 7: "Hearts and Minds."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Stavisky."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 1: "Report to the Commissioner."
From May 2: "Rosebud."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 6 at one or another of the theatres: "Lenny" and "Midnight Cowboy"/"Chinatown" and "The Conversation"/"Love at the Top"/"A Woman Under the Influence."
From May 7: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 30: "Executive Action" and "The Terminal Man."
May 1: "Deranged" and "The Trip."
May 2-3: "Brewster McCloud" and "M*A*S*H."
May 4: One performance, at noon, of "A Thousand Clowns."
May 4-5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Thieves Like Us."
May 6: "Le Boucher" and "The Champagne Murders."
May 7: "The Odessa File" and "The Day of the Jackal."
May 8: "The Scarlet Empress" and "Shanghai Express."

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
April 30: "Gone with the Wind."
May 1-7: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From May 8: "Singin' in the Rain."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Harry & Tonto."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 6: "Freebie and the Bean" and "The Super Cops."
From May 7: "The Front Page" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 30: "Raven's End" and "Adalen 31."
May 1: "Murmur of the Heart" and "The Fire Within."
May 2: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Happy Birthday, Wanda June."
May 3: "The Awful Truth" and "His Girl Friday."
May 4: "Shane" and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance."
May 5: "Mandabi" and "Emitai."
May 6: "A Man Escaped" and "Pickpocket."
May 7: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Street of Shame."
May 8: "Easy Rider" and "The Last Movie."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 6: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full."
From May 7: "Le Secret."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather, Part II."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Story of a Love Affair."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 6: "Love at the Top."
From May 7: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 4: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From May 5: Theatre temporarily closed.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 6: "The Four Musketeers" and "The Paper Chase."
From May 7: "Hearts and Minds."

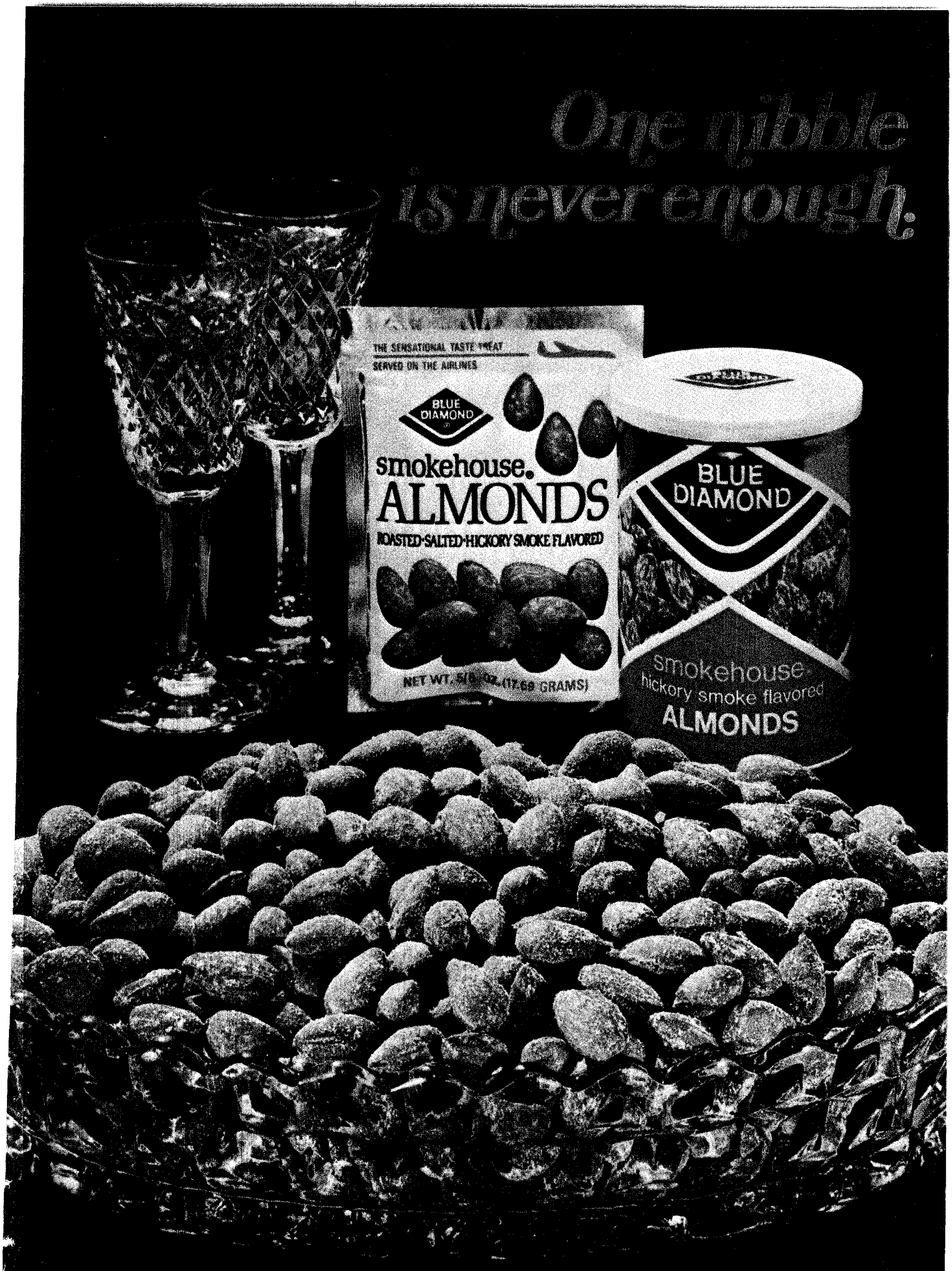
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 6: "The Yakuza."
From May 7: "Amarcord" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 1: "Report to the Commissioner."
From May 2: "Rosebud."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 6: "The Front Page" and "The Black Windmill."
From May 7: "Emmanuelle" and "The Boys in the Band."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 30 at 5:30: "The Wave" (1935), in Spanish, directed by Fred Zinnemann and Emilio Gomez Muriel, photographed by Paul Strand; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 5:30: "The Shanghai Gesture" (1941), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Gene Tierney and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: "George White's Scandals" (1934), directed by George White and Thornton Freeland, with Rudy Vallée and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 5:30 and May 3 at noon: "Vampyr" (1931), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 3 at 3: "The Shanghai Gesture.". . . ¶ May 3 at 5:30: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ May 4 at 12:30 and 3: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ May 4 at 5:30 and May 5 at 2: "The Steel Helmet" (1950), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Gene Evans and Robert Hutton. . . . ¶ May 5 at 5:30: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2: "Western Union" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Robert Young and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ May 6 at 5:30: "A Summer to Remember" (1960), in Russian, directed by Georgy Danelia and Igor Talankin, with Sergei Bondarchuk; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 7 at noon: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5:30: "Western Union.". . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "Nanook of the North.". . . ¶ May 8 at 5:30: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "The Lady Eve." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to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those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 1 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The Purchase Price" (1932), directed by William A. Wellman, with Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent. . . . ¶ May 2 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Annie Oakley" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ May 3-4 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Vivacious Lady" (1938), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and James Stewart. . . . ¶ May 8 at 3 and 5:30: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958), directed by Douglas Sirk, with John Gavin and Lilo Pulver. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 6: "Learning to Dance in Bali" (1939), directed by Gregory Bateson and Margaret Mead; "Microcultural Incidents in Ten Zoos" (1971), directed by Ray L. Birdwhistell and Jacques D. Van Vlack; and "Dance and Human History" (1974), directed by Alan Lomax and Forrestine Pauley. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting May 8: A program of six films that deal with still photographs or film. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Fitzgibbon, Méliès, Renoir, Vertov, Smith, Vigo, Rossellini, Wyborny, Snow, von Stroheim, and others. Showings April 30 at 5, 7, and 9:30; May 1 at 5, 7, and 9; May 2 at 6, 8, and 10; May 3 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; May 4 at 8; May 6-7 at 5, 7, and 9; and May 8 at 6, 8, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Adalen 31 (1969)—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life, seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy whose father dies in the events. Bo Widerberg, whose last previous film was "Elvira Madigan," made this admirable and beautiful, though not, perhaps, altogether satisfactory film. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

Alexander's Ragtime Band (1938)—The twenty-six Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquitolike irritation of the plot. Alice Faye, with her mellow voice and overripe, slow smile, is wonderful on the title song and one wants to cheer for her "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," but one may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, and Chick Chandler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 7.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through May 4.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Columbia II.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (72nd Street East, and Symphony; starting May 7.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 7, tentative.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. There is a nice side character (Charles Gérard), an older jailbird turned film producer, who has an interesting expertise in hens. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Fine Arts.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 7.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

Black Thursday—With Christian Rist and Christine Pascal, directed by Michel Mitrani. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Black Windmill (1974)—An English gun-running story, directed by the American Don Siegel from a screenplay by Leigh Vance. Michael Caine plays a stoic-looking English investigator whose son is kidnapped, bringing him and his separated wife (Janet Suzman) together again. Hunting the kidnappers and the gunrunners in France and England, he is himself pursued by forces of officialdom (Scotland Yard, M.I.5, the French police). The film is helped by a lot of inventive gadgetry nearly up to 007's. (6/3/74) (Olympia; through May 6.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Elgin; May 6.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Murray Hill; May 4-6. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 7.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; May 2-3.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Beekman; May 2.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Champagne Murders (1968)—Odd, sardonic murder mystery, directed by Claude Chabrol, released here in an English-language version that never sounds quite right. The characters are affluent, bored, and ambivalent; Chabrol himself seems rather ambivalent about the whole handsome, hollow project. With Maurice Ronet, Tony Perkins, Stéphane Audran, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Elgin; May 6.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; through May 6.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Beekman; April 30.)

Cobra Woman (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as twins; Jon Hall, as thick as ever; and the cherished line "Gif me the cobra jools!" Robert Siodmak and George Waggner directed this heavenly absurdity. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 3.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; through May 6.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Plaza; through May 6.)

The Day of the Jackal (1973)—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (6/2/73) (Elgin; May 7.)

The Day of the Locust—Based on the Nathanael West novel about Hollywood in the thirties. With Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, William Atherton, and Geraldine Page, directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema I; starting May 7.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is the proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When the pastor falls dead, she is tried for witchcraft. Accused of being a witch, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30-May 1.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Beekman; May 8.)

Deranged—A horror story, with Roberts Blossom. Directed by Jeff Gillen and Alan Ormsby. (Elgin; May 1.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30-May 1.)

Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full—With Annie Colé, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Paris; through May 6.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell," in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for thirty-five years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 7.)

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Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Beekman; May 4.)

Emitai (1973)—A film by the Senegalese writer-filmmaker Ousmane Sembene about black villagers who are pushed closer and closer to resistance by the inhuman demands of a colonial power (the French, during the Second World War). Yet they delay. Even after their women and children are rounded up and put in the sun, the men postpone taking action; they make sacrifices to their gods, hoping to learn what to do—but the gods are silent. Some of the men interpret this silence as punishment for those who no longer believe in the gods. (Emitai is the Master of Thunder.) The film deals with the interrelationships in the village between the men and the women, and between the men and their gods—and in both cases they turn out to be complex and puzzling. Ousmane Sembene's techniques are simple and unaffected, though the last part of the movie is unsatisfying. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Olympia; starting May 7.)

Executive Action (1973)—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (11/19/73) (Elgin; April 30.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Beekman; May 2.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. In Italian. (Beekman; May 1.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

The Four Musketeers—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie: he simply made two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the three others (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston (Cardinal Richelieu). Written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. (3/31/75) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through May 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 7.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. It was conceived in the pre-Watergate Nixon era, and the heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as the transvestite. (Playboy; through May 6.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Beekman; May 3.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through May 6. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting May 7.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific; it's no longer singing, it's strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Paramount.)

The Golem (1937)—Julien Duvivier directed three of the best French films of 1937: "Pépé le Moko," "Un Carnet de Bal," and "The Golem," a remake of the silent German classic. The Golem is a stone man, eight feet tall,

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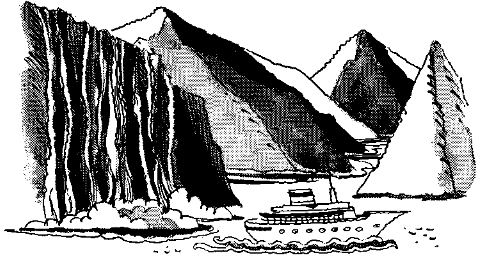

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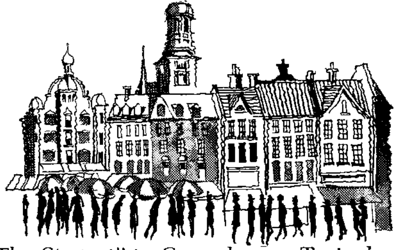

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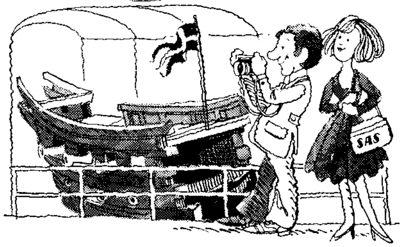

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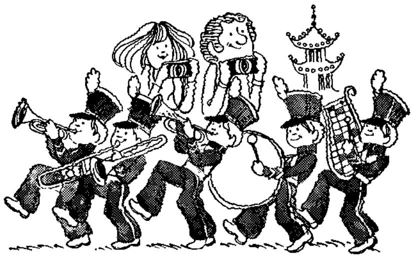

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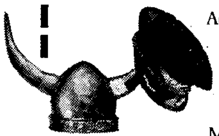

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Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Music Hall; April 30.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4-6.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (86th St. East; through May 1.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Beekman; May 8.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June (1971)—Rod Steiger as a sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Murray Hill, and Plaza; starting May 7.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (Festival.)

Hearts and Minds—This documentary, finished in 1974, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon"), won an Oscar this year in circumstances that obscured the poise and amplitude of the film. At the award ceremonies, the co-producer, Bert Schneider, in an outburst totally inapt to a film that the director had been careful to leave without commentary, read aloud a cable from the ambassador of Vietnam's Provisional Revolutionary Government to the Paris peace talks; it was a partisan thing to do, however innocently meant, and it would be a million pities if that were to debase the film in the eyes of its natural opponents into seeming a simple-minded broadsheet or a piece of penny-in-the-slot cant about the woes of imperialism. Peter Davis's intention and achievement were more grown-up than that. His film is really a reflection on America, and on Americans' changing view of themselves. The even temper and the heed for justice that flood "Hearts and Minds" give it the right to be considered not only an honest man's report but also a work that has the individual point of view that is a prerogative of art. (4/28/75) (Cinema I; through May 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; starting May 7.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Beekman; May 5.)

The Invitation—With Jean-Luc Bideau and Michel Robin, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Regency.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Beekman; May 7.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through May 6.)

Leo the Last (1970)—Marcello Mastroianni as a prince who tries to lead black slum dwellers in a struggle against his own family. A complex satiric fantasy, set in modern London. Too gimmicky, too showy, but with some unusual directorial touches by John Boorman. The cast includes Billie Whitelaw and Calvin Lockhart. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 5.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 6.)

Lulu the Tool—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; starting May 7.)

Mandabi (1968)—A story set in modern Africa, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In Wolof. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting May 7.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Beekman; May 4.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the title role as an idealistic young Eastern lawyer, who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as always. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Elgin; May 2-3.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Elgin; May 4-5.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Plaza; through May 6.)

Medea (1971)—From the play by Euripides, with Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6-7.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Beekman; May 6.)

Metroliner—Directed by Victoria Hochberg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6.)

The Middle of the World—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Quad Cinema; through May 6.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 7.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—With Graham Chapman, directed by Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

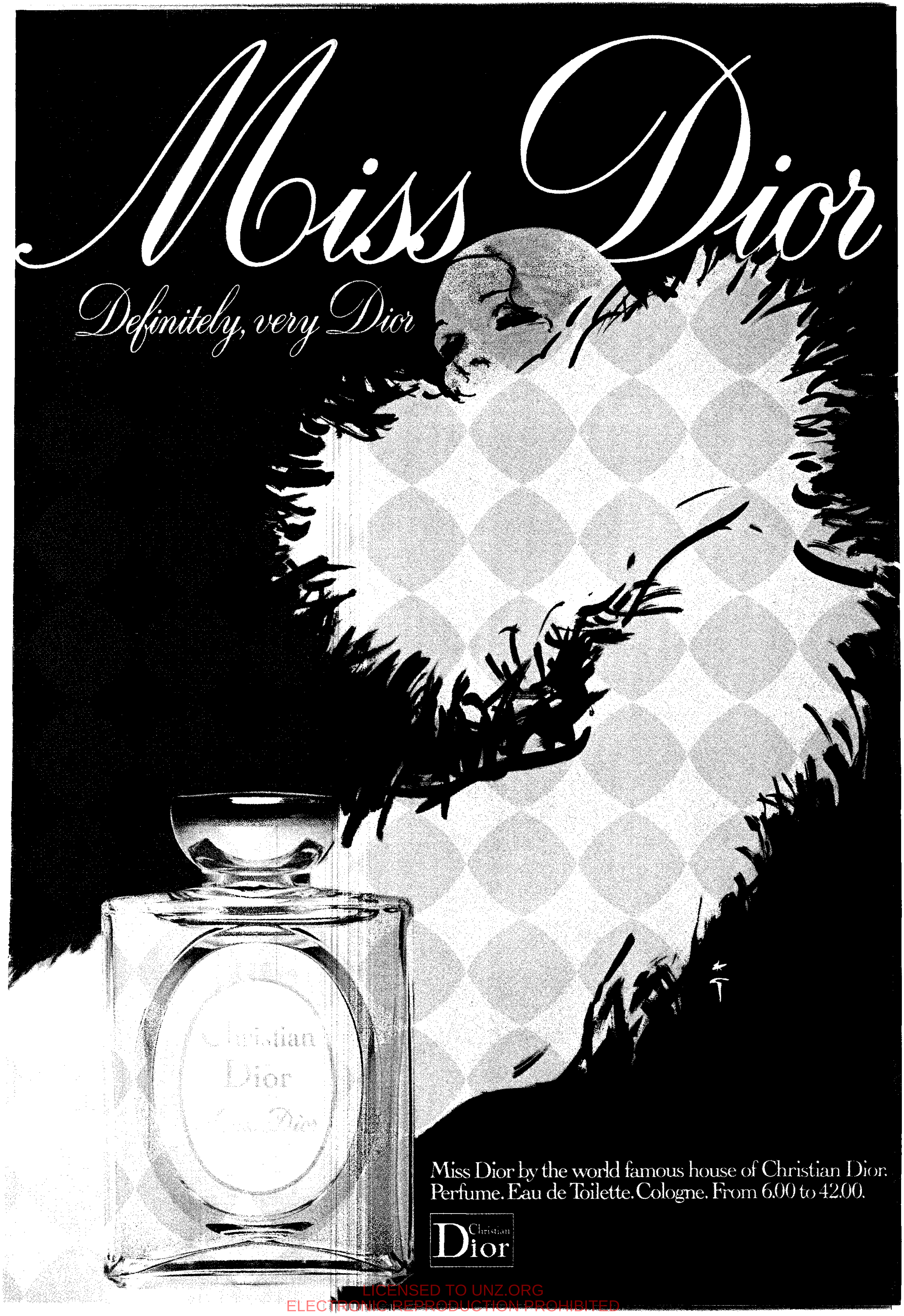
Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Cinema Village, and Juliet 2.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Elgin; May 7.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 3-4.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as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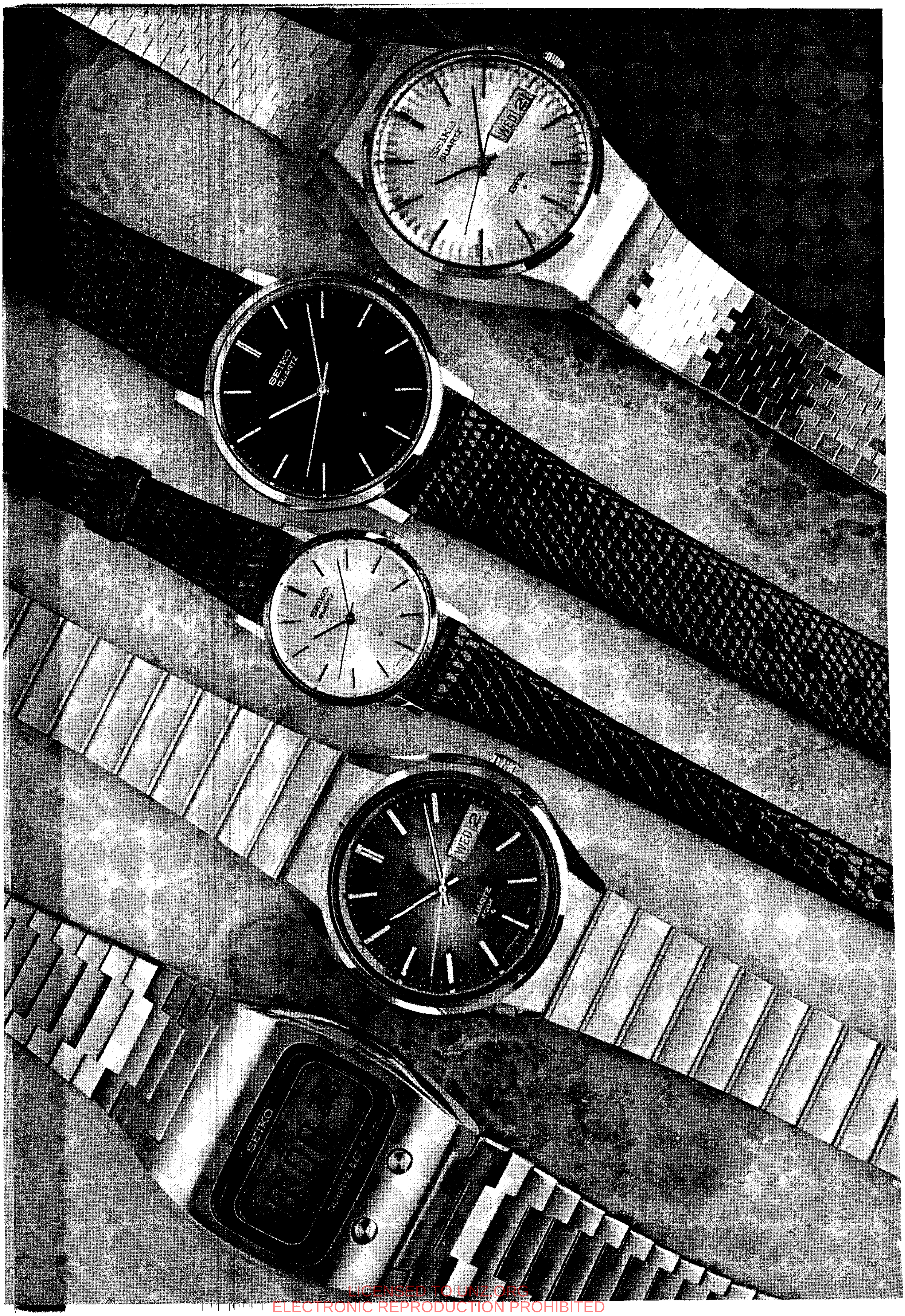
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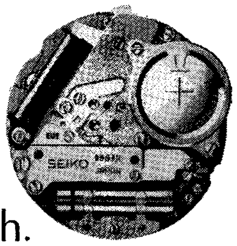

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a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (New Yorker; through May 6.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Baronet.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Beekman; May 1.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, with its visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Beekman, and Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Greenwich, and Thalia; through May 1.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Beekman; May 5.)

Rosebud—Thriller about the Middle East, with no great thrills and no thoughtfulness at all. It has an international cast of actors who speak English as though they were dolphins of high degree who had learned the language from phonograph records. Five girl teenagers, four of them heirs to fortunes, are hijacked by an Arab terrorist under the orders of a loopy Muslim-converted Englishman called Sloat (Richard Attenborough). He is foiled by Peter O'Toole, using the cover of a job on *Newsweek* to disguise the fact that he is working for the C.I.A. Moral confusion abounds in the film; Otto Preminger, who directed, has a much finer intelligence than this. The fault lies mostly with the inane screenplay, which was adapted by Erik Lee Preminger, Otto's son, from a best-seller by Joan Hemingway, Ernest's granddaughter, and Paul Bonnecarrère. (4/7/75) (86th St. East, Greenwich, and Thalia; starting May 2.)

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Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (nor much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 3.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Elgin; May 8.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris; starting May 7.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 4.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Elgin; May 8.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Music Hall; starting May 8.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondřiček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 6. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting May 7.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Murray Hill; May 4-6.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4-6.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Gramercy; through May 6.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 7, tentative.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. (The screenplay credits Antonioni and four others.) A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity, though it is not as cryptic as the aesthetically more beautiful "L'Avventura." As in "La Notte" and "Eclipse" and "Red Desert," the sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. His political sense of cause and effect, and of the environment that produces disaffection, had to wait until "The Passenger" (1975) to be truly fused with his usual genius. In Italian. (Cinema Studio.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Murray Hill; through May 3.)

Street of Shame (1956)—Kenji Mizoguchi's ascetic view of the lives of the inhabitants of Toyko's red-light district, with Machiko Kyo. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

The Super Cops (1974)—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (Playboy; through May 6.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naively made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Symphony; starting May 7.)

Ten Little Indians—Peter Collinson's maladroit remake of Agatha Christie's famous thriller, so much better done by René Clair. The ten witless Indians here include Richard Attenborough as an English judge, Herbert Lom as a Harley Street surgeon, Gert Frobe as a German-voiced mystery figure, and Stéphane Audran as an undernourished actress who stalks about in clothes that seem very unwieldy, considering she is supposed to be dressed for an isolated assignation in the middle of a desert. The great Orson Welles, who has so often been called on to play the voice of God in films and plays, here thunders as a mysterious "Mr. Owen," who has an obsession about bringing the undiscovered several guilts of the ten characters to light. Old Testament justice prevails. The camera, indecently at the service of the most rigged suspense plot imaginable, allows us to see what the director wants us to see, whether it's from a character's eye-view or not, but also willfully shields us from access to crucial information if it suits the director to keep us ignorant. Anger about unfairness in thriller narrative isn't the same thing as suspense. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

The Terminal Man—One of those errors-of-science thrillers; it's an even worse error of moviemaking. Pitifully miscast, George Segal runs around stabbing people uncontrollably. Mike Hodges, who directed, also is guilty of the adaptation of the Michael Crichton novel. Joan Hackett plays a soulful-eyed doctor. (Elgin; April 30.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Elgin; May 4-5.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; May 4, one performance, at noon.)

Titicut Follies (1967)—Fred Wiseman's first documentary, set in the state hospital for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, is crude in technique, but it is a revealing (and shocking) piece of visual muckraking. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 5.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. A larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Beekman; May 3.)

Touch and Go—Philippe de Broca takes on the Second World War and a serious theme about friendship among three people accidentally thrown together in an intimacy that we are asked to believe to be deep-running. But de Broca's gift is for a particular kind of monkey-on-a-stick farcical humor; when he tries to show us characters who really bleed in war and really suffer the wound of a friendship's ending, he can't escape his old habits of *joie de vivre* among farcical stereotypes. His three chief figures—Michel Piccoli as a French gunrunner, Marlène Jobert as a Swiss consul's wife, Michael York as a Bertie Woosterish English officer speaking fractured French—inhabit a sentimental mode that allows no room for the very grown-up and bitter rage that seethes under, say, Richard Lester's films; they are reduced to existing simply as the instruments of whimsey. In French. (4/28/75) (D. W. Griffith; through May 6.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 2.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Trip (1967)—Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercials director who lives in Los Angeles), on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with opportunities to imitate a great many styles of film, and to introduce what appear to be bits of his own earlier horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. (Elgin; May 1.)

Tristana (1970)—Made by a master at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian (Fernando Rey) is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Beekman; May 6.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Music Hall; May 1-7.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Beekman; April 30.)

White Savage (1943)—Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu, with their marvellous mix of accents, having implausible adventures in the South Sea islands; they all sound just as they did in "Arabian Nights." The writers carelessly put a character named Tamara in the story; the way it works out, they have other, serious-minded characters saying things like "Well, how are you feeling today, Tamara?" Arthur Lubin directed this innocent low camp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 3.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I . . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 6.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Murray Hill; through May 3 . . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; May 2-4.)

The Yakuza—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuza; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. A swaggeringly meretricious fairytale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (3/24/75) (Juliet 1 . . . . ¶ Symphony; through May 6.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

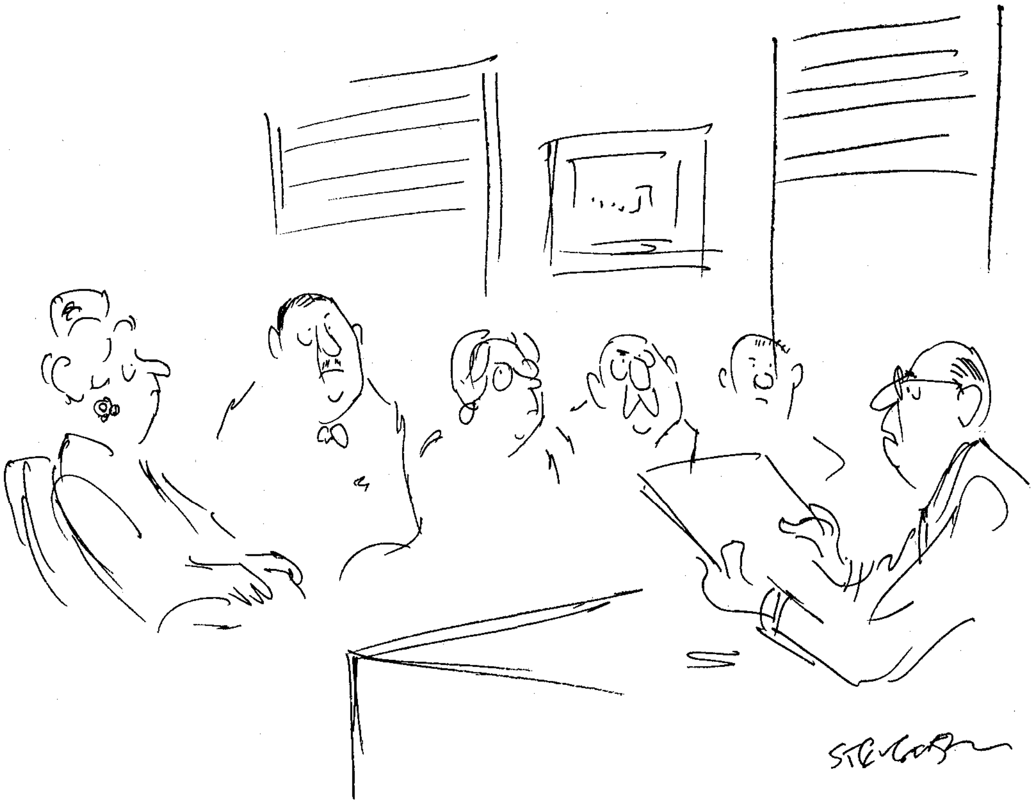
Notes and Comment

LAST week, the war in Vietnam seemed to be moving toward its end, but something stranger than the victory of one side over the other was going on. Not only was the side supported by the United States collapsing; the world view that had given the war its importance in the eyes of American officialdom was collapsing, too. The system of friendships and enmities that had provided the policy with what Secretary of State Henry Kissinger calls its "coherence" was in disarray. The confusion was visible in microcosm in the positions taken on the issue of the Americans who remained in Saigon. The threats to these Americans came from some unexpected quarters. The principal threat, it seemed, came not from the North Vietnamese but from the South Vietnamese, America's ally. Drew Middleton, the military-affairs analyst for the *Times*, wrote of the mood of the South Vietnamese soldiers who had retreated from Danang to Saigon, "Ironically, these forces, who fought better than any other Government troops in the five-week campaign, are now regarded as the most serious danger to Americans in Saigon, as well as to politicians seeking an accommodation with the Communists infiltrating into the city." There was even fear that the South Vietnamese might hold the Americans hostage. Stranger still were reports that Mr. Graham Martin, the American Ambassador to South Vietnam, was slowing the evacuation—that *he* was holding the Americans hostage, in the hope of getting more aid for the South from Congress. Meanwhile, the "enemy"—the North Vietnamese—were promising a safe withdrawal for the Americans. The North Vietnamese, of course, have been trying to get Westerners out of Vietnam for some thirty years now.

The enmity of the South Vietnamese against the Americans was fast becoming the predominant emotion in Saigon. President Thieu, in his speech of resignation, put the blame for his government's plight not on the North Vietnamese but on the United States. The North Vietnamese may have had a supporting role, he seemed to be suggesting, but it was the United States that had "led the South Vietnamese people to death." He sounded as though the United States had been at war with South Vietnam, not North Vietnam, these last fifteen years. Thieu's opinion was apparently shared by the Ford Administration. In Washington, not long before, Mr. Kissinger—whom Thieu bitterly attacked in his resignation speech—had said that the United States must give Thieu more aid if it did not want to "destroy an ally." But while Thieu was blaming Kissinger for the collapse of the Saigon regime, Kissinger was blaming Congress. He contended that it was Congress that had not lived up to the American "commitment" to South Vietnam. (Congress, meanwhile, was learning of the "commitment" for the first time, and was surprised at being accused of not having upheld a promise it did not know that the United States had made.) Moreover, as Kissinger was blaming Congress for its failures in the past, another member of the Administration, Vice-President Rockefeller, was looking to the future failures of Congress. Speculating that some thousands of Americans might be killed or captured in Saigon, he said that such an eventuality would make a campaign issue in the Presidential race of 1976; he also said that if Congress did not vote funds "and the Communists take over and there are a million people liquidated, we know where the responsibility will lie." Then, shortly afterward, President Ford said that Vietnam should not be a campaign issue in 1976.

Oddly, amid all this recrimination and talk of prospective massacres and campaign issues, there was very little mention of Russia, China, and North Vietnam—the nations whose influence the United States had supposedly been opposing in South Vietnam. Indeed, President Ford, in his recent State of the World address, said that America's wounds were "self-inflicted." The foe had apparently been read out of the picture. We had been battling ourselves, it seemed, and had lost. What mention there was of the Communist powers tended to be cordial and understanding. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger set the tone when he said, a few weeks back, during a discussion of the American presence in Asia, that the Chinese and the Russians sometimes found their Asian allies prone to "exuberance" and welcomed having the United States step in as a restraining influence. President Ford struck the same note in some remarks not long afterward. Speaking of the collapse of the Saigon forces in the northern part of South Vietnam, he said, "I don't think we can blame the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China in this case. If we had done with our allies what we promised, I think this whole tragedy could have been eliminated." Instead, we could blame the members of our own Congress, who had voted down the extra military aid.

The remarks of the President and the Secretary of Defense seemed to evoke nothing less than a vision of a



"'Give my regards to Broadway. Remember me to Herald Square.'"

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new world order. At one time, the government had told the public that the United States was fighting against Moscow and Peking in Vietnam, but now it seemed to be saying that these countries were our partners in the war. In the new world order, the great powers had apparently agreed that each would support its own allies in whatever wars were going on. Thus, a balance had been struck in which the Americans and the Russians and the Chinese were to live in peace while the Vietnamese would go on killing each other forever. The name of this order was "détente." But if the United States was in Asia to protect Chinese and Russian interests, as Mr. Schlesinger had said, Mr. Kissinger had not been told, for the day after the President had said we could not blame Russia and China for what was happening in Vietnam, Kissinger did blame them. "We shall not forget who supplied the arms which North Vietnam used to make a mockery of its signature on the Paris accords," he said.

The regime in Saigon was falling, but official Washington seemed at a loss to explain why. Some people were pointing the finger of blame at Russia and China, but others were saying that those countries were innocent. Some were saying that the fault was President Thieu's (while he was saying that the fault was ours). Some were saying that Congress was to blame, but then they were saying that there was enough blame for all Americans to share. The longest war in our history was at last coming to an end, and we did not know who the enemy had been.

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Sunday Baseball

LAST week, we went to the baseball season's first Sunday appearance of the New York Mets. A doubleheader at Shea: Mets versus Chicago Cubs. The weather was less than ideal—cold, windy, and cloudy. At game time, 1:05 P.M., empty peanut bags, cardboard hot-dog holders, and other junk wrappings were blowing all over the field. The general-admission seats (at $1.50 each) were less than half filled. Mezzanine seats (two levels up, at $3.50 each) were reasonably full, as were the boxes (at $4 or $4.50 each seat). It was wintry-looking baseball. Around us, in the mezzanine, directly behind home plate, fans kept coats buttoned, jackets zipped, hands in pockets, hats over ears, blankets over shoulders and heads. The players stomped around in front of their dugouts with their hands in their armpits, and they were slow to take off their warmup jackets. Near us, hot chocolate (twenty-five cents a cup) and hot pretzels (twenty-five cents each) sold more than ice cream (thirty-five cents a cup) and beer (seventy cents a cup). Sales of hot dogs (fifty-five cents each) and peanuts (thirty cents) built slowly. The music of the Shea Stadium organ playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" got lost in the wind. Behind us, a group of eight teen-agers, male and female, kept hitting each other and giggling raucously. Occasionally, one of them put sneakered feet on our shoulders, but apologized nicely. On one side of us was an eleven-year-old boy wearing an Astros batting helmet. On the other side of us were a couple of nine-year-old boys wearing Mets caps. One of them had on a mitt, at the ready. The boys gave the teen-agers disapproving looks and kept their attention riveted on the game. In front of us sat a talky Mets fan who worked noisily on his score card. We had two "WE LOVE YOU METS" signs in our row and one "HOBOKEN LOVES RUSTY" sign behind us.

Four foul balls fell into the mezzanine near us, but we didn't scramble for any of them. One of the fouls plopped directly into a catcher's mitt worn by a boy wearing enormous eyeglasses. A couple of men tried to get the ball out of the mitt, but the kid ducked and held on to it and was cheered by fans way down in the ground-level boxes.

The Mets-capped and Astros-helmeted boys next to us did some restrained yelling:

"Felix the Cat!" (For Felix Millan, just before he hit a single in the first inning.)

"Safe! Safe! Safe!" (For Rusty Staub, who was tagged at home plate after trying to score from second.)

"C'mon, Jon, baby! Let's go, Jon, baby!" (For Jon Matlack, the Mets pitcher in the first game.)

"Beer here!" (All they bought were peanuts and hot chocolate.)

A relief pitcher, Bob Apodaca, came on for the Mets before they finally won, 8–6. Then "BOB" got his name up in lights for a full minute on the scoreboard while the fans cheered. The teen-agers behind us ate hot dogs without letting up on the hitting of each other and the giggling. Between games, the marching band of Shelton High School, from Connecticut, did their stuff on the field. It included a Radio City Rockettes kind of cancan number and the shooting off of rifles and a small cannon while a trio dressed up as "The Spirit of 1776" joined the band on the field.

At 4:45 P.M., when the second game started, the sky had grown ominously dark, and the wind was blowing money out of the hands of the venders. Fans helped catch the money and gave it back. Airplanes landing at LaGuardia started coming down at about three-minute intervals. There were three fights in the stands—too far away for us to find out about beyond the fact that two of the fights ended in peace and one ended with a fan's being escorted out of Shea. Jerry Grote, the Mets catcher, got three hits in the second game. One of them was a home run over the left-field fence, which put the Mets into a 1–0 lead. The Cubs got three runs in the ninth, but the Mets won anyway, 4–3. What is known as a clean sweep, the kid in the Astros helmet informed us. We left frozen and with our morale up.

Daytime Drama

"HOW TO SURVIVE A MARRIAGE" recently went off the air. This NBC half-hour TV sudser expired after fifteen months, and the marriages of all the characters, which had been in and out of terrible trouble for fourteen and three-quarters months, suddenly got lots better in the last five programs. Johnny, the lower-class, tough, but sensitive ex-boxer who once killed a man accidentally in the ring, got out of jail, and that saved his marriage with Maria, who had discovered she was pregnant the day after J.B., the vicious night-club owner, framed him on a murder rap. Chris Kirby, who had been hitting the vanilla-extract bottle, terminated her dalliance with Dr. Max Cooper, her understanding boss, realizing she still loved Larry, whom she has remarried. Chris's mother, Monica—played by Joan Copeland, the star of the show, who is Arthur Miller's sister—gained new respect for Larry and some insight into her own awful nature.

We took in the last day of taping at NBC Studio 8-G in the R.C.A. Building—the studio where Arthur Penn directed "Philco Playhouse" in the old days, and right next to hallowed 8-H, which has gone from Toscanini to Tom Snyder. CAMERA BLOCKING RUN-THRU & NOTES—11:00-1:00. EAT & NOTES—1:00-2:00. DRESS—2:00-2:30. BREAK & NOTES—2:30-3:00. AIR—3:00-3:30. PARTY—5:00-2:00. Soap operas come up for renewal every thirteen weeks. Two renewal periods ago, NBC brass switched time slots on "Survive" in an effort to bolster sagging ratings. Last renewal period, the cast and crew got the bad news.

"Was it a good soap opera?" we asked Robert Myhrum, one of its directors.

"It was a good one-third of a soap opera," he said. "The idea is to have three stories going at once. There's a basic group of characters and a main plot and two overlapping subplots. You see, the point is that the new subplot should already be one-third developed by the time the old subplot resolves itself. And after a while everybody is related to everybody else in so many complicated ways that whenever two characters are talking on the screen, it's really fourteen characters talkie-hoo-hoo-hoo-mm. Snonnk-pssus." Myhrum's bearded head slowly descended upon his chest during this explanation, and he ended up with large, theatrical snores.

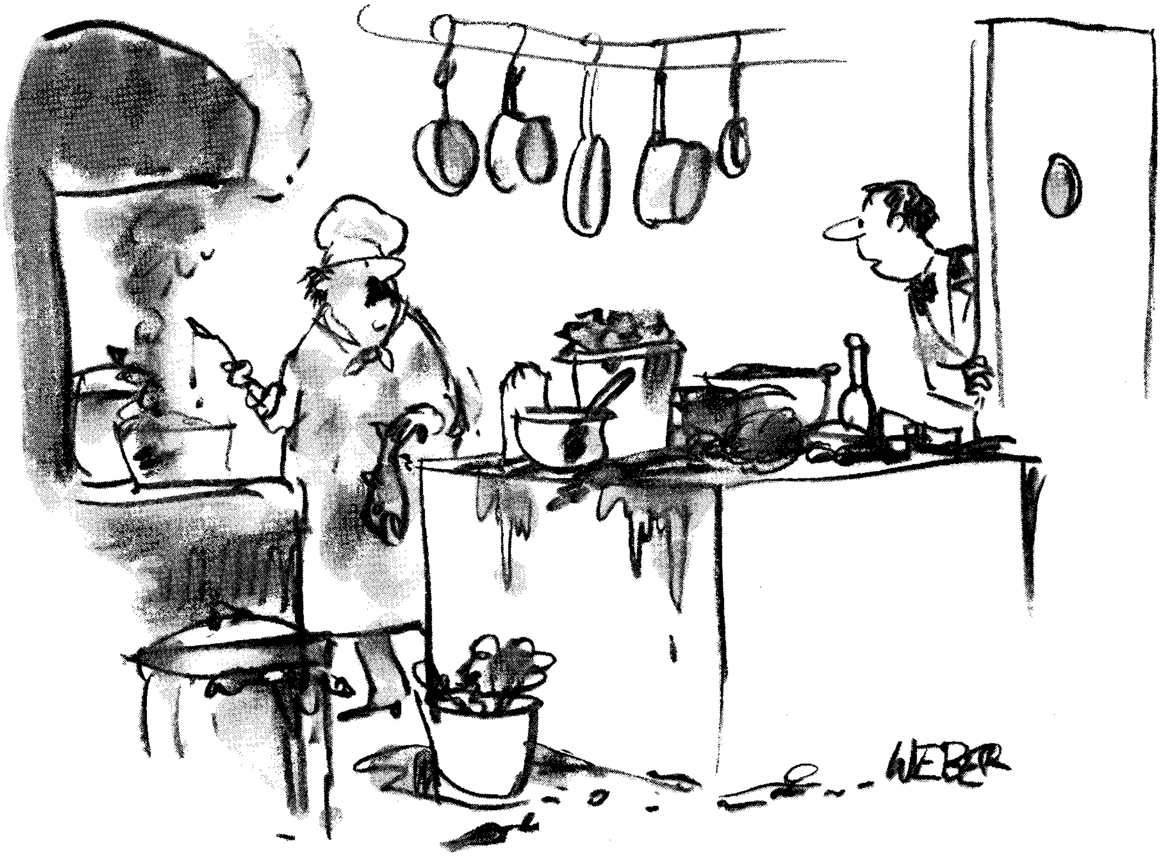
This was in the studio control room, where the director sits, flanked by four technical people, and watches the action outside on a large bank of monitors. The director wears headphones and can talk to the actors over a public-address system and to the cameramen through their headphones. He can also make asides to other people. Soaps use three or four cameras, and the monitors, labelled with the cameramen's names, show the output of each camera. In 8G, the cameramen's monitors were labelled "BENNY," "RUSS," and "ENCHANTÉ." Russ is Russ Ross, also known around the studio as Russ-Ross-son-of-Rita-Reeves-and-Randolph-Ross-of-Rumford-New-Jersey, a pet name given to him by Myhrum. There are many high jinks in the booth when Myhrum directs. When the action gets dull, he falls off his chair.

On the last day of a show, everybody cuts up, amid talk of unemployment insurance. The actors began their run-through. Larry and Monica are trying to make friends in Monica's living room. Larry has a big box of new clothes for his daughter Lori, who is asleep in the next room.

LARRY (*concerned*): Dozed off? This time of the morning?

MONICA: I think she's O.K., Larry. I *really* do.

MYHRUM (*aside to technical direc-*



"How are you at accepting criticism?"

tor): She makes it very clear from the start that she's gonna steal this scene.

Larry: Then why did she conk out like this?

Monica: I think it's just the—the shock. All she's been through.

Myhrum (*over P.A.*): Darling, I'm setting up a meaningful beat. This is how we tell our little story here.

Larry: The accident?

Monica: No. Not the accident. I think it's because—she's lost her mother. There. Now I've said it out loud. And you know what?

Larry: Yeah?

Monica: It hurts worse than I thought it would.

Myhrum (*to production assistant*): Would you tell them not to rush this, because time is in the mind, and there's a hell of a lot less in this script than meets the eye?

Jeff Young, the thirty-year-old producer-director of the show, talked to us during EAT & NOTES. Young, who is a nephew of the late Ned Young, the blacklisted screenwriter who won an Oscar for "The Defiant Ones," was brought in near the end of "Survive's" run to try and save the show. But NBC changed its mind and decided to scrap "Survive," so Young had to devise the ending. He decided to make it a happy one, because, he said, he believes in marriage as an institution, difficult as it is, and the only way he could make things come out right was to make Chris "redeemable." "It would be ludicrous to end on a note of Chris going down the tube," he said. On Young's first day on the set, an old stagehand, who knew that Young had been an apprentice of Arthur Penn, told him, "I'm going to give you the same advice I gave Arthur Penn on this set: You've got your actors, right, and you got these machines. All you have to do is learn to move them around. *But don't move the furniture.*" (Stagehands move furniture.)

The DRESS and the taping itself (AIR) of the three-hundred-and-twenty-fourth episode of "Survive" went off without a hitch. Young flashed Myhrum the thumbs-up sign. "Taps" on tape in the control booth after the final announce and fade to black.

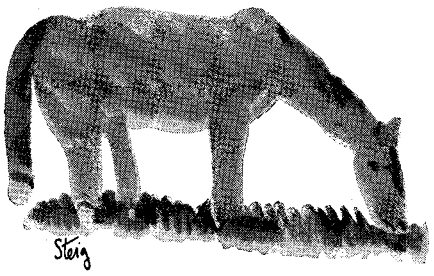
PARTY time. A hundred or so gathered at Myhrum's apartment, in the West Seventies, for the wake and enjoyed themselves. Paul Denis, editor of *Daytime TV*, a show-biz monthly with a circulation of 355,000 (concentrated largely, he said, in retirement areas and Washington, D.C.), waxed eloquent about the daytime-drama community. "We don't call them soap operas, we call them daytime dramas," he said. "It's our job to dignify them." Gesturing expansively at the crowd, he went on, "Daytime-drama people are the most sentimental and the warmest people in the world. They like to mix the final tears with a few smiles, as you can see."

"Doing another show?" we asked our host.

"No, no," Myhrum said. "I'm going into shoes—something I understand."

The Hustle

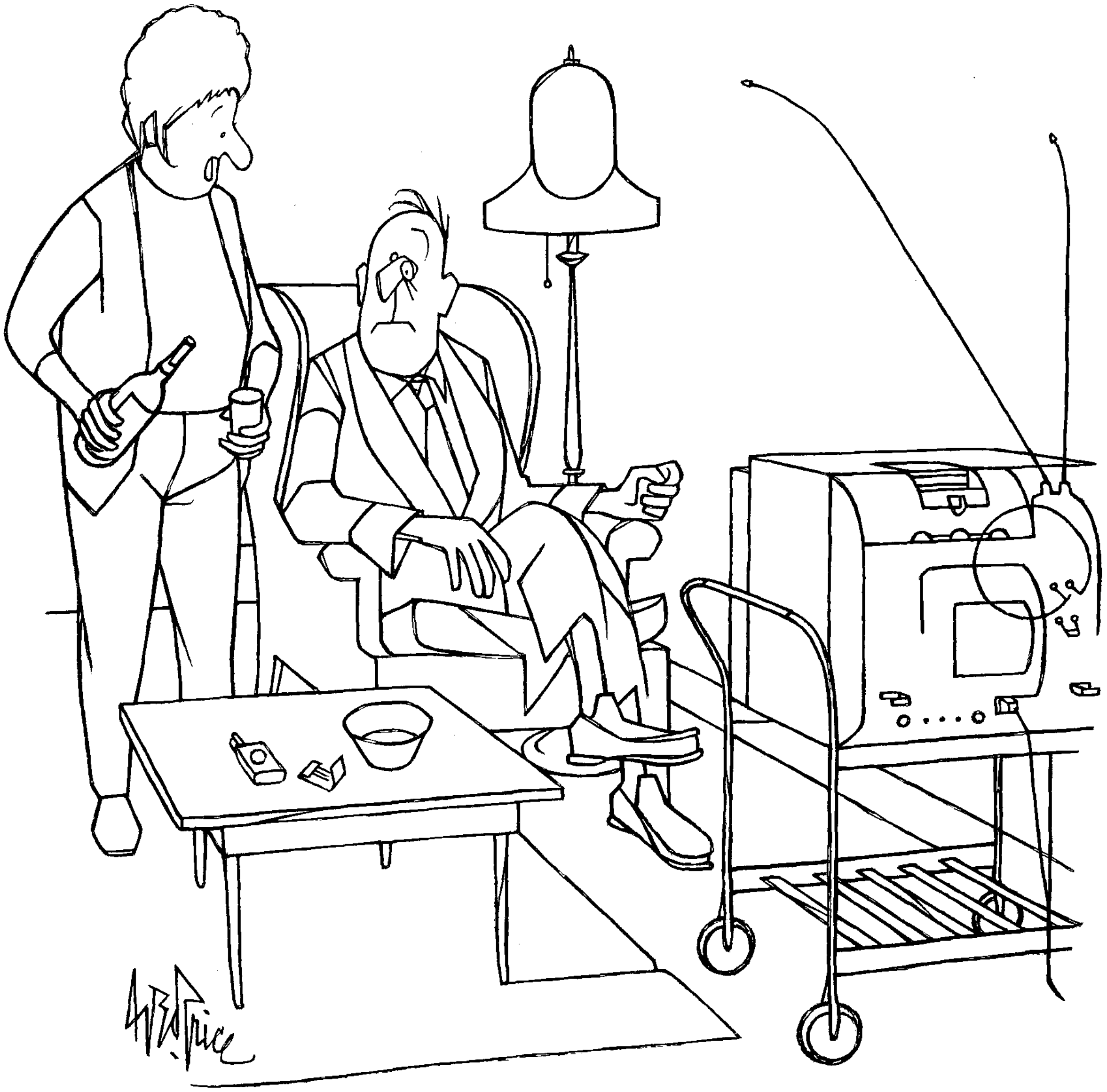
THE so-called maturing process, which allows people to justify not knowing the dance of the moment, will be upset by The Hustle, the new, fast dance that people do *together*. In the end, anyone who wants to dance at all will be obliged to learn to Hustle, but it is already too late to catch up with our friend Anthony Coleman, who has been Hustling for over a year. Practice in the living room will not help you to catch up with Anthony Coleman. He did his living-room practice last summer, and by now he needs to pay only a casual, intuitive attention to the basic Hustle step. Anthony Coleman concentrates instead on twirls. On the dance floor, any emphasis on the step (a deceptively simple 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3 arrangement, in which the 1-2-3 slurs into a shuffle) indicates new acquaintance with the dance; a graceful set of twirls in a pattern too complex to be predicted is the sign of a master. The Hustle solves the problem of the hands. For years, fast dancers have wondered what to do with their hands. Hip black dancers have, typically, clicked their fingers to the beat. Hip white dancers have, typically, clicked their fingers to the beat. Poorly informed white dancers have done things too tired to mention. In an atmosphere marked by a palpable dissatisfaction with clicking fingers to the beat, The Hustle has a potent attractive force. It is largely, of course, a matter of style. Finger-clicking is identified with a funky, cool, streetwise style. Anthony Coleman and his friends have over the last few years been evolving a new style—more smooth, more elegant, and more eclectic—which didn't go well with finger-clicking. "Funky's out," Anthony says. "It's got to have more to it now."



In considering a new record, Anthony Coleman asks, "Can you Hustle off of it?" Records you can Hustle off of include "Ease On Down the Road," by Consumer Rapport; "Hijack," by Herbie Mann; and "The Hustle," by Van McCoy. Each of these records has its interest. "Ease On Down the Road" is the first song from a Broadway musical to be popular in a long time. It is probably the first song from a Broadway musical to be popular with hip black kids ever. It is from "The Wiz," and the road mentioned is the Yellow Brick one. "Hijack" is interesting because the most popular version is by Herbie Mann, who is an important jazz artist, and because there is another, or "cover," version, by a group called Barrabas, which is popular at the same time. "The Hustle" is interesting because it is named after the dance. These songs are fast but not frantically fast, and they are staccato in a slightly irregular way. There is the echo of a Latin beat in a good Hustle song, but only an echo. The Hustle was first done by Puerto Ricans to Latin music. In the year that Anthony Coleman and his friends have been working on it, it has become smooth, and the step (which is noticeably Latin) has been slurred and subordinated to the twirls.

On many Thursday nights, Anthony and a group of his friends go to the Community Gardens (a dance bar, not a community center), on Jamaica Avenue, in Queens. One-third of the Thursday crowd at the Community Gardens know how to Hustle. The remaining two-thirds are still clicking their fingers when they dance. The people who are still clicking their fingers watch the people who are Hustling. Anthony Coleman does the best Hustle and is watched most closely. On a recent Thursday, Anthony wore pleated, baggy brown pants, a patterned cardigan, and shoes with tall heels. He did The Hustle with a girl in a white denim outfit. An acquaintance of his called Husky watched him approvingly. "You see, he doesn't repeat when he twirls the girl," Husky told us. "He'll twirl the girl in a different way every time. The good Hustlers are the ones that won't repeat." Anthony executed a non-stop, non-repeating series of twirls, holding both of his partner's hands and remaining effortlessly true to the 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3 beat.

Husky looked with a more critical



"Well, what'll it be? A snort, a belt, or a blast?"

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eye at a couple dancing near him. "That guy's just doing the 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3," Husky said. "That's how a lot of people do it. They just take the old Hustle and then they try to be a little bit emotional about it. But the good Hustlers are the ones that won't repeat." Husky evoked a city-wide aristocracy of Hustlers. It is clear to Husky that very soon almost everyone hip will have to learn The Hustle, that eventually it will pass into common usage. Still, at the moment there are a finite number of places where The Hustle is done and it is possible to know by sight almost everyone who Hustles really well. Husky talked about people he'd watched Hustle at the Red and White and the Gallery and Reflections. "There are some dudes that Hustle with two chicks at the same time," he said. It is a pleasant moment for people who Hustle well. They know they are on to the next thing, and it hasn't yet slipped out of their hands. Boring people don't Hustle yet. It is still not boring to hear of a place where people Hustle well. Most of the places where people Hustle really well are not easily accessible, or, in the case of the Gallery, an after-hours club in SoHo, almost completely inaccessible. There is some city pride involved, too. The Hustle is a New York dance: records like "The Hustle" and "Ease On Down the Road" are big sellers here and are only beginning to break elsewhere. There is no evidence that people do The Hustle in places outside the influence of the city. Hustlers speak with contempt of the dancers on "Soul Train," the West Coast television program, in which people still dance apart and can still be seen doing the Bump, an inelegant dance New Yorkers discarded long ago. Husky says that at the moment the best dancing in the country is in New York, for sure. "You take the average Hustler," he said, "like that dude who doesn't do it too well, just 1-2, 1-2, 1-2-3—you take him out to Nassau County and he'll freak them out. They'll think he's frantastic."

A short talk with Van McCoy: "It's wild, man. 'The Hustle' just went on WABC. Number Sixteen!"

A short talk with Rick Sklar, of WABC: "It's Number Sixteen. A lot of stores are reporting it."

Confirmation from all over: We ran into Reginald Knox, nineteen, doing The Hustle with a friend on the sidewalk on 124th Street between Eighth and St. Nicholas Avenues at six-forty-five the other evening. "Wherever I go, if you are able to Hustle really well, you will be able to get right into contact with other people," Reginald told us. "Everybody's working on The Hustle. The Hustle is the universal dance. I think it is *fierce*."

Last-minute note from Husky: "There's another dance coming up in Brooklyn. It's called The Skate. Guys shuffle their feet real fast. I don't know, but it could be coming up."

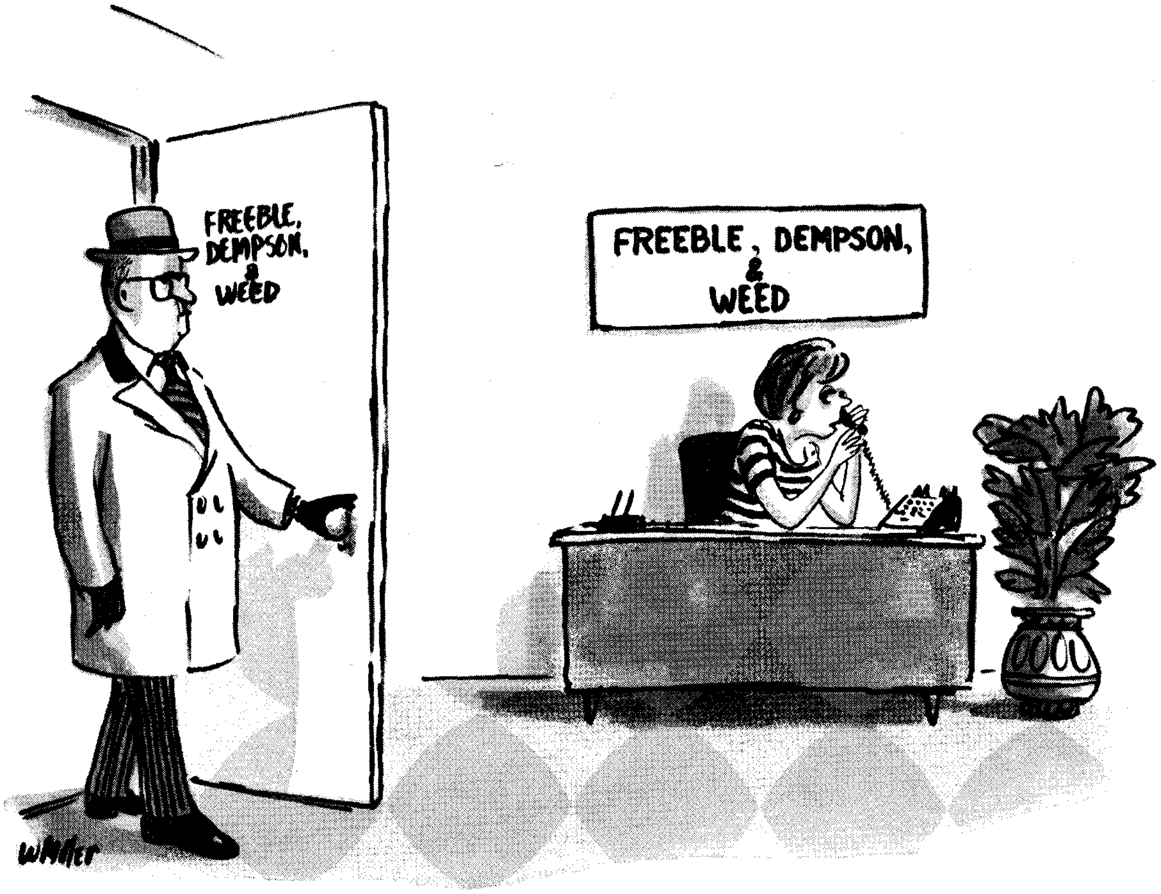
Claridge House II

We're building the very thing that makes success worth achieving. And we're building it now in Verona, near Upper Montclair, the Oranges.... At the absolute summit of First Mountain, one of the highest elevations in New Jersey.

Come stand with us in the sun. See our eastern horizon, pierced by the Manhattan skyline. Rolling landscape frames our views to the west. And cooling breezes caress the lawns and gardens of our mountainside....

A soaring fountain adorns the main entrance. Inside, the lobby richly reflects an air of splendour. Entry doors bring you to La Gallerie des Glaces, a festival suite . . . and The Board Room, where Wall Street comes to Claridge House II.

A handsome promenade leads you to our world of leisure, a Swim and Tennis Club where bronzed and healthy sun wor-



"I'll talk to you later, Shirley. Catfish Freeble just got back from lunch."

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shippers will spend leisurely days above the tensions of the outside world.

And inside Claridge House II the individual residences defy comparison with any other apartment. In luxury and spaciousness alone they are superlative. You must see our world to believe it.—*Adv. in the real-estate section of the Times.*

WE sped our way along New Jersey's Route 1 in our powerful luxury sedan. We cast a glance at the Chris-Ann Motel ("Special Rates for Truckers") as it slipped by on our right. On our left, the horizon was pierced by Spanish-American Late Used Auto Parts. We reached Route 3 and headed west—into the sun, had there been sun. Then onto Route 46. Then onto Route 23. Past the European Health Spa, shimmering like a polychrome wedding cake. Deep into New Jersey's heartland. Was it the seductive wording of the announcement that urged us on toward Claridge House II? Was it a restless desire to find an apartment residence of incomparable excellence? Or just a need to find out exactly what it is that makes success worth achieving?

On Pompton Avenue, we saw it—rising magnificently several hundred feet above the Pilgrim Shopping Plaza, a Pantry Pride Supermarket nestled gently at its feet: Claridge House II at last. We turned our powerful luxury sedan up the incline and began the taxing nineteen-second ascent of First Mountain (part of the mighty Watchung Range). We turned our eyes toward Claridge House I—older companion to Claridge House II, erected 1967—whose white-brick walls have witnessed the creation of the Claridge House Tradition. The soaring fountain of Claridge House I lay in elegant repose, and many of its tiles were elegantly missing—just as they are missing in many of the most famous fountains of Europe. We continued our ascent toward the horizon—past a big, green water tank (of incomparable size and greenness)—up, up, to where meticulously macadamed parking spaces met the sky. We paused a moment to watch a gentle rain caress the fountain, the water tank, the parking lots, then hastened toward the site of Claridge House II, where teams of devoted craftspeople were hurrying to complete their monument to luxury. As we hastened toward Claridge House II itself, we noticed that a well-appointed construction-company trailer sat on or near the future site of the Swim and Tennis Club, while a bronzed and healthy earthmover relaxed on the soon-to-be-handsome promenade. Eagerly we approached La Gallerie des Glaces (a festival suite), but a meticulously crafted sign warned us that we were entering a "hard-hat area," and we reluctantly turned away—toward the Sales Pavilion, a symphony of building materials situated between the Claridges I and II.

Tell them you're doing it for the woman you love.

It is often difficult to justify the move from a perfectly satisfactory home to a home that is superlative in every respect. The first question that comes to mind is: "Do I really need all this luxury?"

The answer, of course, is yes.—*From a meticulously crafted sales brochure for Claridge House II.*

Inside the spacious but uncrowded Sales Pavilion, we strolled through a model two-bedroom apartment. We admired the gray velvet-like wall covering (included in display model only), the white shag rug (included in display model only), and the ceramic horse in the den (included in display model only). We sensed an air of Oriental luxury—piquant, because from the model apartment's oversized windows one could see the Great Wall of China Restaurant on the plain below. We inquired discreetly from a bronzed salesperson how much the apartment rented for. We were told that the rent was eight hundred and seventy-five dollars a month for an apartment on the first floor, that a second-floor apartment residence of the same size would cost fifteen more dollars a month, and that it cost five to ten dollars more a month per floor as one ascended toward the New Jersey sky. We learned that valet parking (long a favorite amenity of the English aristocracy) cost sixty dollars more a month for an indoor space. Then we discussed the Health Club. Membership in the Health Club, we learned, is mandatory, inevitable, not to be eluded. Three hundred and fifty mandatory dollars a year. Finally, our discussion wandered to the topic of maintenance for the washer-dryer installed in each luxury dwelling unit. Mandatory washer-dryer maintenance, we learned, cost one hundred dollars a year. A mandatory washer-dryer-maintenance fee is, we feel, a truly luxurious touch. We found ourself asking, "*Do we really need all this luxury?*" The answer, of course, was "Yes."

GONE FISSION

THIS month's *Junior Science* project—constructing your own atomic device—is being offered in place of the announced roto-jet toothbrush kit, because the public-health authorities haven't finally approved the new brush. The atomic device is on a slightly higher home-achievement level, but you ninth graders who wanted the roto-brush should take a crack at it anyway, because an atomic device has just been made in Argentina, a place that, as far as we know, has never previously made anything.

Before we start to guide you through the design, a word of caution. What we have urged for all your *Junior Science* experiments also applies to the atomic device: Keep safety in mind. Never forget that, like your chain saw and your motorbike, an atomic device can be a weapon. We know that you don't plan to use it to end the world, of course, but even with nuclear devices that are built just for fun—like the ones in France, for instance—normal precautions should still apply. Also, if you happen to have already built an atomic device on your own within the past sixty days, your pediatrician would probably want you to take a pass on this month's project and wait for the roto-brush.

All right, now, what permissions will you need? The patent situation on the atomic device, we're happy to say, is all clear for the home fissionist. No reason, then, why you can't make a few extra to raise some money for the Scouts, say, the way some of you have done with your home vasectomy kits. The fission device (that's the fancy name for it) was invented by a man named Einstein in 1939, but he absentmindedly neglected to file with the patent office, so the plans are public domain—just like the paper clip and the wheel—and no lawyers will be bothering you in your basement or garage.

Now to the materials. You will be surprised and amused to discover how little you will require to make an archipelago disappear. You will need:

—1 cardboard box, about the size that cats like to have their kittens in

—1 metal tube, either a spare piece of plumbing pipe or a tennis-ball can (Wilson or Dunlop are best)

—a few kilograms of uranium-235 or slightly less of plutonium-239

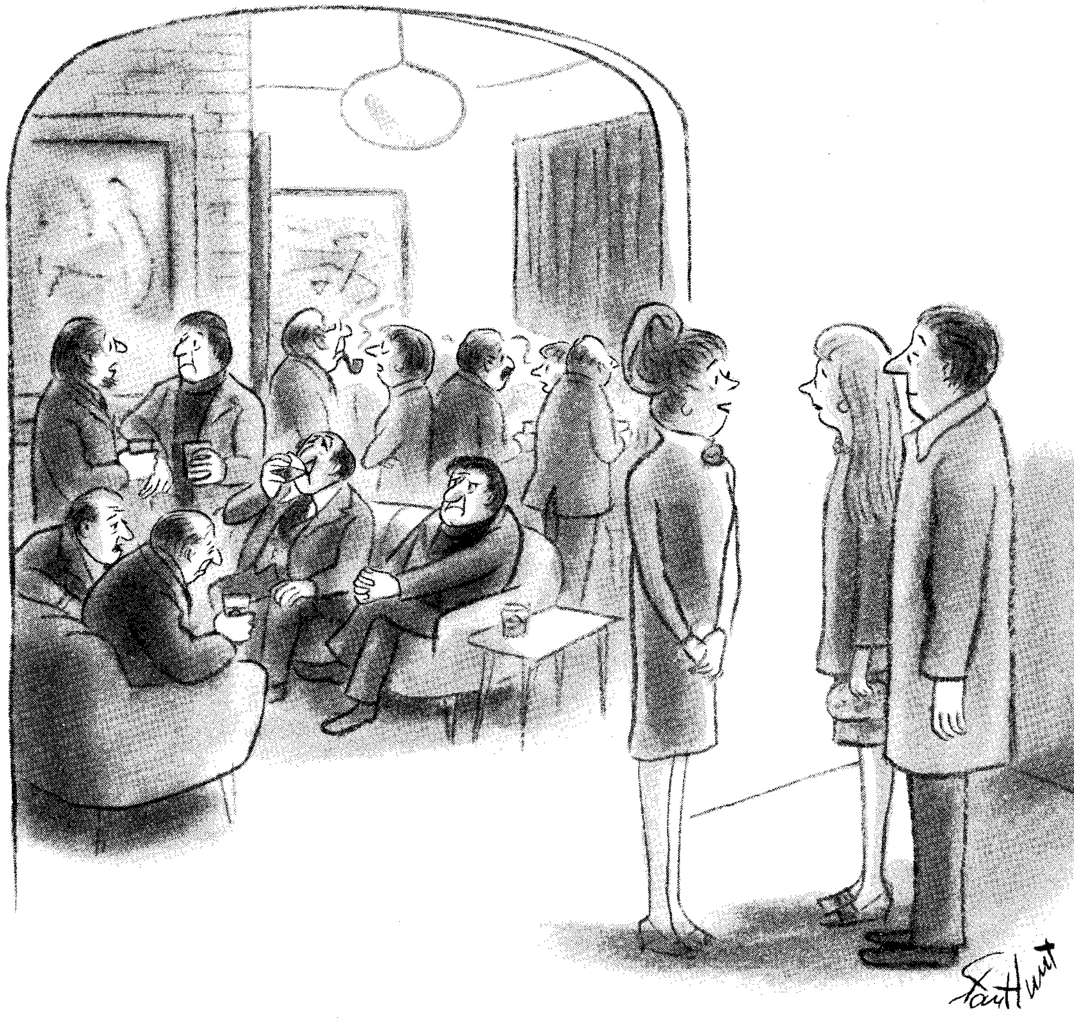
—four sticks of TNT (even two will do)

—good gloves.

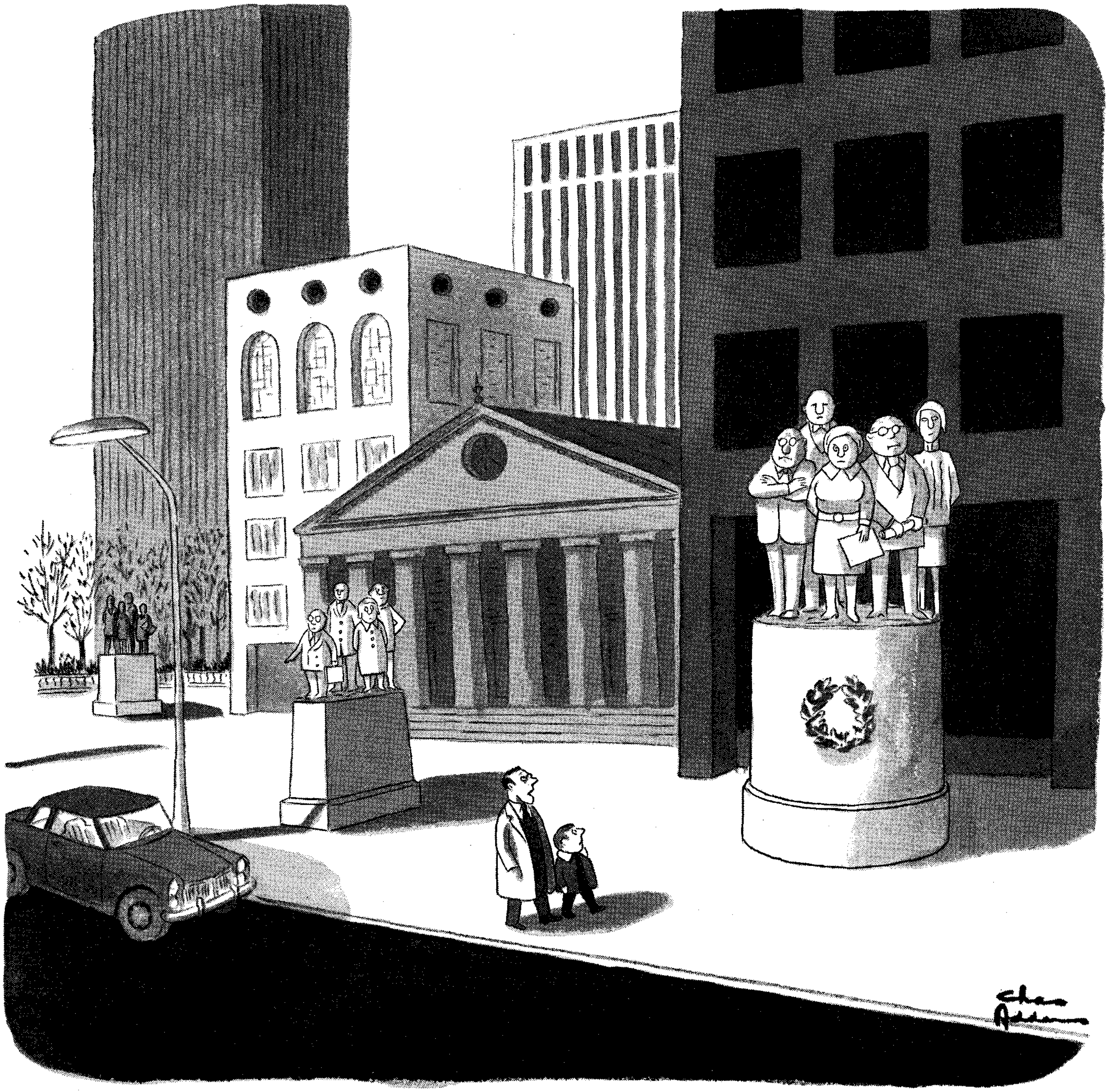
Don't be flustered by the need for U-235, which is sometimes tricky to get. A twelfth grader in Israel reports that plutonium-239 is a happy alternative and can be made by just a little messing around with U-238 (which your family dentist might be able to get for you). And a tenth grader in Tennessee tells us that those of you who are lucky enough to live near a breeder reactor should make a check of your soil and your drinking water, too. It's all around U. (We couldn't resist that little joke because we don't want you to get too serious about the subject of this month's project, the way some of the folks in your smaller, less developed countries are apt to do.)

Another way to get your supply of U-235 is simply to walk into your nearest nuclear-power plant and help yourself. In spite of anything you may have heard to the contrary, "security" is not much of a problem at these friendly neighborhood stations, and if you just explain to the guard at the gate that you are a young scientist engaged on a school project he will probably let you go right on in and help yourself. If he seems suspicious or bad-tempered, you can then try to gain admission by "fooling him" with a disguise or a little white lie. Tell him you have come to read the meter. Tell him you have brought the water softener for the coolant. Tell him . . . but surely you need no further tips. A young scientist is ingenious above all!

ONCE you have assembled all your materials, roll your U-235 or plutonium into two small balls about the size of kidney stones. If you have no collection of those, check the size of a maraschino cherry. A cheerleader in Saint Louis tells us that she leans toward butterball size, and her devices



"I'm afraid everyone here is extremely well informed."



"There are no great men, my boy—only great committees."

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are probably every bit as nice as India's.

The balls should now be fastened to the inside of the tube, about an inch apart, with some good old Elmer's glue. Do *not* allow them to touch, or you will run into the problem that we hear some scientists have had in Lebanon. (By the way, if your dad won't let you have his tennis-ball can, use a container for Ping-Pong balls—a tip we pass along to you from a class president in Peking.)

Once the two balls are fastened, attach your TNT (with plain old masking tape) to the outside of the tube. Are you beginning to understand what is about to happen here? For you English majors, let's review the lively events. With a little urging, your TNT will explode, thus compressing the shell quite forcibly and creating what we call an implosion—which is a pretty and useful word, don't you think? Your plutonium will be "jammed together," creating what we call a critical mass, and your atomic reaction will start. It is something you will want to photograph. Use f/16 at 500.

Speaking of critical mass, many people may disapprove of your making this device, and many may also disapprove of your setting it off, even though our lawyers tell us that there is no international treaty that binds the basement fissionist. Nevertheless, why don't we settle for just building the device this month? Then, when public opinion relaxes a bit, we'll give the word in a later issue about when to set it off—perhaps in a way that can do something for the Bicentennial.

—Ralph Schoenstein

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He played under such prominent personalities as Tommy Dorsey and Big Spider Beck.—*Hazelton (Pa.) Standard-Speaker.*

Often called the Black Widow of brass.

THE LISTS OF THE PAST~VI

UNDER THE WEATHER

STIFF as a board and barely breathing, the old man couldn't greet his visitors. It began to snow just as they left the hospital. Miles away, in the city, the black man who worked for them shivered when he saw the first flakes come down.

"Don't go," said Body.

"I will," Soul said, and whizzed free as a bird up to a corner of the hospital room, where the male nurse, who was already packing, registered the rattle of his flight, the cessation of the sound of Body breathing, with clinical detachment. He looked at his watch and, closing the lid of the suitcase, went over to the bed.

The telephones were busy. The black man went out to get loaded and nobody paid any mind when he pounded his fist again and again on the bar. God damn it! The old man!

The mailman knocked more than once. "Everyone appreciates MONEY SAVINGS at a time of personal loss. As an inducement to purchasing *now* we are offering a 20% savings on all monuments & footstones in our 3 display studios."

Soul was lonesome immediately. He didn't appreciate the stir.

They are not lost who find the light of sun and stars and God. "What's this, Mother?"

"Another damn plastic bookmark. Throw it away."

Body burnt brightly in the furnace and Soul yearned, feeling ill.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered." Priests and acolytes worked round the clock. "Unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away." At the request of several different people, he was enrolled in the Salesian Purgatorial Society and participated in these spiritual benefits: thirty-six Masses daily in perpetuity celebrated in a Roman basilica, the merits attached to the daily recital of the Rosary by schoolboys, the prayers and good works of Fathers and Brothers. "Life is CHANGED, NOT TAKEN AWAY."

Opening her mail, the relict shook her fingers, muttered "Gruesome," and dropped cards into the wastebasket. "If you have any of the following things to sell, CALL OR WRITE TO: Quintuple A Abbott Merchandise Co."

She watered all too often the pots in the solarium—hyacinths and geraniums and the last thing he planted. And he couldn't tell her how much water to give them or the name for its blue and purple horns. The garden catalogues and the circulars addressed to him she discarded without unsealing.

"PREPLANTED . . . READY TO GROW! Just add water—your EASTER AMARYLLIS must grow and bloom, or you owe us nothing!"

Over the months Soul grew thin as blotting paper, for there was nothing to nourish him.

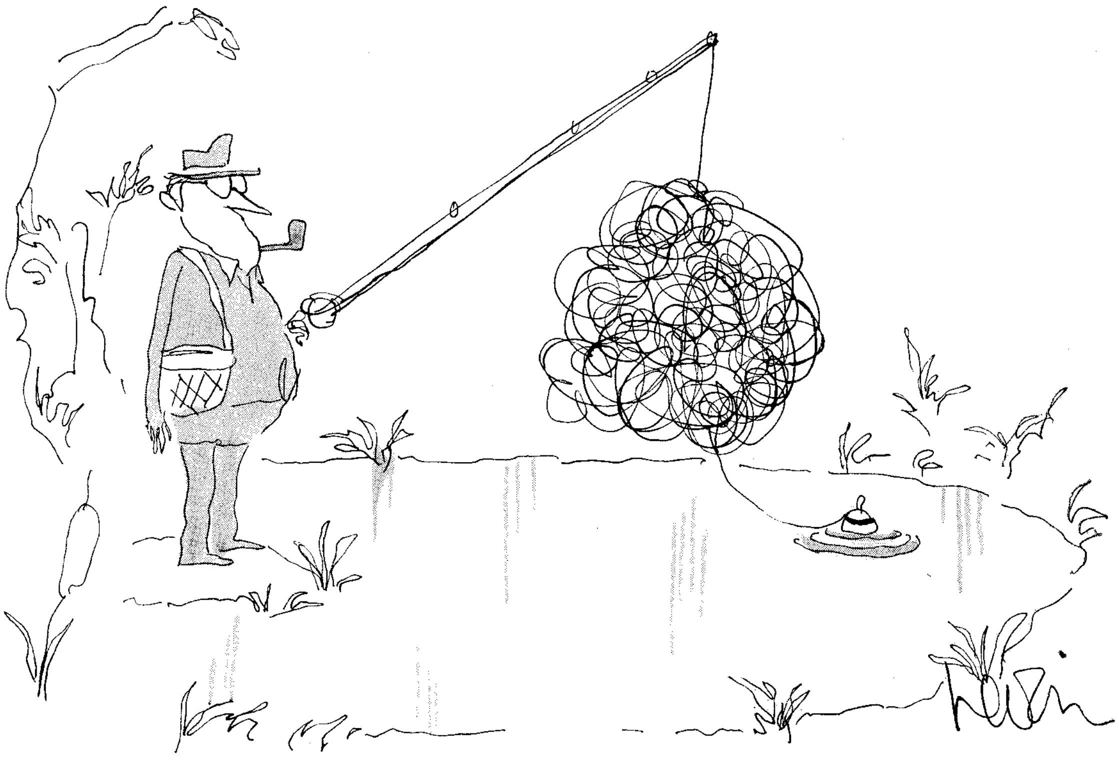
HE came by United Parcel in a cardboard box heavily taped and tied with cord, addressed to the family, along with a white envelope enclosing statement. Heavier than it looked and smaller than one would have expected—the kind of package a bomber might have carried into a plane or left under the seat of a movie house or in a phone booth, no weightier than a newborn baby. She held it a moment, looking around, finally carried it into the little round green room off the entrance hall, a Victorian tea parlor, seldom used, and left it temporarily on the escritoire.

"I almost wish we could keep him," she told her daughter when they opened it later, in the living room, slitting around the top with a kitchen knife. The flaps separated. They looked in: a silver cannister embossed on the lid with a six-digit number.

The daughter tilted the box and it made a grating noise, like a pailful of beach sand from below the tide line, packed, from the grainy sound of it, to the rim. Leaning forward over the table, her mother said, "Let me see the urn, the ornamental urn." It slid out with that whispery sound, a fine dust around the rim. "Oh my God, a *can*."

What had she expected? An urn—an ornamental urn, Greek or Wedgwood, or bronze, chased with fleurs-de-lis. (That's my first husband up there on the bookcase.) Cover it with contact paper, Wedgwood blue, or leftover Christmas wrap. Decant it into one of the dozens of pantry vases there were never enough places to put, though there were sufficient roses—the blue one over there, holding three good blossoms and a bud, survivors of winter and a savage rain. Make a label for it with a photograph of contents. "Put him back." Cardboard lid over silver eye, eyeless to his flowers.

THE rains were the result of an almost hurricane tropical storm that spent most of a week depositing a solid portion of the Atlantic on Florida, Maryland, Virginia, Washington, D.C., Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and the Southern Tier of New York



IN LIMBO

What rattles in the dark? The blinds at Brewster?
I am a boy then, sleeping by the sea,
Unless that clank and chittering proceed
From a bent fan blade somewhere in the room,
The air-conditioner of some hotel
To which I came too deadbeat to remember.
Let me, in any case, forget and sleep.
But listen: under my billet window, grinding
Through the shocked night of France, I surely hear
A convoy moving up, whose treads and wheels
Trouble the planking of a wooden bridge.

For a half-kindled mind that flares and sinks,
Damped by a slumber which may be a child's,
How to know when one is, or where? Just now
The hinged roof of the Cinema Vascello
Smokily opens, beaming to the stars
Crashed majors of a final panorama,
Or else that spume of music, wafted back
Like a girl's scarf or laughter, reaches me
In adolescence and the Jersey night,
Where a late car, tuned in to wild casinos,
Guns past the quiet house toward my desire.

Now I could dream that all my selves and ages,
Pretenders to the shadowed face I wear,
Might, in this clearing of the wits, forgetting
Deaths and successions, parley and atone.
It is my voice which prays it; mine replies
With stammered passion or the speaker's pause,
Rough banter, slogans, timid questionings—
Oh, all my broken dialects together;
And that slow tongue which mumbles to invent
The language of the mended soul is breathless,
Hearing an infant howl demand the world.

Someone is breathing. Is it I? Or is it
Darkness conspiring in the nursery corner?
Is there another lying here beside me?
Have I a cherished wife of thirty years?
Far overhead, a long susurrus, twisting
Clockwise or counterclockwise, plunges east—
Twin floods of air in which our flagellate cries,
Rising from love-bed, childbed, bed of death,
Swim toward recurrent day. And farther still,
Couched in the void, I hear what I have heard of,
The god who dreams us, breathing out and in.

Out of all that I fumble for the lamp chain,
A room condenses and at once is true—
Curtains, a clock, a mirror which will frame
This blinking mask the light has clapped upon me.
How quickly, when we choose to live again,
As Er once told, the cloudier knowledge passes!
I am a truant portion of the all
Misshaped by time, incorrigible desire,
And dear attachment to a sleeping hand,
Who lie here on a certain day and listen
To the first birdsong, homelessly at home.

—RICHARD WILBUR

* * *

State. The President looked over the damage, from an Air Force jet. The rains washed away townfuls of houses, housefuls of furniture, people. It made a mess of the suburbs, tore the boats from their moorings, and carried away the floats at the beaches. Westchester County declared a disaster area. It rained into the garage, through the loose shingles, broken gutters. It made muck of the leaves and grass on the compost heap. A record rainfall, more than the rain gauge could have held had it been outside instead of in the garage, where he put it last winter; he'd have had a job and a half cleaning up after the storm. But, for the first time, he could have seen the rain gauge overflow, the garden meteorologist, the man who measured the rain. The widow had gone out to see the devastation for herself while it was still raining. Now the storm was over and she was sneezing.

Which was why she hadn't dressed but was sitting downstairs in a scarlet bathrobe with her older daughter (who was wearing purple). "What's today?"

"Saturday."

"I mean what's the date? Never mind, I can tell by the *Times*. Isn't this the first day of summer?"

The other mourners come in: slim younger daughter in a black dress, carrying a round black straw hat, son-in-law in dark blue, who sat formally on the edge of the wing chair and apologized for his bow tie. ("It was the only one I had that matched.")

"Never mind, dear, you look fine."

"Gee," he said, "it's a shame you can't make it. With the weather turning out so nice and all." The older daughter was opening a can of film, which she removed and twisted into the sprockets of the camera and wound into the box. "What about the Sanderses?"

"Meeting you up there."

"Mother," the older daughter asked, "didn't Myron say something about wanting to come along?"

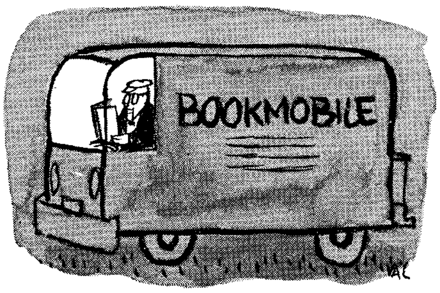
"Not a peep. I guess he just plain forgot." The son-in-law looked at his watch. "Well, you all better get going," she said, and sneezed.

"You wouldn't change your mind?" She shook her head, reached for a Kleenex, blew her nose, gave them the book for the priest, Father Duffy, with a check in it like a bookmark, a thermos of coffee for the road, a florist's box, a lawyerlike portfolio labelled with her husband's last name and first initial, Cornelia's camera, the cardboard box, and a letter addressed to Miss Joan Addams.

The kitchen door slammed. The furnace was off for the summer, and, Myron not having brought the air-conditioners out of hibernation, the house as still as could be, the sound of the Oldsmobile tires on gravel dying away. She moved to pick up the small silver film capsule that had rolled off the coffee table.

Tires coming back up the driveway? She went to the back door, looked out at a familiar man unfamiliarly dressed in a dark suit and necktie who was standing in the graveled turnaround staring at the empty garage. "Myron! You've got your weekends mixed up again."

"Didn't I say I wouldn't miss saying goodbye to the guy?" He wiped his face. "The Sanderses were supposed



to ride me up there, but they didn't meet my train, so I guess they forgot. Thought I could go with you people. How come the car's gone?"

"Tsk. The children left just under two minutes ago. Oh, it's so dear of you to have gone to all this trouble. I'm feeling a little under the weather. The children wouldn't hear of my going along."

The cab was making a U; he signalled wildly. "Wait! . . . Mrs. Holcomb, I've been meaning to talk to you about that old car. I got my license now. I washed it so often it's like I know every inch of it, like it's my car. When you don't need it anymore, don't sell it to somebody else first, know what I mean?"

"Oh dear, Myron. You'll have to discuss that with the children."

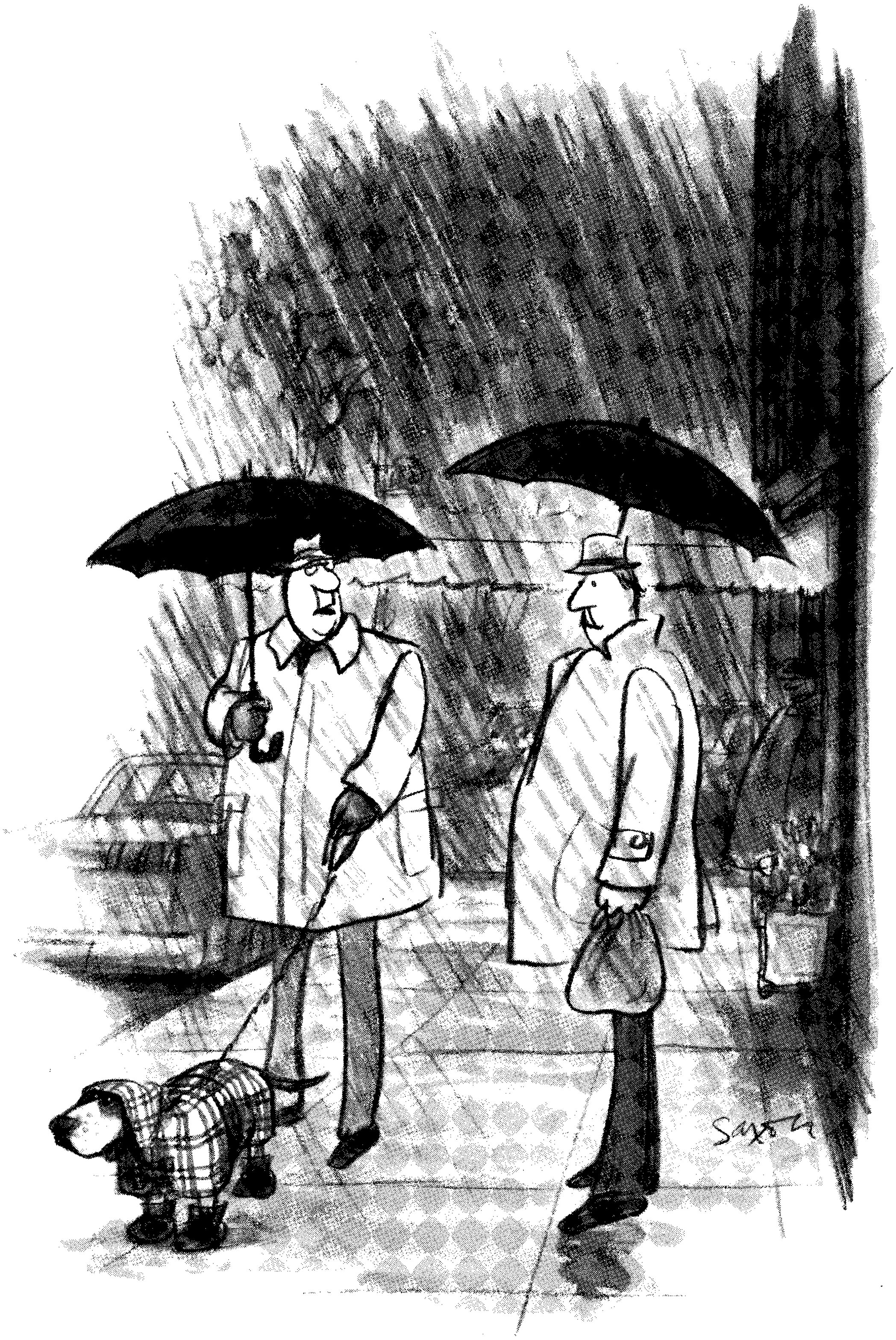
"Say, are there any trains that go to that place?"

"My God, I don't know if there are any trains going anywhere!" She gave him the name of the town, though, and of the cemetery. ("But how on earth would you find it?")

He nodded his head up and down. "I'll get there."

"Myron," she called—he was already down the steps. "Let me give you the cab fare at least!" Too far away.

"See you next Saturday, to put in those air-conditioners. Fix the lawn," he shouted out the window. "We got to get the place looking nice again."

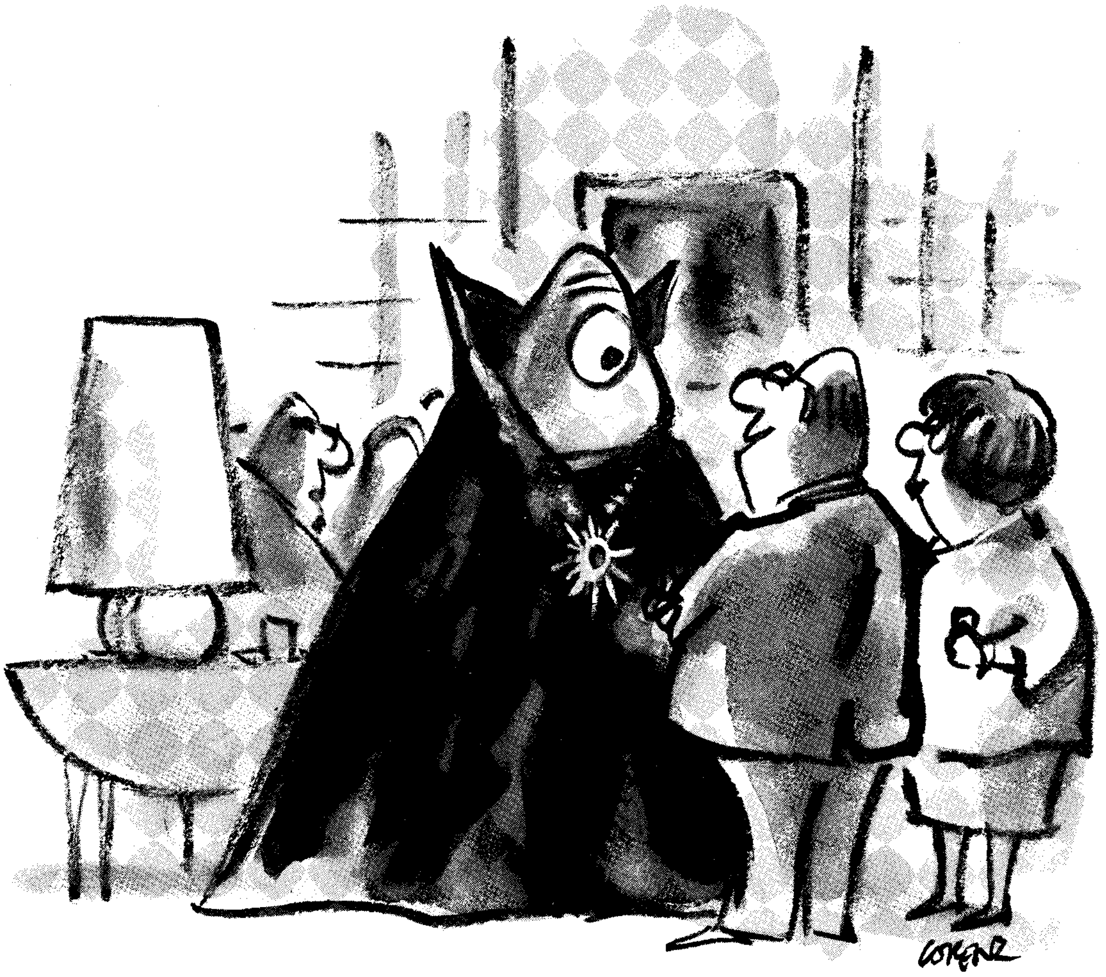


"He certainly is not just a dog. He's my dog."

• •

LEAVING the town where the daughters had grown up, passing the railroad station—"Oh, we're going to the station, to meet our relation," they used to sing on their way with their mother to pick him up at the five-fifty-seven—they drove north on the Thruway toward a town where he'd never taken them, only read about, the amateur genealogist, boning up on ancestry at nights, tracing old footsteps from England to New England to Iowa. Completing the final leg of a complicated do-it-yourself project, thanks to the Southern New England Telephone Company, the Hartford Historical Society, the Bank of Connecticut, which was the trustee of the Historical Society, and Miss Joan Addams, the unknown, distant relation who apparently ran the bank.

(Footprints on a beach farther up the coast, ancestors sloshing away from a secondhand passenger ship toward the New World, poison ivy, Indians, and the freedom to be Puritans. Walking on, too—up and down the coast, and then inland, good citizens, settling in towns always just a little away from the major cities. Near Boston, outside Hartford, the other side of Chicago. Fought on the winning side in all the right wars. Never voted for a Demo-



"Is that right? Around Remson Tool & Die, I daresay I'm a bit of a cult figure myself."

• •

crat, or owned, as far as their descendants knew, a slave or a fortune.)

THE local train to Rye left at eleven-five. Myron was on it.

The black hat bobbed up and down on the packages in the back seat of the car as they crested on the Thruway the little industrial cities, outskirting Stamford, Bridgeport, New Haven, views of the Sound, through silver-sided leaves, shiny and turgid from all the rain. Myron, too, saw the Sound and the leaves, through the grimy windows on the eleven-forty-eight express out of Rye.

PINK and white laurel and a summery town. Just as they entered it, the sky cleared completely (to the relief of a hundred brides and their mamas that June wedding day).

MYRON tried to grab a hot dog at the New Haven station, but the twelve-forty local left New Haven before he could find a stand.

THEY ate with good appetites at a yellow brick inn that looked like a railway station. They had made good time. Then they drove a little east; the road broadened and they saw fully where they were: the Connecticut Valley, tobacco country. Half a mile out of town they saw the spire of the Congregational church. The cemetery, neatly fenced, lay pleasant as a park beside the road. They parked beside the car of their friends.

Far inside, they saw their friends, the other mourners, moving about the land of the dead like tourists or explorers. The smell of new-cut grass, the whir of a power mower; the only other living occupant a grounds keeper in another part of the cemetery keeping up the grounds.

Some pink-and-white wildflowers survived near the entrance, where the newer tombstones were, polished and modern, but not less than five years old. The daughter with the hat put it on as they walked; the other looked through the camera lens, checking the red needle for light: more than enough. The headstones went on like whitecaps on a green sea. Mona Sanders spotted them and waved from way off, like a drowner. Here and there tall monuments, carved with an angel or a cross or palms and wings, rose above the other stones like buoys. Except for the willows that grew here and there for shade, they were the only tall things in the cemetery. Today they cast no shadows. She adjusted the light meter accordingly.

They converged near the east edge of the cemetery, under the obelisk, highest and oldest of all, conspicuous as a nose and covered with names on four sides, like a list. Stan and Mona both wore dark raincoats, and Mona boots and a pillbox hat with a white feather. "I thought sure the ground would be soaked," she explained in a whisper. "But they didn't get the storm up here."

"What a marvellous old place." They were all whispering. They walked around the obelisk, reading the names. It stood in the center of a large plot and was surrounded by low tombstones with people's first names, like footnotes to the common markers, inscribed with the full names and dates of everyone below. And, of course, of the Mutual Ancestor. The plot was a slightly elevated platform and enclosed by a croquet-wicket iron fence.

Two o'clock. The strains of a motel wedding in the distance. (The train from New Haven slowed down to avoid hitting a child.) Stan looked at his watch and the priest strolled out from around the side of the white church, carrying a purple length of satin over one arm, a silver sprinkler the size of a fountain pen, and a book. He introduced himself. "Father Duffy." They looked at each other expectantly for a moment. "Where is he to go?" one of the daughters asked.

He scrutinized the plot, finally pointing to a faded green mat the same color as the grass in one corner, and lifted it. The men went back to the cars to fetch the envelope, the cardboard box, and the flowers. Underneath the mat, a hole like a square of black paper tacked onto a green rug. A pygmy mine, a black body, which absorbs all radiation and reflects none, a camera, a furnace.

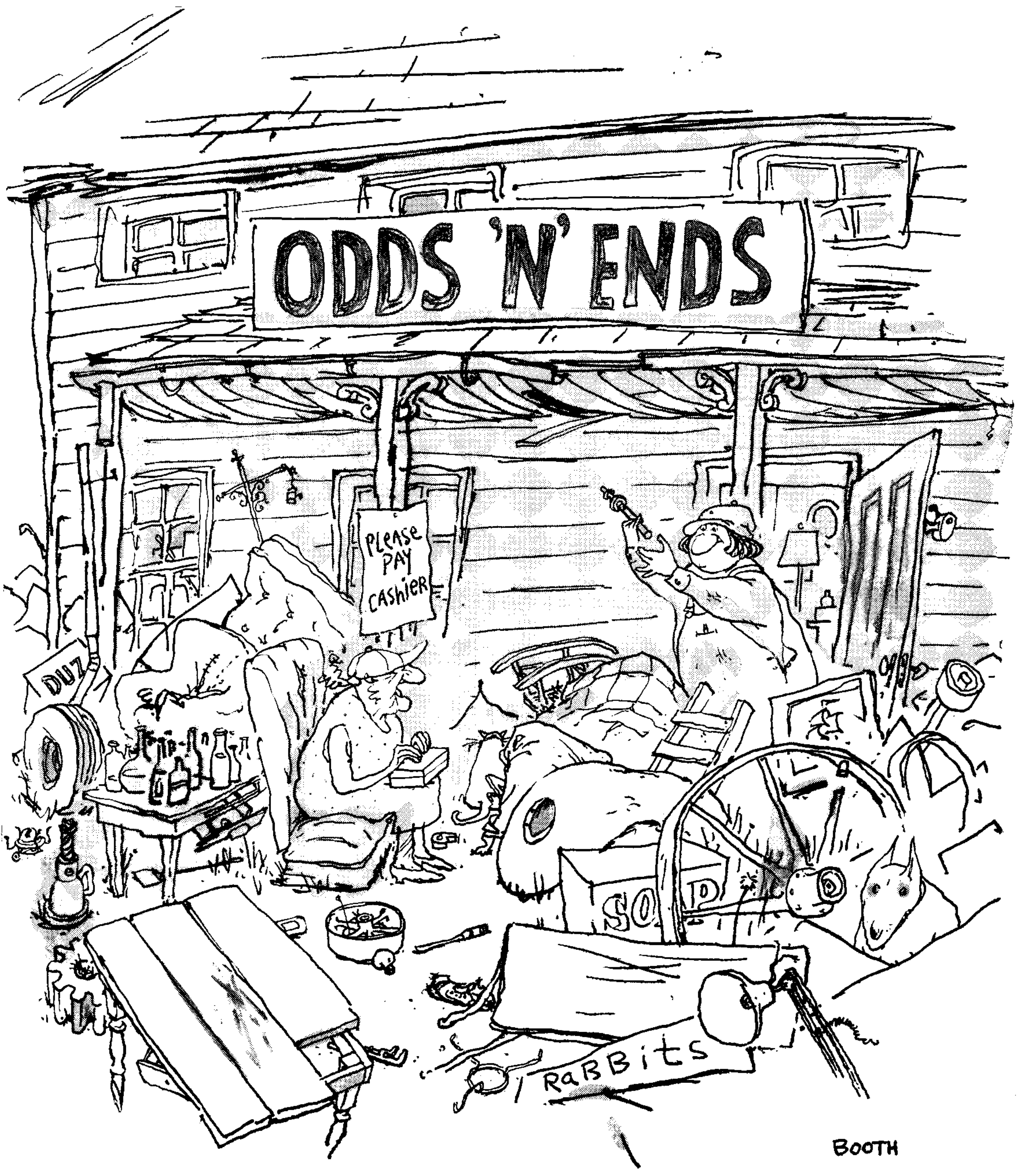
ALL the green of the cemetery moved with the wind: willow leaves, grass cuttings blown over uncut grass. The tubby priest in his black cassock almost apologetically explained it would be his first interment in a Protestant cemetery. "Not that I'm not ecumenical, mind you." Eye-level with the women, he tilted his head back as one accustomed to addressing taller people; he had a faint white cruciform scar above one eyebrow and perspired slightly. She took a picture of the priest and the others standing at the hole. She turned and photographed the whole cemetery, and the men coming toward them.

"Well, now," said the priest more cheerfully, cuing them. The young men handed over the cardboard box and the senior daughter took it, warm from sunning in the back seat, removed the silver can and handed the wrappings to someone. Both daughters stepped over the curb separating plot from outside grass; the daughter's husband hesitated, followed, holding the red cross of sweetheart roses and baby's breath. The other couple remained beyond, like witnesses. Unrehearsed, they knelt. Four hands began to lower the cannister gently into the hole, but it was too deep, more than an arm's length deep. The can dropped beyond the reach of their hands and fell askew and one of them reached, groped blindly, inefficaciously, to adjust it. They stood, their coatsleeves striped with red earth, and were stung by black-and-tan mosquitoes that instantly came out of the shrubbery to assail the mourners, priest, witnesses.

With his silver pencil the priest sprinkled holy water in the hole and began to read, quickly, about our Brother (but never said his name) who was dead but not forever; Our Father and Jesus his Son who died so that our Brother might live, so his sins could be forgiven. And *Our Father, Hail Mary, May perpetual light shine upon him*. Then he turned and sprinkled the cemetery (as if to Catholicize it) and begged for repose for the souls of all who were buried there, Our Father, Hail Mary. He hurried through a litany, pausing for them to fill in the responses, tardily and faintly. Hear us, O Lord. It was over. There wasn't any dirt to drop into the hole. It was customary, explained the priest, for the grounds keeper to fill in the grave after the family of the departed had left. He'd do it when he finished mowing. They pulled the rug back over the hole, stood at ease, lit cigarettes, smiled.

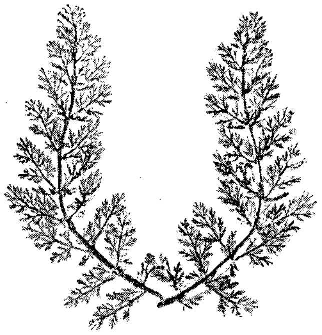
"It was, well, moving and right, Father," said the daughter with the smear on her right sleeve, after a while. "None of us really are believers. But I think we believed some of what you just said: that he lives because we remember him and the memory is part of us. And he's forgiven, I suppose (forgiveness is harder). You feel guilty about blaming the dead, but you do, and your ceremony makes you realize how human that is. It's up to us to forgive him and grant him the only living he can have now."

The priest batted away at a mosquito as if it were a heresy, and squinted at them, confused by the thought. (This daughter did not have a reputation in her family for tact.) "But your mother said you were Catholics, that you wanted a traditional Catholic ceremony." Then he got it. "You're from New York!" He addressed himself to the group: "You've got pretty big parishes in New York. You lose the personal element. People fall away. Now, here in the country we know everybody in the parish. I might not go so far as to say Mass in this church"—waving toward the white Congregational church—"I'm not *that* ecumenical. But I don't mind reading their social notes. When our



"That, honey, is probably an end."

flagpole got bent in the storm, the Methodist minister got two of his lads to straighten it out; after all, we can't not have a flag for the Fourth of July." Becoming enthusiastic: "I don't believe in mass Baptism, six or eight at a turn. I like to think I know the families; I married the boy and girl. It helps when somebody dies to know the situation. A fine young mother ups and goes suddenly, and her husband, non-Catholic, a skeptic like you, sitting in the hospital bewildered and shocked. The doctors want to do an autopsy. 'What is the Church thinking on that?' he asks me. (I'm doing my rounds there.) I talk to those doctors. Remember, you're dealing with a person. He's not thinking how can I advance the cause of medicine. The man's wife just died, he's got little children, go easy on him. That's how I see myself helping with the human side. That's ecumenicism."



Oh, he had plenty of stories he could tell them about the human side, long practiced in the ceremonies that mark birth, mating, death—anecdotes sad and funny. He remembered one about the double wedding of twins he'd known practically from conception, began to tell it, when the church-tower clock struck.

"Thank you, Father. Thank you so much," they said. He pocketed their offering without looking at it, remarked that he hoped the widow felt easier soon, and ambled away toward the road in his cassock.

"What a fine, simple ceremony," said the mourners.

"Weren't we lucky that it cleared up."

"It was just what he would have wanted. So simple and old and charming."

"Even your mother would have liked it. What a pity."

"Yes. Myron, too. He wanted so much to come."

"Myron? Stan, didn't you tell Myron he could get a ride with us today?"

"No, dear, I'm sure he said he was coming up with them."

Going to meet Daddy on the choo-choo train.

MYRON heard the church clock striking as he stepped onto the country platform in his city clothes. Too late now to try and walk, he'd worry about cash to get home later. He asked a cabdriver to take him to the Catholic cemetery.

THEY posed for a picture under the obelisk, where his name would be inscribed with his ancestors (only the stone turned out to be too soft; it would be like writing in sand, said the monument-maker, who sold their mother a large footstone instead), and went back, noticing and photographing the graves. Nathaniels and Levis and Suzannas dead for a century or more quietly marking their periods, very old mostly, or very young. Here lay cousin Gaylord six times removed. Great-great-great-great-great-grandfather Deacon Ezekiel, who practiced his deaconry in the Congregational church till he was ninety-seven years old. Naomi and Ruth *aetat* 2 days each, and their mother, Sarah. Worn-out, beloved wives, Revolutionary and Civil warriors, distant relatives, friends and strangers, a whole family wiped out by diphtheria, graves designated with little Historical Society metal crosses, modern townsfolk with perpetual plastic bouquets.

MYRON's cabdriver asked directions of a cop, who guided them by mistake to the Catholic rectory. The priest, returning from marrying off a couple of parishioners, found him ringing the bell and stood with him by the Gothic door as he inquired about Mr. Holcomb. "Yes, yes," said the priest, hot in his cassock. "The name does ring a bell."

"People in a big green car? I was going to ride back with them. I've got to talk to them about buying it. Mr. Holcomb said it was like my car. You know the people I mean?"

The little priest scratched at a mosquito bite on his right temple. "Holcomb . . . Holcomb . . . He's on the—um, left as you go in, I think, halfway back there, behind the church. I can't point out the spot because it's almost time for Benediction. Come join us when you've finished, if you'd like. Yes, we buried him last week."

"Mr. Holcomb would have liked for me to have that car."

"The family will be touched, son."

Myron satisfied himself with a long survey of the cemetery from the outside—the squat granite monuments; in there somewhere, the old man. The place could have used a good mowing. He began to walk toward where he could hitch a ride, make a phone call, get a beer.

He was, therefore, the only interested party to miss hearing the crack like a pistol shot. Nearing the cemetery entrance, the other mourners looked up, over to where their cars were parked. Slowly, cleanly, an oak branch as big itself as a tree was separating itself from the oak, and dropped like a feather through a windless sky toward the green Oldsmobile.

Their mouths fell open. The car horn let loose a piercing, drawn-out wail. Splinters and pebbles and shards of shatterproof glass rose like drops from a rain puddle. A lengthy tearing and rending of wood, twigs, bark, metal, leaves, while the branch heaved turbulently, until gradually the leaves and twigs arranged themselves around the car, like camouflage. One branch had gone through the left-hand side window; the others, miraculously, were intact. The roof was trepanned.

Behind them, the son of the grounds keeper continued to play war among the graves, the noise of the falling branch drowning out his quiet *pkow*. He lifted a corner of the mat to see what lay under the roses.

SOUL wished that Body would erupt, blow the lid, whirl out of the black hole like a tornado of ashes, take shape, take substance, divide into limbs, plant them on the ground, stride away. He hadn't meant the separation to be so complete, not so final.

What if they came up the long driveway under the pines, and he heard them in his upstairs bedroom and were there, back from that place, sick but undead, pale and alive? Or if he greeted them in his garden, working among the roses—"Guess how much rain we had!" And they'd have to go through it all over again. After the effort, the work that goes into burying a dead man. Could they endure having him back again, after that?

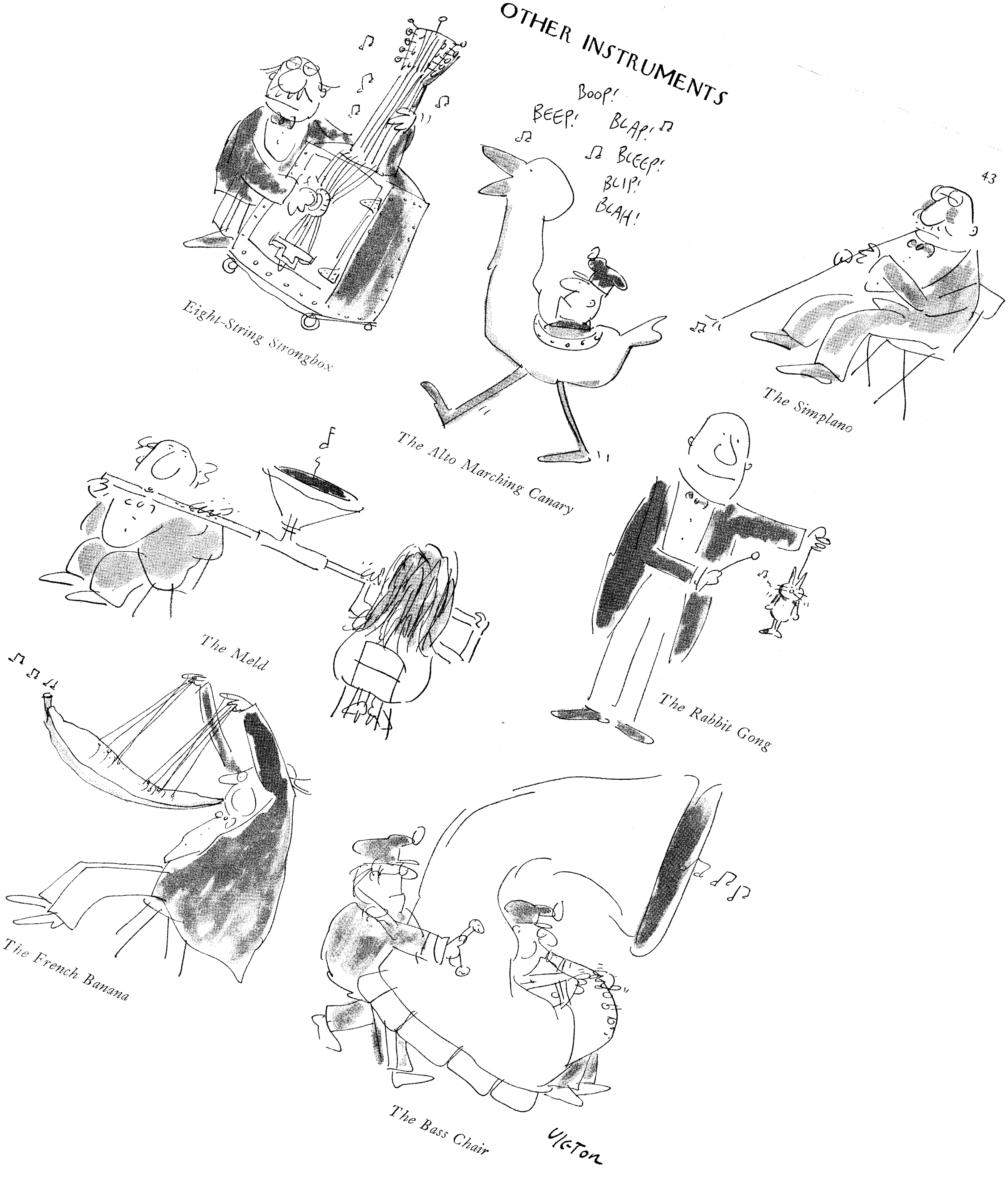
—JULIE HAYDEN

•

Know one, yourself? Or maybe half a couple? How about that strange romantic down the street, with a face like W. C. Fields, and a heart of flint and inside that heart is a crack full of white gasoline. Want to touch a match to it? To help you do things just like that, we offer all sorts of instructive books for writers, along with markets, that will buy your work when you bring your ideas, or characters, into conflict.—*Adv. in Writer's Digest.*

If you don't get arrested for arson first.

OTHER INSTRUMENTS


BOOP!
BEEP!
BLAP!
BLEEP!
BLIP!
BLAH!
VICTOR

Eight-String Strongbox

The Alto Marching Canary

The Simplano

The Meld

The Rabbit Gong

The French Banana

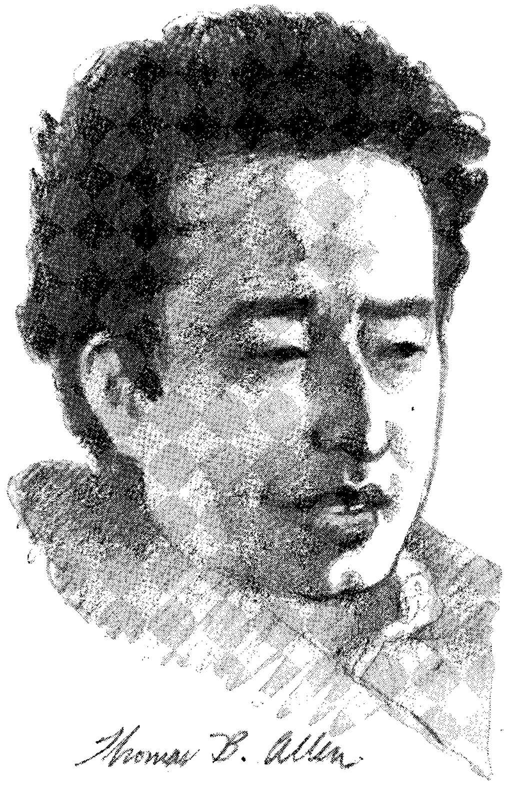
The Bass Chair

PROFILES

VIDEO VISIONARY

THE video-art movement, which has been in high gear for more than three years now, can have come as a surprise to practically no one. Most of the people who are trying to turn the cathode-ray tube into an art medium belong to the under-thirty, or TV, generation—which means, according to current estimates, that each of them has spent, on the average, about fifteen thousand hours watching television. Television has been their landscape, in a way, and it would appear inevitable that they should want to make use of it. Until quite recently, the huge costs of working with television equipment made it all but impossible for anyone outside the commercial-TV studios to tap into the medium, but with the marketing in the mid-sixties of relatively inexpensive, portable videotape recorders the territory suddenly opened up, and the artists, who had been toeing the line in anticipation, lit out for the new electronic frontier.

More than a dozen New York art galleries are currently handling "personal" videotapes by artists. Leo Castelli's downtown gallery, at 420 West Broadway, which last season merged its video and film operations with the Sonnabend Gallery, in the same building, shows and distributes videotapes by twenty-four artists, while Howard Wise, who gave up his Fifty-seventh Street gallery in 1970 to concentrate on helping video art get started, handles the distribution of work by thirty-eight more, through his Electronic Arts Intermix. Artists' videotapes, most of which are available on cassettes that can be viewed on special monitor-receivers equipped for the purpose, are leased, as a rule, to museums and to university and college art departments, but requests also come in from high schools and community groups throughout the country, and there are even a few early-bird private collectors who buy them outright. Publications with names like *Radical Software* have sprung up, devoted to the "alternative TV" movement. The Museum of Modern Art's Open Circuits conference on video art in January of 1974 drew participants from as far away as Argentina and Japan, and both the Modern and the Whitney Museums now include videotapes in their over-all program. Concurrently with the action in galleries and museums, moreover, three of the most active public-television stations in the country—WGBH, in Boston, KQED, in San Francisco, and WNET, in New York—have established experimental workshops where artists are invited to work with the complex and sophisticated hardware of broadcast TV. The results might startle regular viewers of the "Lawrence Welk Show," but they have met with generally encouraging reactions from the critics, and funding for the workshops—largely by the Rockefeller Foundation—seems reasonably well assured. In the wings, meanwhile, lies the glittering and often delayed promise of cable television, or CATV: the promise of as many as sixty new channels, with hundreds of thousands of viewing hours to be filled somehow—a vast empty canvas not yet smeared and scumbled over by the Sponsor. As far back as 1965, Nam June Paik saw it as a "historical necessity" that "someday artists will work with capacitors, resistors, and semiconductors as they work today with brushes, violins, and junk."



Nam June Paik

Nam June Paik is slightly embarrassed about being known as the George Washington of video art. A smallish, rather self-effacing Korean whose English is still, after ten years in this country, so nearly impervious to the definite and indefinite articles that it is hard to understand him on first, or even second, meeting, he shunned the spotlight at the Museum of Modern Art's Open Circuits conference, which took its title from a statement he had published in 1966. When Paik, with nervously oscillating eyebrows and a woollen stomach warmer, came up to the front of the room to speak, he praised other artists in the movement and then showed portions of his videotape "Global Groove." No doctrinal statements, no manifestos, no fuss. It is a fact, however, that Paik began thinking about video as an art form back in 1959, when he mentioned it in a letter to John Cage, and that his 1963 exhibition at the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal, Germany, was the first show of video art anywhere. This was several years before the advent of lightweight video equipment, but in those days Paik was not thinking in terms of cameras or recorders; he was thinking solely in terms of the image on the home screen. He went in through the back of the set and played around with that image, changing voltages and cycles, warping and distorting the picture and reintroducing a lot of the technical flaws that television engineers had spent years trying to eliminate. "It was Paik who saw that the way the signal is created on the monitor presented all sorts of opportunities for new images," David Loxton, the director of WNET's Television Laboratory, said recently. "That vision obviously made everyone stop and think. You could really make TV just by manipulating signals electronically, without all this insane two-thousand-dollars-a-minute business of studio production."

Many of the gallery artists now working in video are not interested in signal manipulation at all—they use the equipment simply to record activities, processes, or environments in much the same way that a movie camera would. The range of possibilities for signal manipulation is virtually limitless, however, thanks in part to an electronic device called the videosynthesizer, which Paik and a Japanese collaborator, Shuya Abe, designed and built, and signal manipulation is one of the areas that make video an infinitely more flexible medium than cinema. In the hands of Paik, Ron Hays, Ed Emshwiller, and other practitioners, the synthesizer can produce a ceaseless kaleidoscope of shapes and colors on the screen—shapes and colors unlike anything anyone has ever seen before. It can superimpose as many as seven different images; cause the features of announcers and other unsuspecting subjects to vibrate, melt, change color, and spread laterally; and generally turn the familiar screen into an electronic canvas for an artist whose brush consists of light. Watching television is not the same experience as watching a movie. Instead of seeing light reflected from a screen, the video viewer looks directly into the light source, and that is why the colors in color TV are so luminous. "Film is chemicals, TV is electronics," Paik points out. "There are something like four million phosphor dots on a twenty-one-inch color television screen every second; it is just like Seurat—you mix them in your eye. In film, you take from reality; in TV, you produce reality—real electronic color."

Psychological differences exist as well. As Marshall McLuhan has pointed out, a new medium usually begins by imitating the content of the medium that preceded it: the first automobiles looked like horse-drawn broughams; the first motion pictures were filmed stage plays. For more than thirty years, most of the dramatic entertainment on television has been little more than shrunken cinema, movies squeezed down to the dimensions and the commercially dictated time structures of the home screen, and this is one reason that even the movies made for television seem so drained of life and so blatantly artificial. The cinematic model simply won't work on the tube. But as art in our time becomes more and more a question of information, of dealing with our incredible public reality, the validity of TV as an art medium grows increasingly evident. "The big difference between film and video is that you need darkness for film and you have to stop other activities," Paik observed last spring, "but with video you can do everything and still watch—it's a continuation of your life."

The nature of the medium and the fact that videotape, which can be erased and reused, is a great deal cheaper to work with than film have lured filmmakers as well as artists to experiment with it. Shirley Clarke, who used to make film documentaries (the 1967 "Portrait of Jason," for instance, about a black male prostitute), now presides over a studio for experimental video. Ed Emshwiller, considered the finest technician among the so-called underground group of filmmakers, has been working mostly in television of late. Although it has become modish for art critics to state that the video movement has yet to produce anything resembling a major work of art, the TV reviewers have responded enthusiastically to Emshwiller's work on WNET and to Paik's "Global Groove"—a high-velocity collage of images ranging from Japanese Pepsi-Cola commercials, through tap-dancers, to views of the Living Theatre performing "Paradise Now," most of which are subjected to surreal distortions and overlaid by the light-painting techniques of the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer.

Paik himself uses the videosynthesizer less and less these days. He is pleased that others are using it, and he says, typically, that they do it much better than he does. Paik has always been far more interested in processes than in results, and at the moment, as an artist-in-residence at WNET's Television Laboratory and a consultant on television to the Rockefeller Foundation, he is concerned with a great many different processes, not all of which even involve television. But video remains the basis of his wide-ranging and somewhat visionary cast of thought. "I believe in timing," he said last spring. "Somehow, you have to be at a certain point at a certain time. You have to 'meet the time,' as they say

Dana Fradon

"Forget I'm King Henry III. I'm talking to you now as plain Henry Plantagenet."

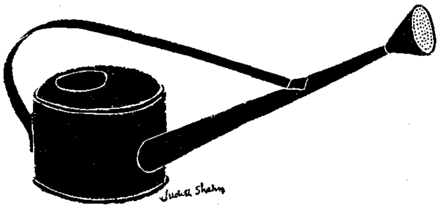
in Chinese history. I start in 1960, first time television sets become cheap, become secondhand, like junk. I buy thirteen secondhand sets in 1962. I didn't have any preconceived idea. Nobody had put two frequencies into one place, so I just do that, horizontal and vertical, and this absolutely new thing comes out. I make mistake after mistake, and it comes out positive. That is story of my whole life."

ONE explanation for Paik's success as a video pioneer may be that he came to television by way of music. Visual artists—painters and sculptors—are accustomed to filling up space; they do not always understand how to use time, as a great many of their "performance pieces" in recent years have made painfully evident. Paik was trained as a musician, however, and, no matter what else may be said of his performance pieces and his videotapes, hardly anyone finds them tedious. "My experimental TV is not always interesting but not always uninteresting," he observed on the occasion of his 1963 show in Wuppertal. It was, he went on, "like nature, which is beautiful not because it changes beautifully but simply because it changes."

Paik's musical education, though it was thorough, took place largely on the sly. In Korea, he has explained, professional artists and musicians have no status at all. "We have expression 'man of letters,' same as here, and if a man of letters writes music or does painting, that's O.K. But professional musician is nothing." Paik's family, which was middle-class and periodically well-to-do, would not have looked with favor on his musical studies, but the family did not learn about them until it was too late. "We are really one of the most corrupted families in Korea," says Paik, who was born in Seoul in 1932. "My grandfather made first modern factory there—textiles. Then, in Depression, we became very poor. Later, we have two steel factories in North Korea, but in 1945 they become 'people's factories.' It was all luck and unluck. Sometimes I felt I was on wrong side, because I had such radical thoughts. In 1950, we were on refugee train and bombing started. We get out and I really don't know which side I am on. Then I thought, Well—enlightenment!—I will just look at everything from now on like baseball. You know, nothing serious. I became quite cynical." Paik and his family did manage to escape the country in 1950, and, because of South Korea's stringent military-conscription law, he could technically be arrested as a draft dodger if he ever returned.

The family went first to Hong Kong, where Paik's father dabbled in the ginseng-root business, and then to Tokyo. Paik, the youngest of five children, entered the University of Tokyo, took courses in philosophy and history and aesthetics, secretly studied Western music (only one course in Oriental music was being taught), and graduated in 1956 with a degree in aesthetics. Paik's two older brothers were businessmen by then, but their father allowed Paik to go off to Germany, ostensibly to work for his doctorate in philosophy: "He liked the idea that one son gets Ph.D." Graduate work at the University of Munich and the Conservatory in Freiburg gave him a thorough grounding in music history and theory and in piano technique, although, as Paik tells it, he was so shy as a student that he never even considered the possibility of performing in public. "I was always very serious, straight-A student, but so timid that when I played in front of my teacher, Chopin or Bach, my tempo would go up and down, up and down."

What interested Paik far more than Chopin or Bach even then was the



THE BECKETT KIT

I finally found a way of using the tree.
If the man is lying down with the sheep
while the dog stands, then the wooden tree
can also stand, in the back, next to the dog.

They show their widest parts
(the dog sideways, the tree frontal)
so that being next to each other
they function as a landscape.

I tried for nearly two months to use the tree.
I tried using it by putting the man,
standing, of course, very far from the sheep
but in more or less the same plane.
At one point I had the man almost off the table
and still couldn't get the tree to work.
It was only just now I thought of a way.

I dropped the wooden sheep from a few inches
above the table so they wouldn't bounce.
Some are on their backs but they serve
the same as the ones standing.
What I can't get over is their coming right
inadvertently when I'd be content with any solution.

Ah, world, I love you with all my heart.
Outside the open window, down the street near the Hudson,
I can hear a policeman talking to another
through the car radio. It's eleven stories down
so it must be pretty loud.
The sheep, the tree, the dog, and the man
are perfectly at peace. And my peace is at peace.
Time and the earth lie down wonderfully together.

The blacks probably do rape the whites in jail
as Bill said in the coffee shop watching the game
between Oakland and Cincinnati. And no doubt
Karl was right that we should have volunteered
as victims under the bombing of Hanoi.

A guy said to Mishkin, "If you've seen all that,
how can you go on saying you're happy?"

—LINDA GREGG

• •

"I think that's the last of his peremptory challenges."

• •

music of the twentieth century. As a high-school student in Seoul, he had tried for three years to find any recording of Arnold Schoenberg's works, and finally found "Verklärte Nacht," which he had read about in *Time*. He also managed, through great diligence, to find a recording of Stravinsky's "Firebird" ("I will never forget the red label, with Stokowski conducting Philadelphia Orchestra") but not of "The Rite of Spring." "Then, when I got to Tokyo, I heard on radio some music with girl weeping, and I said, 'Oh, must be Schoenberg.' It was 'Pierrot Lunaire,' first time I hear it. Such a big event for me."

Germany in the fifties was a center of the newest developments in music, most of which had to do with electronic means of composition. Karlheinz Stockhausen, György Ligeti, Mauricio Kagel, and other avant-garde composers were working at the Studio for Electronic Music, which had been established by Radio Cologne, and one of Paik's teachers at the Conservatory in Freiburg, Wolfgang Fortner, strongly urged him to go there. He took Fortner's advice and enrolled at the University of Cologne, but for the first year there he was too shy to approach any of the other young composers. He was writing music, but not confidently. In Munich, he had composed a string quartet, which, he says, "started out Bartók, became Schoenberg, and ended Webern." While at Freiburg, he wrote a composition based on a ninth-century Korean poem, in which he included certain tape-recorded "collage" elements, such as water sounds, a baby's babbling, and snatches of Tchaikovsky. Later, he edged further into the electronic field with taped compositions of himself chanting or shouting. And at about this juncture, in 1958, he met John Cage—the event that he considers the turning point in his life.

Cage, the irrepressible American avant-gardist, whom Schoenberg once described as "not a composer but an inventor of genius," had decided by then that electronic music was "dead as a doornail." Cage had noticed that the audiences at concerts of all-electronic music invariably went to sleep. He believed that the healthier tendencies in all the arts then were moving in the direction of theatre, and he made sure that his own compositions gave audiences something to look at as well as listen to; most of these visual activities were dictated, like his music, by chance operations, and the results were often hilarious. Paik was still living in Tokyo when he first heard about Cage, and shortly afterward he had been both astounded and pleased to hear Professor Yoshio Nomura, who taught music history at the University of Tokyo, and whose special area was the Gregorian chant, name Cage's "String Quartet in Four Parts" among the ten best musical works of the twentieth century.

When Cage came to Darmstadt on a concert and lecture tour in 1958, Paik took in the performance and later went to call on the composer at his hotel. He was rather shocked to find Cage washing his shirts. It seemed to Paik that someone with Cage's attitude toward music should not waste any time on details of personal appearance; nor did Paik approve of the fact that Cage had worn a dark-blue suit and a necktie when he performed. They got along well enough in spite of this, however, and discovered that they were both engrossed just then in Mallarmé's writings on chance. Paik asked Cage whether he meant to be funny when he did things like blowing whistles or rattling eggbeaters onstage. Cage replied that he did not set out deliberately to be funny—for example, the whistles in the collage piece called "Music Walk" had simply been a means of making sounds while his hands were occupied in making other sounds—but that if something turned out to be fun-

DOW JONES
INDUSTRIALS
24.04

"But they don't say plus or minus, you'll notice. You can't get more fiendish than that."

• •

ny in performance, as the whistles had, then he could accept that without difficulty. In general, he said, he preferred laughter to tears.

For Paik, all this was hugely liberating. Cage, who is not always comforted by the work of people he has inspired, tends now to belittle his influence on Paik. "I don't believe in this business of people influencing other people," he said recently. "Maybe Nam June's meeting me made it possible for him to go on and do the things he was going to do sooner or later anyway, but only because it was already in him to do them. The fact is that he took my ideas into areas where I would never have gone." In the pieces that Paik began to compose after 1958, there was often an element of violence, which was entirely foreign to anything in Cage. Paik, the timid student who could not conceive of playing the piano in public, now found it within his power to compose and perform a work called "Hommage à John Cage," in which he caused an upright piano to tip over and fall on the stage with a crash. (Stockhausen, watching from the front row, leaped up and started to lift it back up again, until he was dissuaded by Paik; they have been close friends ever since.) In "One for Violin," Paik stood facing the audience, holding by the neck a violin with both hands, which he raised slowly—so slowly that the movement was all but imperceptible; when the violin was above his head, he would bring it down (fortissimo) on a table in front of him, smashing it to smithereens. He performed these and other pieces in small galleries around Cologne and in the atelier of Mary Bauermeister, a painter friend, and later in museums and concert halls in Oslo, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. Paik also performed works by Cage and others, and he was enormously encouraged when a German music critic referred to him in print as "the world's most famous bad pianist."

In 1960, when Cage returned to Europe for a series of lectures and performances, Paik was ready with a new piece, entitled "Étude for Pianoforte." Cage recalls its first performance vividly. "It is hard to describe why his performances are so terrifying," he said not long ago. "You get the feeling very clearly that anything can happen, even physically dangerous things." In the "Étude for Pianoforte," whose première was in Mary Bauermeister's studio, Paik played some Chopin on the piano, broke off, weeping, and got up and threw himself upon the innards of another, eviscerated piano that lay scattered about the floor, then picked up a wickedly long pair of scissors and leaped down to where Cage, the pianist David Tudor, and Karlheinz Stockhausen were sitting, in the front row. He removed Cage's suit jacket and started to slash away at his shirt with the scissors. Later, he explained that he had intended to cut off the shirttail but when he saw that Cage was not wearing an undershirt he took pity on him and decided instead to cut off his necktie at the knot. After doing so, he poured a bottle of shampoo over Cage's head and also over David Tudor's. (As Stockhausen edged nervously away, Paik shouted, "Not for you!") When the bottle was empty and both Cage and Tudor were fully lathered, Paik forced his way through the crowded room to the door and ran out. Everyone sat as though stunned, Cage recalls, for several minutes. Finally, the telephone rang; it was Paik, calling to say that the concert was over.

Performances of this sort, with their clear echoes of the Dadaist manifestations of the nineteen-twenties, had a good deal in common with the events called "happenings" which were going on in New York about this same time

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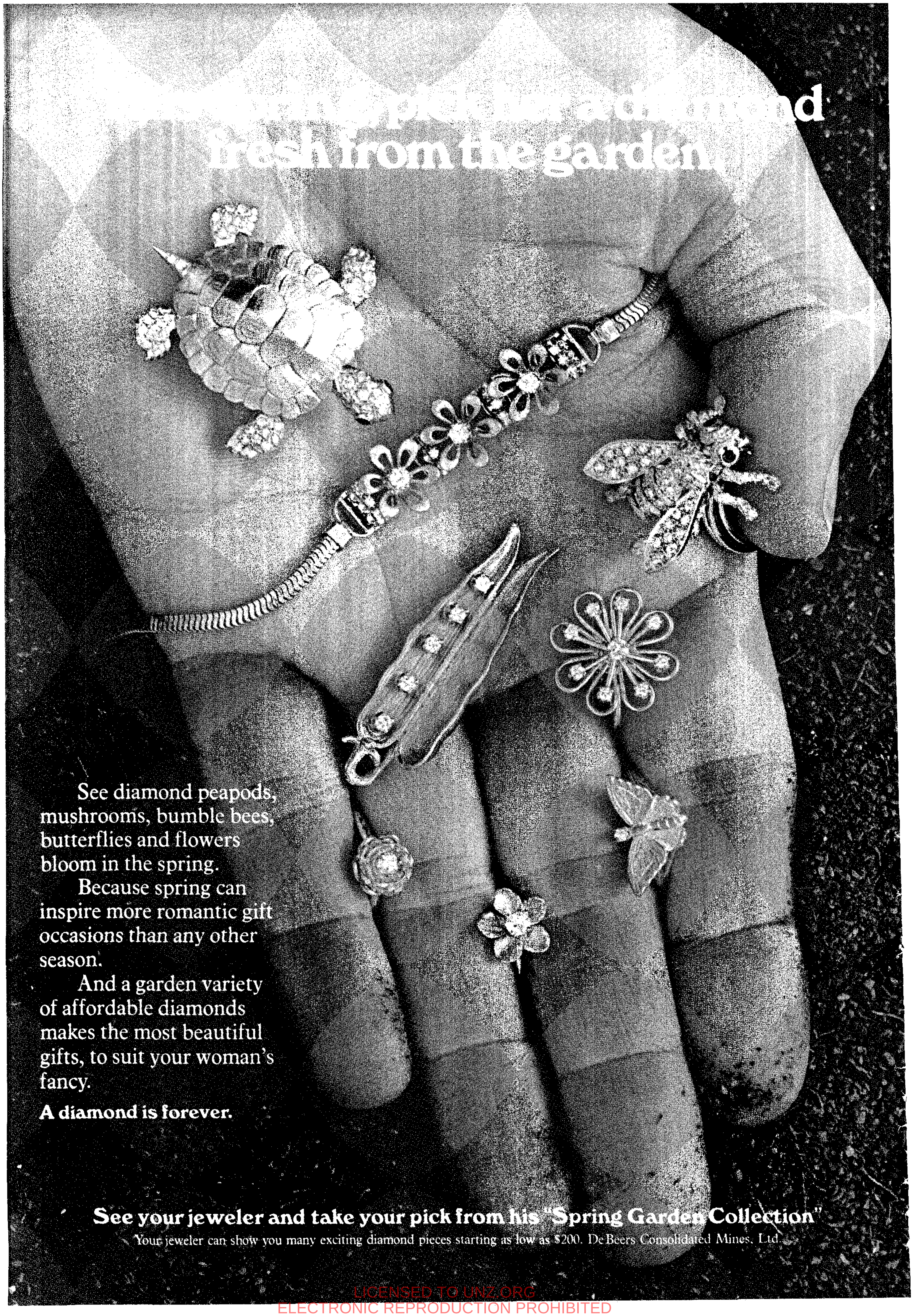

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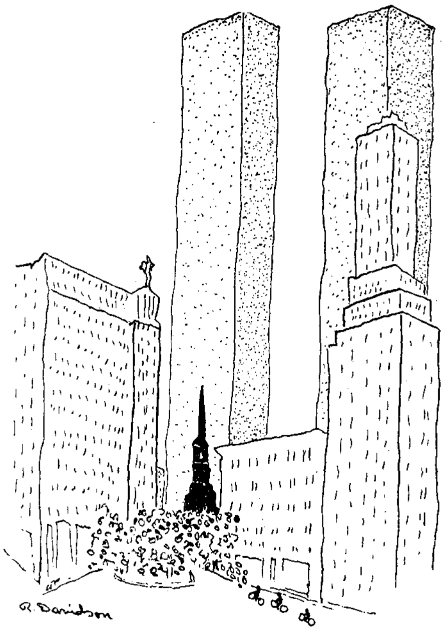
in small galleries and artists' lofts. The "happenings" were in one sense an outgrowth of the process-oriented, gestural Action painting of Jackson Pollock and other artists of the New York School, and the most prominent "happeners" were visual artists, such as Claes Oldenburg, Jim Dine, Red Grooms, Robert Whitman, and Allan Kaprow (who coined the term "happening"). It was generally acknowledged, however, that the first true "happening" had been a collaborative event organized by John Cage and Merce Cunningham, the choreographer, at Black Mountain College in 1952, and Cage's influence on the whole phenomenon was strong and pervasive. A number of young New York musicians, dancers, and artists, many of whom had attended Cage's classes in experimental music at the New School (so had Kaprow himself), had also become interested in doing performance pieces that could be described as Action music, but they lacked the gallery facilities of the better-known artists and had a hard time finding performance space. Then, in 1961, George Maciunas took up their cause. Maciunas, a Lithuanian-born graphic designer who seemed to have a hand in any number of money-losing operations, was then a part owner of a Madison Avenue art gallery called the AG Gallery, and early that year he sponsored there a series of about a dozen events by Dick Higgins, Richard Maxfield, Jackson Mac Low, La Monte Young, and other friends of his. Maciunas and Mac Low also took over the design and printing of a publication called "An Anthology," edited by the composer La Monte Young, which included "scripts" for "happening"-type events by twenty-five contributors; among them was Nam June Paik, whose European performances Maciunas had heard about.

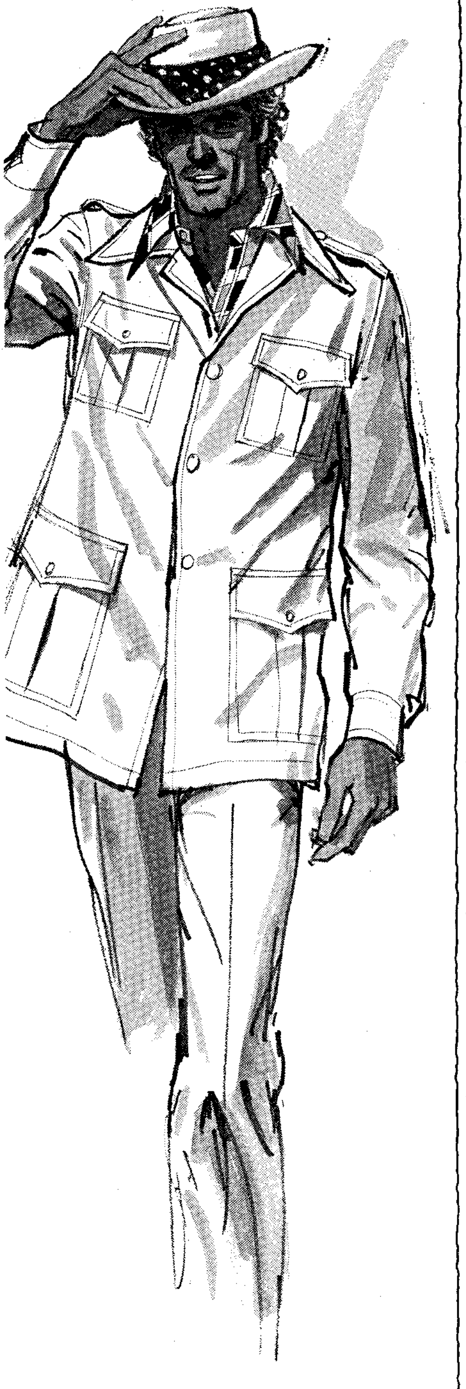
When the AG Gallery folded, in the summer of 1961, Maciunas went to Europe with the idea of founding a periodical devoted to what he considered the rapidly changing directions in all the arts. The periodical was to be called *Fluxus* (for work "in flux"), but it never got off the ground. Instead, Maciunas organized a series of Fluxus Festivals around Europe—in Wiesbaden, Copenhagen, Paris, Düsseldorf, Stockholm, Nice, and London—with a fluctuating troupe that usually included George Brecht, Ben Vautier, Tomas Schmit, Bob Watts, Emmett Williams, and various other unfettered spirits, who, along with Paik, Dick Higgins, and his wife, Alison Knowles, formed the core of the Fluxus group. Fluxus events tended to be more Dada in spirit than "happenings," which were primarily visual. La Monte Young's "Composition, 1960, #7" called for a singer and an accompanist to sound the same two notes (B and F sharp) continuously for one hour. Wolf Vostell, a blond giant from Cologne, did a piece in which he hammered toys to pieces, tried to erase pages of a magazine, broke light bulbs against a piece of glass, and then threw cake at the broken bulbs. Higgins' "Danger Music No. 3" had Alison Knowles shave Higgins' head and fling political pamphlets at the audience. The aesthetic behind all this was somewhat elusive. George Brecht tried to explain it at one point by stating that Fluxus was against the exclusiveness and élitism of art. Anything can be art and anyone can do it, Brecht wrote, and "therefore, art-amusement must be simple, amusing, unpretentious, concerned with insignificances, require no skill or countless rehearsals, have no commodity or institutional value." It could be said that Brecht was speaking only for himself, inasmuch as the Fluxus people denied that they were part of a movement, and even that they had similar ideas and goals, but the anti-art, neo-Dada bias of the members was never in much doubt.

Paik's performances differed from those of the other Fluxus people in that they were hardly ever boring, intentionally or otherwise. Everything that he did onstage was done with an excruciating and highly theatrical intensity, and there was often that sense of physical danger which had frightened Cage. Allan Kaprow described Paik as a "cultural terrorist," and Higgins went so far as to criticize his "joy in the perverse." Paik hammered nails into pianos, or attacked them with a carpenter's plane. ("People have idea that piano is very expensive, very sacred," he explained. "I was not thinking about destruction at all.") He crawled underneath the instrument and licked the dust from the pedals. He also composed works that would now qualify as Conceptual art, including a score for a symphony "to last one million years," and a long series of correspondence events that involved mailing pennies to people in various parts of the world. His return address at this point was the University for Avant-Garde Hinduism, which he had founded, and of which he was the sole member. ("I like Hinduism," Paik once said. "Is not so restricted as other religions, and they like sex, too.") Most people had trouble understanding him. He spoke five languages besides Korean, all of them badly. Something that nobody knew was that he had a studio on the outskirts of Cologne, where he and an engineer friend spent endless hours taking apart and rewiring thirteen secondhand black-and-white television sets.



TELEVISION pictures are produced by a flow of electrons moving in straight lines across the phosphor-coated surface of a cathode-ray tube. Paik and his friend interfered with this flow of electrons in a variety of ways. They altered the horizontal input to make the image stretch laterally across the screen. They used sound waves to warp the image, and they reversed the black and white controls to make negative images. Odd, distorted shapes floated unfixed through fields of electronic static. Paik hooked up one set to a microphone so that when you talked into the mike the image would jump around on the screen. It was all quite complicated electronically—nothing as simple as the blurring or tumbling effects that you get inadvertently by fiddling with the horizontal and vertical controls. Paik learned television circuitry backward and forward. "I still did not consider myself a visual artist," he has said of that period. "But I knew there was something to be done in television and nobody else was doing it, so I said why not make it my job?" If it had not been for television, Paik said, he might still be breaking up pianos.

Paik's thirteeen doctored TV sets were presented to the public in the spring of 1963, at the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal. Nobody bought one; Paik had suspended the head of a



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freshly slaughtered ox over the door to the gallery, and that attracted more attention than the electronics. Soon afterward, Paik closed his Cologne studio and went back to Tokyo. He wanted to experiment with color television, which was not available in Europe then. In Tokyo, he met a man named Hideo Uchida—an electronics wizard, who was interested in using FM radio to test for extrasensory perception. Uchida introduced Paik to a young Japanese electronics engineer, Shuya Abe, and Abe soon became Paik's principal collaborator. Together they interfered with electron flows in color sets, and Paik discovered, to his delight, that it was impossible to control the results, because each set worked a little differently. A true disciple of Cage, Paik did not want to make anything that would be a mere reflection of his own personality. What he was after was indeterminacy—the image created by chance—and he found that the behavior of electrons in a color television set was truly indeterminate. Paik and Abe also built an electronically controlled bisexual six-foot robot that walked, talked, moved its arms, and excreted white beans. In his spare moments, Paik tried to learn something about Oriental music and Oriental religion, neither of which had interested him at all until he met Cage. He spent three days in a Zen monastery near Kamakura, where he was beaten repeatedly by the head monk. "There were twenty or thirty people there, all sitting facing walls," Paik recalls. "In charge was monk with a long stick. We were not supposed to move, even if a mosquito bit. Every so often, monk would hit somebody with his stick, usually me. Why me? It made big noise but didn't really hurt. Anyway, that was slightly unhappy three days."

Paik was planning to return to Germany after his year in Tokyo, but he decided to spend six months in the United States first. America had held no interest for him before; he had once been offered a scholarship to Dartmouth, but Germany seemed to be the place for new music, and, besides, as he put it, "I knew that Dartmouth was not Yale." In 1964, though, he wanted to investigate what had struck him, from afar, as the curious "flatness" of American culture. He arrived in New York City in June, and the noise and the summer heat astonished him. "New York was as ugly as Düsseldorf," he said, "and as dirty as Paris." He was met by Dick Higgins, who took him to stay at the Broadway Central (the hotel that collapsed in 1973), where the carpet in his room was so filthy that he had to cover it with newspapers before he could sleep. Paik hated New York at first. He hated the dirt, and he also hated the glamour of the uptown art galleries and the spirit of commercialism that seemed to dominate the whole art scene. Even the New York artists seemed standoffish to him. "The key to Fluxus was that artists were killing individual egos," Paik said recently. "At least, that was how I interpreted it. But in New York artists have very big egos. I was never really anti-art, but I was anti-ego. Post-industrial society will be a kind of egoless society is what I think. Many people now are giving up acquisitiveness in terms of money and material comfort; next stage is to give up acquisitiveness in fame. Of course, Fluxus people, including myself, are vain and *do* have ego, I know that. Is very, very hard."

Within two months of his arrival, Paik made his presence felt in a typically disturbing fashion. As the centerpiece of a festival of avant-garde music at Judson Hall the festival's organizer, a twenty-four-year-old cellist named Charlotte Moorman, had scheduled five performances of Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Originale"—a theatre event in which Paik had appeared prominently when it was done in Europe. Stockhausen had told Miss Moorman that she could do the piece only on the condition that Nam June Paik's part was played by Nam June Paik, and Miss Moorman, who had never heard of Paik and was told he was in Europe, was wondering how to reach him there when Paik called her. He had arrived a few days before, had heard about the production, and would be happy to re-create his role and assist in the rehearsals. Paik's role consisted of covering his head with shaving cream and rice, slowly unrolling a long Chinese scroll, plunging his head into a pail of water, screaming, and playing the piano; for the New York production he added his electronic robot, which had come over with him from Tokyo, and which walked about the stage, waving its left arm, twirling its left breast, and playing a tape recording of President John F. Kennedy's 1961 Inaugural Address. On the fourth night, just as Paik was starting his performance, three well-dressed young men rose from the front row of the audience, came up onstage, handcuffed Paik to a metal scaffolding there, and

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Barely back from a proxy fight — *et zut!* — you have to dash over to Paris. While you cancel that much-cancelled squash match, have someone tell us when you're leaving. And leave the rest to us.

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A place to hang your chapeau

You'll need a roof over your head. If the trip can produce front page news, a place large enough to accommodate a press conference may be required. We'd suggest the *Meurice — 228, Rue de Rivoli.* Their suite 108 — once the home of Alfonso XIII of Spain — is particularly spacious. *The Ritz — 15, Place Vendôme,* the *Bristol — 112 Faubourg St. Honoré* and the *Meridien, 81, Blvd. Gouvion St. Cyr,* also provide suites lavishly adequate.

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Plaisirs de la table

As you've picked Air France, it's apparent you're one executive who enjoys fine food and wine. (A recent First Class menu yielded a superb *Canard de Chambertin* and a *Langouste Parisienne.*)

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Après le business

Inside an American in Paris is usually an American that wants a dry martini. For a very dry, and very good, dry martini — the bar at *Plaza Athénée — 25, Ave. Montaigne* boasts an international reputation.

Across the street, there's a bar where the actors and actresses and other brilliant lights of the Parisian stage go to sparkle — *Le Café Théâtre.* Definitely worth a look-see and a swig or two.

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Les goodies

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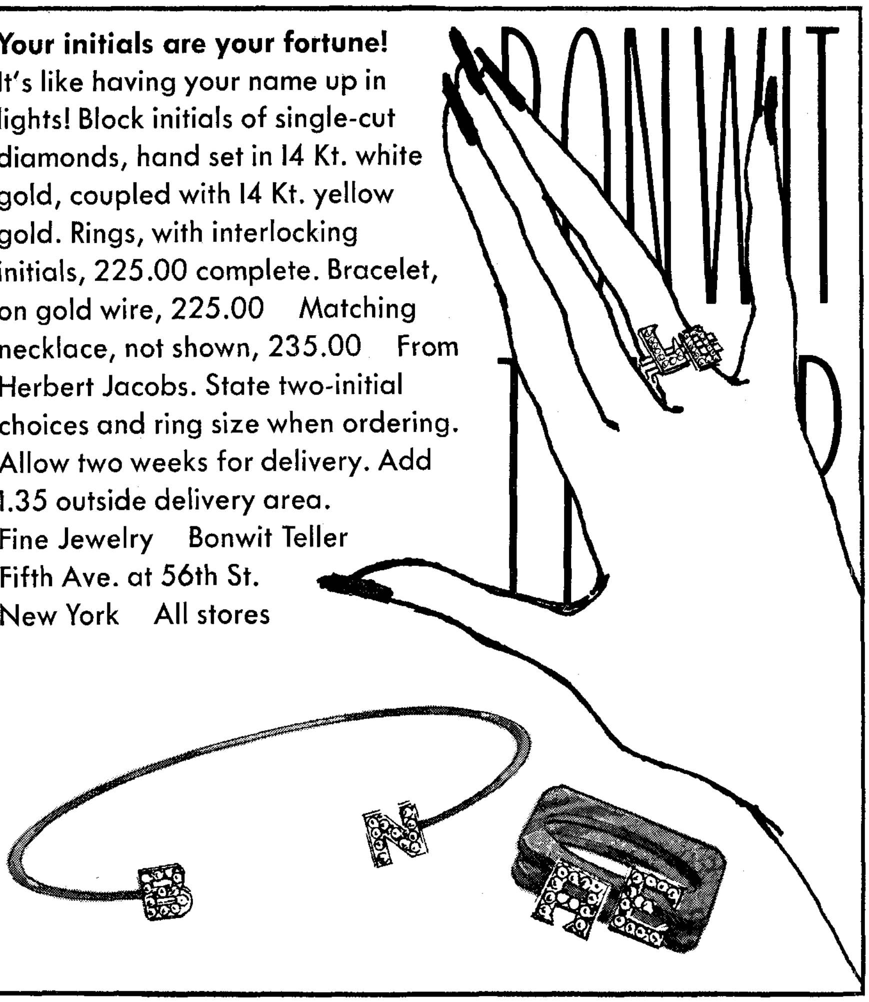

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then disappeared out the back of the set. The audience thought that it was part of the performance. Paik made plaintive sounds, and Miss Moorman, terrified, called the police. Told by their producer that they were breaking a number of municipal ordinances (for one thing, the cast included a live chimpanzee without a leash), she called the police station back to tell the police not to bother coming, but they were already on their way. They arrived a few minutes later, freed Paik, found the perpetrators, whom nobody in the cast had ever seen before, and asked whether Paik wanted to press charges. Paik said no. A good many people in the audience thought that all this was probably part of the show, too.

The meeting between Paik and Miss Moorman was auspicious for both parties. Although they have never been romantically involved with one another—Miss Moorman is happily married, and Paik now lives with a pretty Japanese video artist named Shigeko Kubota—virtually all of Paik's performance pieces since 1964 have been written for Miss Moorman, whose indefatigable dedication to his work and to the work of other advanced composers once led Edgard Varèse to refer to her as "the Jeanne d'Arc of New Music." In her service to the new, Miss Moorman has travelled rather a long distance from her musical origins, in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she began studying the cello at the age of ten. She took her bachelor's degree in music at Centenary College, in Shreveport; went on to get her master's at the University of Texas; and proceeded to Juilliard, in New York, where she studied with Leonard Rose. She spent the preceding summer at Ivan Galamian's Meadowmount School of Music, near Elizabethtown, New York, considered the best in the world for string players. After she left Juilliard, she became a regular member of the American Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, and also of the Boccherini Players, a chamber-music group. To gain concert experience, Miss Moorman performed as a soloist with any number of lesser symphonic groups, and in 1961, during one such concert, in darkest New Jersey, while Miss Moorman was performing the Kabalevsky Cello Concerto for the thirty-fifth time in public, she caught herself wondering whether she had locked the door to her apartment and turned off the gas stove. This led her to wonder, in turn, whether a career in traditional music was precisely what she wanted.

About this time, Miss Moorman and

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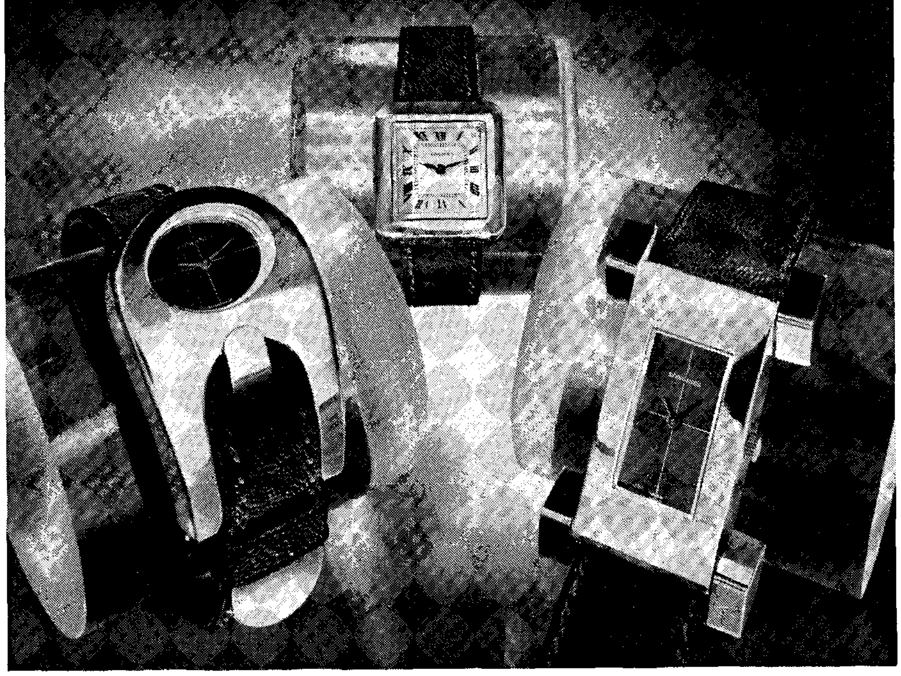

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Yoko Ono, who had just left Sarah Lawrence College, moved into an apartment together on West End Avenue. Both of them had recently been separated from their first husbands—in Miss Moorman's case, a double-bass player who had been her college sweetheart in Texas. Yoko Ono was the daughter of a wealthy Tokyo banking family. She and her estranged husband, a Japanese music student named Toshi Ichiyanagi, had been thoroughly involved with the musical avant-garde in New York, and it was not long before Miss Moorman found herself becoming thoroughly involved with it, too. A year before, Miss Moorman had managed to arrange for the Town Hall début of the young Japanese violinist Kenji Kobayashi, a friend of Yoko's; she had done this by persuading an impresario named Norman Seaman to sponsor the event and then going around to Isamu Noguchi and other well-known Japanese Americans and persuading them to put up the money. In the fall of 1961, Miss Moorman got Seaman to sponsor a rather different sort of concert, by Yoko and her friends—a group of musicians, poets, and dancers that included La Monte Young, Philip Corner, Joseph Byrd, Jackson Mac Low, Yvonne Rainer, Jonas Mekas, Ay-o, and George Brecht. Seated on a toilet on the stage at Carnegie Recital Hall that evening, with her back to the audience, and making "non-cello sounds" on her cello, as the score indicated, Miss Moorman again had cause to wonder whether her long musical education was being properly applied. But she felt that the event was interesting somehow, and she did not think about the gas stove while she was performing. She went on to perform in other avant-garde events, and then, in 1963, without realizing what she was getting into, she put her formidable energy and persuasiveness to work organizing a one-week festival of new music, which the steely-nerved Norman Seaman again agreed to sponsor, at Judson Hall. This was the start of what has ever since been an annual New York event.

The 1963 festival was all music—or what was so described in avant-garde circles—by Cage, La Monte Young, Morton Feldman, Frederic Rzewski, and others. The dividing line between music and other forms was under heavy assault, however, and when Miss Moorman put the second festival together, in August and September of 1964, she was only too happy to broaden its scope. Stockhausen's "Originale," the main feature of that

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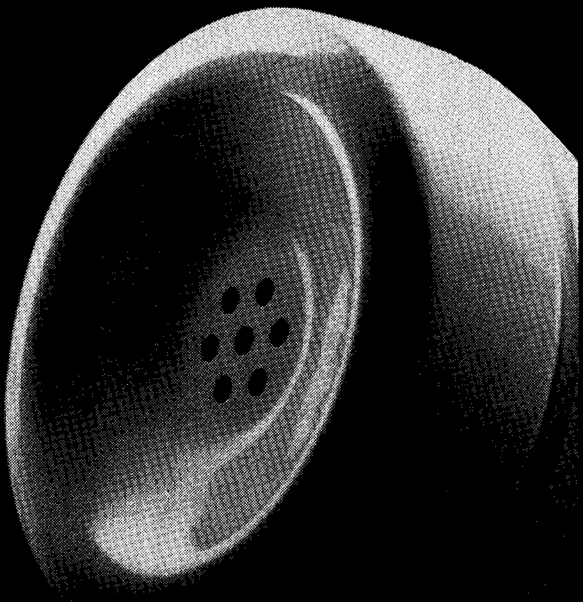

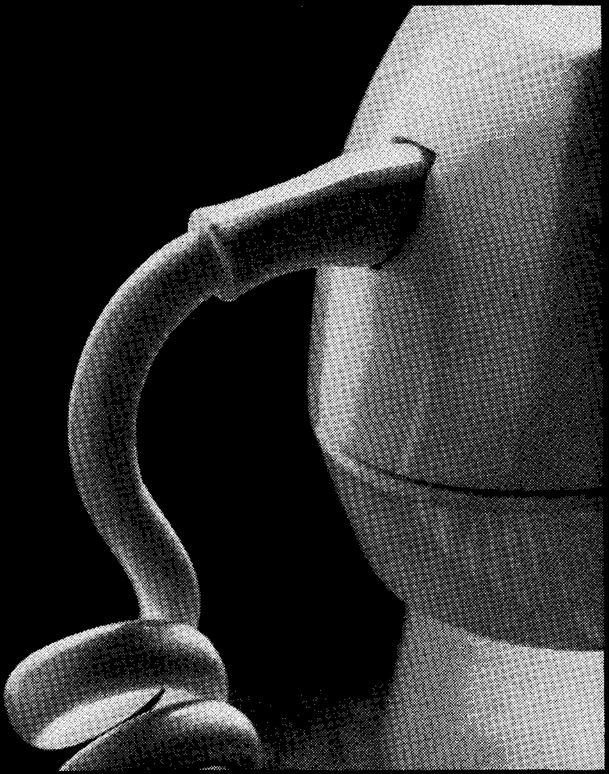

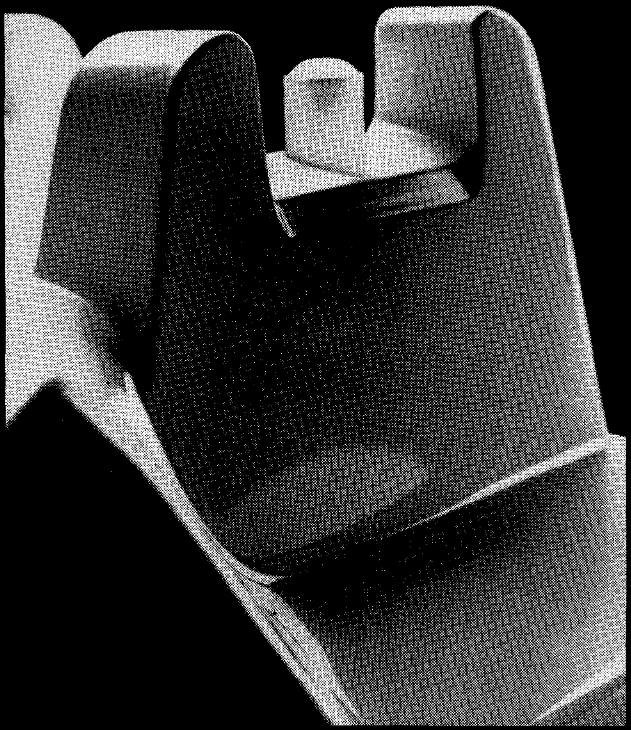

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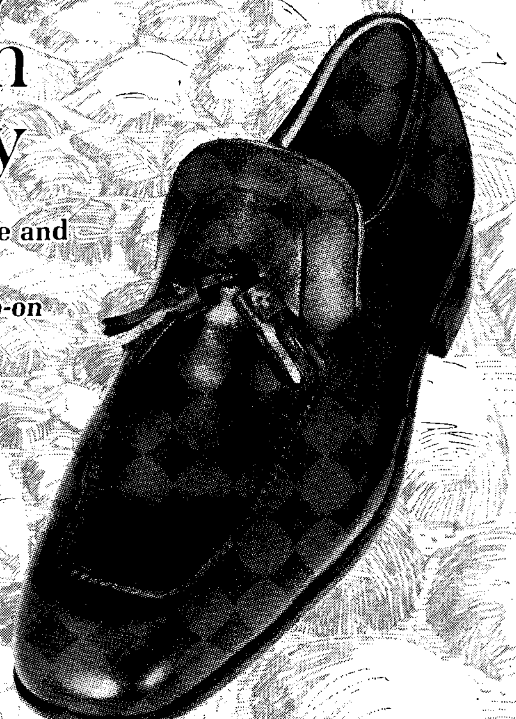

series, was more "happening" than music, and the annual avant-garde festival has since become a catchall, accommodating just about every far-out activity that anyone involved can think up. Some people feel that Miss Moorman has found her true vocation as the organizer of these events. According to Cage, who usually vows not to take part in the festival but then succumbs to Miss Moorman's relentless urging, "Charlotte's real talent is for publicity." Miss Moorman herself takes great pride in the festival, but she believes that her work as Paik's leading interpreter is of equal importance.

Paik made Miss Moorman a star, in a sense, and she made possible a long-postponed desire of Paik's—to bring sex to music. "Sex has been a main theme in art and literature," Paik said not long ago. "Why not in music? Why should music be fifty years behind? In Cologne, I had idea for a concert where 'Moonlight' Sonata is played by woman nude. I thought it would be very beautiful to do this in Germany. But I couldn't find anyone to do it. Piano players are very middle-class, it seems. In my 'Étude for Pianoforte,' I wanted to have girl who would take off many pairs of panties. I even tried to get prostitutes, but none of them would agree." Miss Moorman had some difficulty at first with Paik's ideas, but she got over it. Soon after their meeting, he composed his "Cello Sonata No. 1 for Adults Only," which Miss Moorman performed at the New School in January of 1965. In this work, Miss Moorman, a rather small girl with a full figure and a totally serious manner of performing, starts out fully gowned and plays a few measures of the Prelude to Bach's Third Cello Suite; she stops, removes an article of clothing, and resumes playing, stops again, removes something else, and continues alternately playing and removing until she is down to nothing at all. Paik's next composition for her was "Variations on a Theme by Saint-Saëns," which had its première at the third avant-garde festival. In this one, Miss Moorman plays the first half of Saint-Saëns's "The Swan," gets up and submerges herself in an oil drum filled with water, then returns dripping wet to finish the piece. Sometimes she performs the "Variations" in an evening gown, and sometimes she wears nothing but a covering of clear plastic. Miss Moorman said recently that she enjoys performing this piece, because she is a Scorpio and her sign is water. Paik says she invariably plays much better after her immersion. Both Paik and

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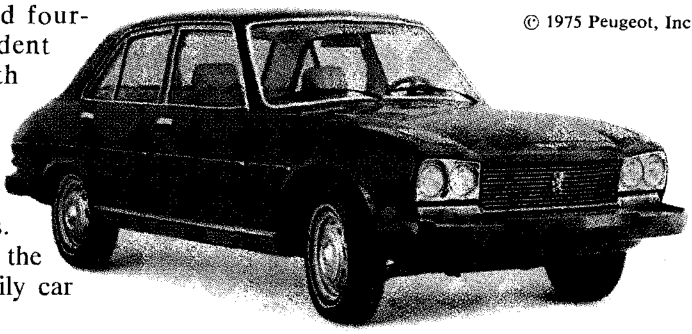

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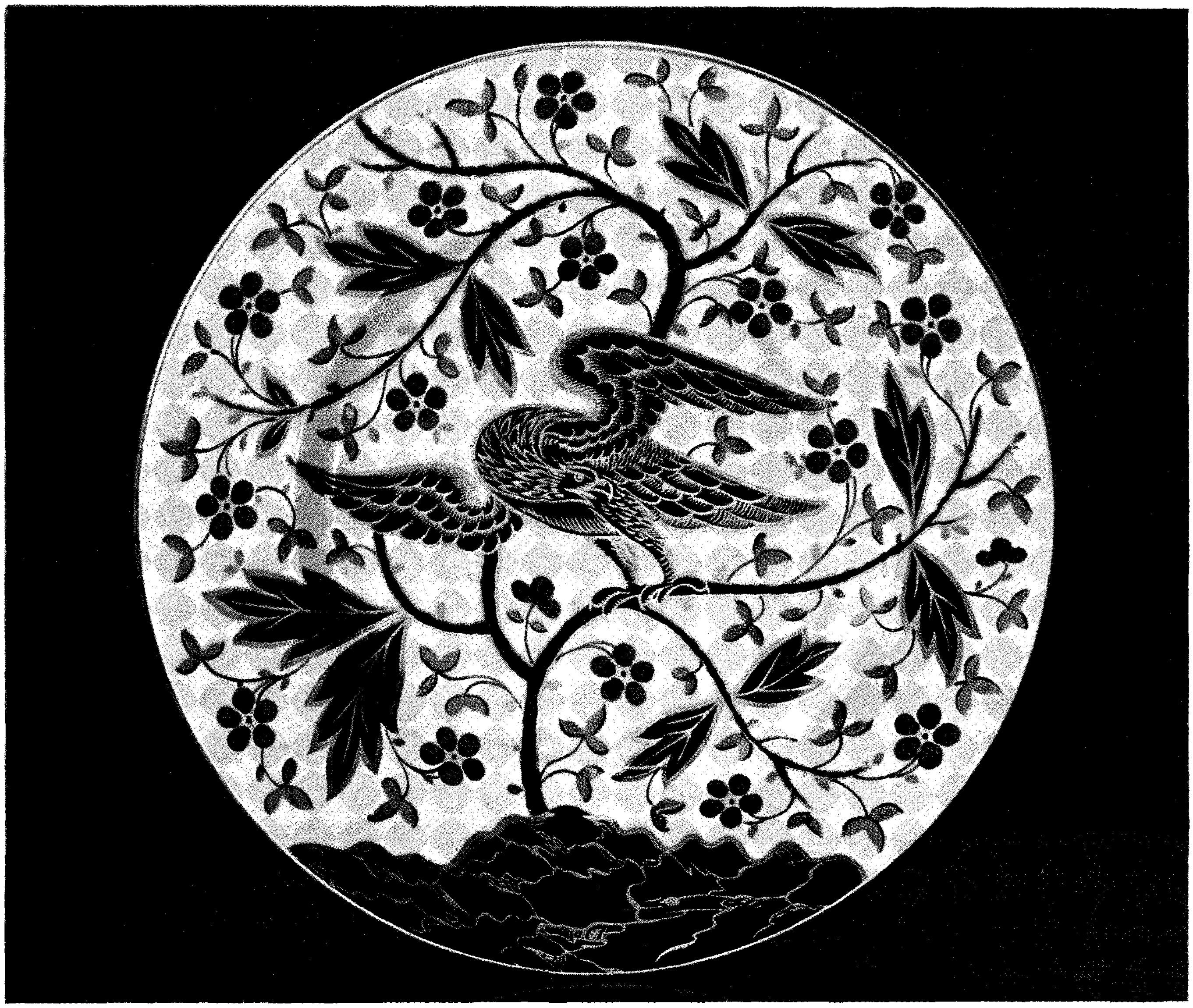

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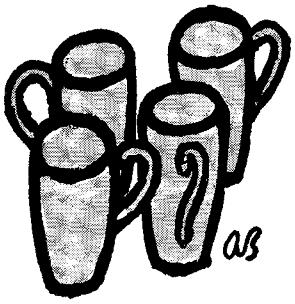
Miss Moorman claim that the piece is not meant to seem comic, although Paik, who laughs a lot, is inclined to laugh when discussing it. "In Korea, being artist is bad enough," Paik has said. "To be comedian is even worse."

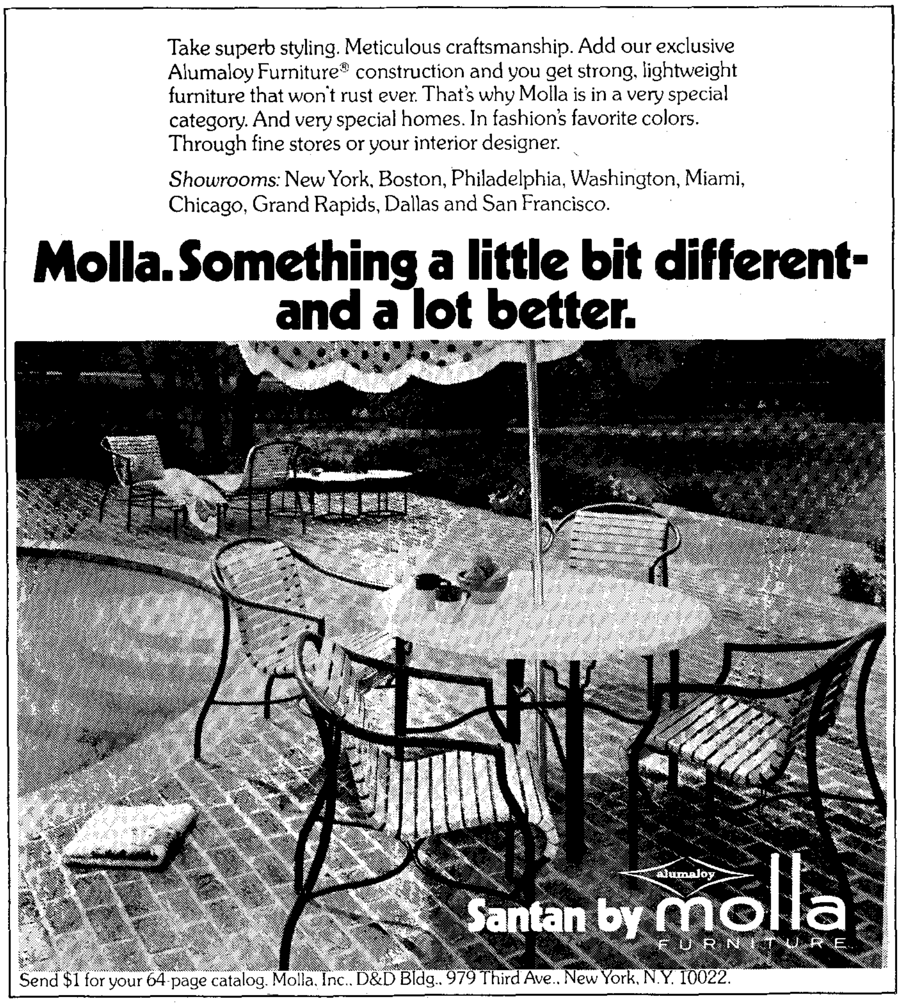
Paik and Miss Moorman took their repertoire abroad in the summer of 1965, and presented it to variously appreciative audiences in Reykjavík, Paris, Cologne, Frankfurt, Aachen, Berlin, and Florence. The excitable Florentines rioted when Miss Moorman made her entrance in clear plastic, and the police had to be called to restore order. At the Galerie Parnass, in Wuppertal, scene of his pioneer 1963 video show, Paik and Miss Moorman teamed with Joseph Beuys, Bazon Brock, Tomas Schmit, and other European artists in a marathon event called "24 Stunden," which lasted twenty-four hours. In Berlin, they came close to being arrested for performing Paik's "Robot Opera" in front of the Brandenburg Gate. In the opera, Miss Moorman sits on the back of a crouching artist (any artist will do) and plays the cello while another artist lies on the ground at her feet with the cello's ferrule held in his mouth and Paik's robot marches to and fro. The armed guards near the Berlin Wall had not been warned ahead of time, and rifles were cocked in nervous anticipation. Miss Moorman also performed works by Cage and by Yoko Ono (one of the crowd-pleasers was Yoko Ono's "Cut Piece," in which members of the audience are invited to come up and cut sections out of Miss Moorman's dress with a pair of scissors), and she and Paik took part in a variety of events in and around Cologne. The tour was a great success, from their point of view. "The Germans love Charlotte," Paik said afterward. "They think she is what American girl ought to be."



Paik and Miss Moorman returned to New York in time for Miss Moorman to put together the 1965 annual Festival of the Avant-Garde, which was also the last to be held in Judson Hall. The management there became upset over Allan Kaprow's "Push-Pull" event, which enjoined the audience to go out and search in trash bins and vacant lots for discarded objects with which to furnish two empty rooms onstage. Once again the police appeared, largely out of curiosity to see what was going on, but the Judson Hall management did not get into the spirit of the thing.

WHEN Paik was not composing or performing, he invoked the muse of TV. He had brought over from Tokyo a number of large secondhand television sets, with which he experimented continually at a studio he had settled into, on Canal Street. Visitors to the studio, over whose entrance Dick Higgins had posted a sign reading "I Am Not Very Eloquent," had to crawl over and through a maze of exposed electrical wires, tubes, and discontinuous circuitry to find Paik. At home, he usually had on a pair of rubber boots, which were supposed to prevent his electrocution. He had also taken to wearing a woollen scarf around his middle, even in warm weather, to ward off stomach pains that several doctors had been unable to diagnose. There was no furniture to speak of. Three old R.C.A. black-and-white sets, pushed together and covered with a mattress, served as his bed. Paik had found that he could get magnificent distortions of TV pictures by using magnets and degaussing coils (devices employed in the earliest TV sets to *correct* for natural magnetic distortion). "Every night, ten million people were watching the same Johnny Carson," he recalls. "Only I was watching a different one." He experimented with video feedback, in which the camera is pointed at the receiver picking up that camera's signal and goes slightly crazy, producing unpredictable and more or less uncontrollable imagery. In 1966, he discovered the "dancing-wave pattern," a graceful, wavelike, looping image produced on a color TV screen by modulating three audio input signals. Paik's electrical engineering was not exactly elegant, but it seemed to work. Many of his connections were achieved with Scotch Tape. "For me," he once said, "Scotch Tape is *tao*."

Paik's television experiments did not pass unnoticed. He had exhibited his manipulated TVs at the New School in January of 1965—along with his "Sonata for Adults Only" and other works. One critic said the TVs reminded him of upset stomachs in commercials, but others were more impressed. Porter McCray, the dire of the Asian Cultural Program JDR 3rd Fund, was impressed



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to recommend a six-thousand-dollar grant to further Paik's television experiments, and Cage and Merce Cunningham invited him to project his TV imagery as part of the stage set for their "Variations V," which was performed that summer at Lincoln Center. In the fall of 1965, the Galeria Bonino, on Fifty-seventh Street, gave Paik a one-man show, largely on the recommendation of his Cologne friend Mary Bauermeister, who was then living in New York. The roomful of doctored TVs drew exceptionally large crowds for three weeks; it also drew a relatively kindly review by the *Times* art critic, John Canaday, who said the show "has unquestioned fascination and a probable potential for expansion."

A month before the Bonino show, moreover, Paik personally ushered in the new era of alternative, or underground, TV. As early as 1961, in Cologne, he had spent a good deal of time and money trying to construct a portable, lightweight television camera and videotape recorder, but without success. "I was very naïve," Paik recalls. "I thought the first man to own videotape recorder could become best painter of the age." In Tokyo two years later, he had learned that Sony was developing just the sort of equipment he had in mind. He had kept himself posted on all the latest industry advances, and the day Sony's first reasonably portable video camera-recorder reached the Liberty Music shop, in New York—it was October 4, 1965—Paik bought it, using the unspent portion of the grant from the JDR 3rd Fund. Within moments, he had begun videotaping Pope Paul's arrival at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a number of other scenes around town, which he showed that same evening to a regular Monday-night gathering of vanguard artists and filmmakers at the Café à Go-Go, in Greenwich Village.

Paik was feeling a lot better about New York. The exclusiveness of the artists, which had bothered him so much at first, he now saw as a necessary defense against the "information overload" to which everyone was constantly subjected. "I began to understand New York from the New York point of view, and I felt more at home. It's funny—coming to Istanbul once from Germany, I say to myself, 'Ah, is beginning of Asia.' And then when I go back to Tokyo in 1963 I say, 'Is beginning of America.' That kind of chaotic energy—you know?" Paik's own energy was unflagging. He toured Europe again with Miss Moorman in 1966, and they performed a gondola

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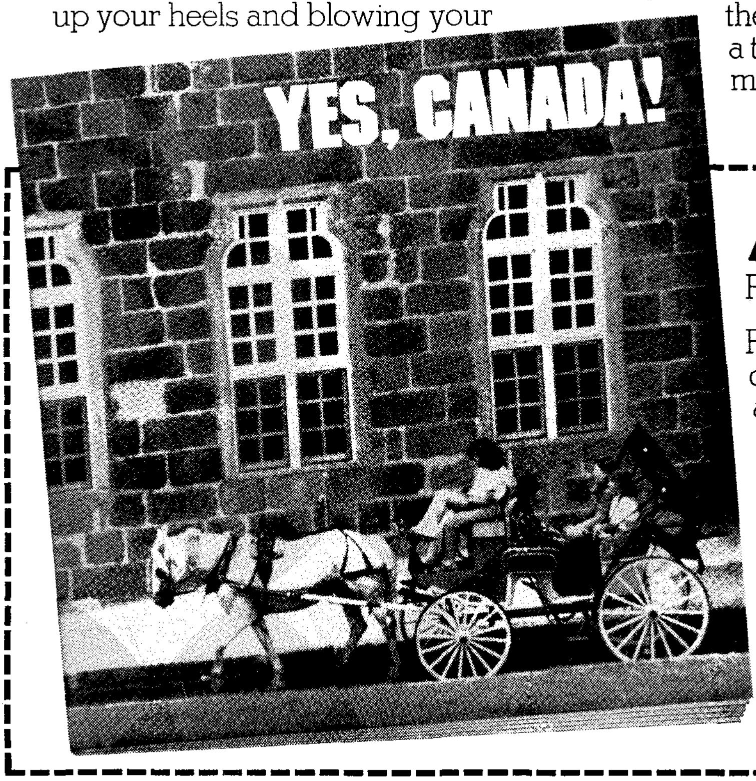

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version of the Saint-Saëns piece in Venice, with Miss Moorman descending into the Grand Canal and subsequently being rushed to the hospital for a typhoid shot, which they had somehow overlooked. Paik helped out faithfully with all aspects of most of the yearly avant-garde festivals—the 1966 festival took place in Central Park, and subsequent sites have included a Staten Island ferryboat, the 69th Regiment Armory, Grand Central Terminal, and, most recently, Shea Stadium. In 1967, he figured prominently in two important group shows of kinetic-and-light art at the Howard Wise Gallery. If not yet wholly egoless, he was always willing to assist others and to participate in group efforts.

The only time anyone has ever seen Paik seriously depressed was in February of 1967, when the police stopped the performance of his new "Opera Sextronique." Paik had been a little nervous about doing this piece in New York. He and Miss Moorman had performed it without incident in Aachen the preceding July, and then in January at the Philadelphia College of Art, but New York was at that time in the grip of one of its rare public-morality seizures, and the police were abnormally alert to vice. "Opera Sextronique" has four "arias," or acts. In the first, Miss Moorman, wearing a bikini consisting of small electric light bulbs, plays the cello on a darkened stage; in the second, she wears a topless evening gown, plays the cello, and puts on and takes off a succession of grotesque masks; the third aria has her nude from the waist down and clothed in a football uniform and helmet above; in the fourth, she is totally nude, playing, in lieu of her cello, a large, upright aerial bomb. The New York performance, at the Film-Maker's Cinémathèque, on West Forty-first Street, was interrupted by a police squadron at the end of the second (topless) aria, and Miss Moorman and Paik were carted off to jail. Miss Moorman retains a vivid memory of Paik sitting for his police photograph with a number hung around his neck and saying mournfully, "Oh, Charlotte, I never think it come to this."

Later that night, in jail, Paik remembers, he felt very calm—"like the last scene in Stendhal's 'Rouge et Noir,' when Julien Sorel is so much at peace," he says. "I thought that when I got kicked out of United States I would be hero in Germany. I was happy things were ending here—all this complicated life. Well, we were released on parole next day, and a guy

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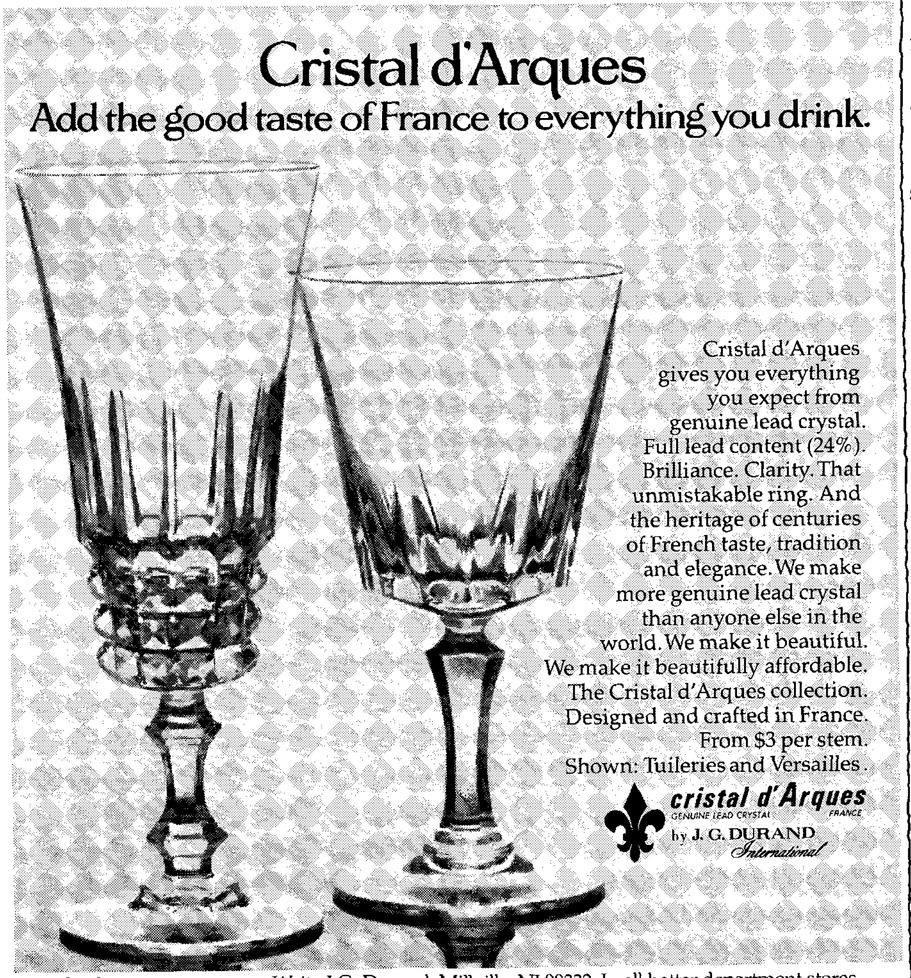

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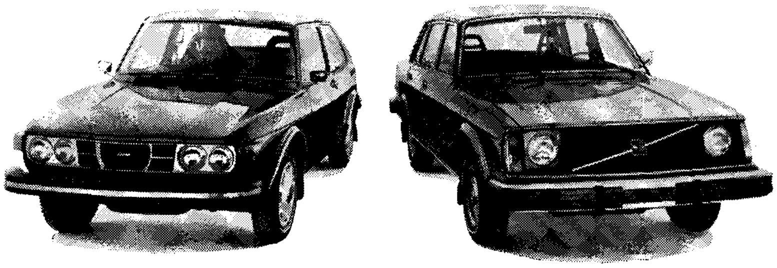

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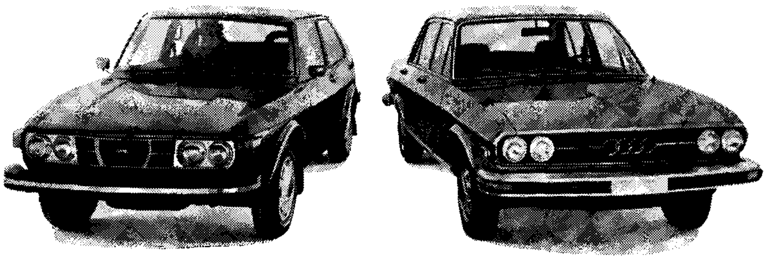

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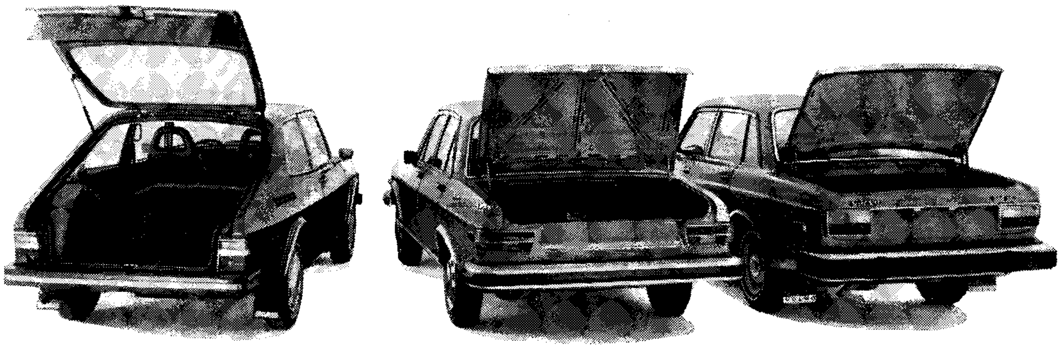

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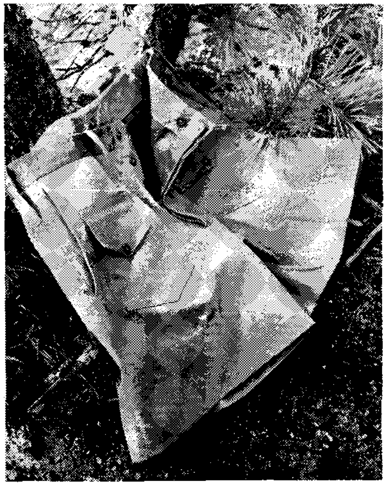

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called from San Francisco offering us five thousand dollars to do our 'act' in a night club. We had many offers like that." They accepted none of the offers, and Paik was hard pressed to raise money for their defense. His lawyer was Ernst Rosenberger, who had represented Lenny Bruce and other prominent performers. When the case came to court, in April of 1967, Rosenberger had no difficulty persuading the court that under no law could a composer of music be arrested for obscenity, but Miss Moorman was less fortunate. Although the flower of New York's avant-garde came to testify on her behalf—and in spite of the fact that nudity was rapidly becoming the obligatory scene in the New York theatre—she was convicted on a charge of indecent exposure and given a suspended sentence.

The conviction, according to Miss Moorman, caused her grandmother in Little Rock to suffer a heart attack, and ended her own career with the American Symphony and as a musician for TV commercials, which had until then been her main means of support. Lucrative offers to repeat the "act" in Las Vegas and elsewhere only made her feel worse about it all. Paik, too, was at a low ebb. He had been receiving small amounts of money from his family in Tokyo, but now they ceased to arrive; the family, he says, "had just lost another fortune." He owed a rather large bill to Consolidated Edison, which he couldn't pay, and he was having visa problems. It was with some relief, then, that he accepted a post as artist-in-residence at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. Allan Kaprow, who was trying to establish a sort of avant-garde institute at Stony Brook with funds from the Rockefeller Foundation, had been instrumental in getting the assistant director of the Foundation's arts program, Howard Klein, to visit Paik's studio, and Klein and his boss, Norman Lloyd, had subsequently arranged a one-year appointment to Stony Brook for Paik. Nobody bothered him there, so he spent his time doing video experiments and writing a long report on the uses of television in the "instant global university" of the future. One of his recommendations was that television stop being exclusively nationalistic. "You simply cannot escape Camus or Sartre in a bookstore," he wrote. "But do you remember seeing a production of French TV recently?" Paik has followed his own advice—his recent "Global Groove" contains excerpts from French, German, Japanese, Austrian, and African TV—and he feels strongly that if we were to see more examples of Asian TV we might not misunderstand the Asian mind as disastrously as we have done in the past. Paik's report went unnoticed at Stony Brook, but it has been reprinted many times since he left there, and is looked upon within the alternative-video movement as a prophetic document.

The Rockefeller Foundation (which has no connection with the JDR 3rd Fund) has shown a surprising interest in experimental TV. While its grants to public television have been small compared to the Ford Foundation's, Rockefeller Foundation money supports the experimental workshops at San Francisco's KQED, Boston's WGBH, and New York's WNET, all three of which cater primarily to artists working in video. From the artists' point of view, the best of these workshops has been the one at WGBH, largely because of a young producer-director there named Fred Barzyk. As Barzyk saw it, television had begun to develop its unique properties in one field only—the spot-commercial message, which compresses huge quantities of information into a few seconds; in its regular programming, TV was still imitating the motion picture. In 1964, Barzyk was able to persuade the management at WGBH to let him play around with his own and other people's ideas for opening things up a bit, and one of the early results was "What's Happening, Mr. Silver?"—a youth-oriented, technically innovative weekly program whose host, a British-born and unpredictable man named David Silver, once conducted an on-camera interview with a young woman while they both reclined on a large bed. The fast cuts and visual juxtapositions in "What's Happening, Mr. Silver?" reminded some viewers of the vintage output of the late Ernie Kovacs, who is now considered a sort of pioneer in the effort to shake video loose from its moorings in cinema. Barzyk wanted to go a lot further along these lines, and in 1968, when the recently established Public Broadcast Laboratory (set up by the Ford Foundation to improve the level of noncommercial-television programming) asked him to work with a selected group of artists, each of whom would be invited to come and make videotapes in the WGBH studio, he readily agreed. This project led, in 1969, to a one-hour program called "The Medium Is the Medium," the first national showing of video art on the home screen, with contributions by Aldo Tambellini,

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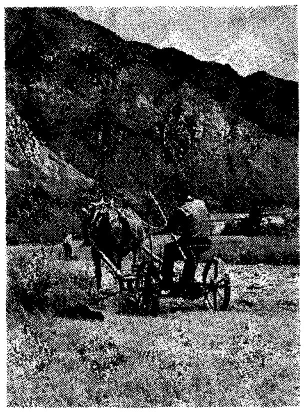

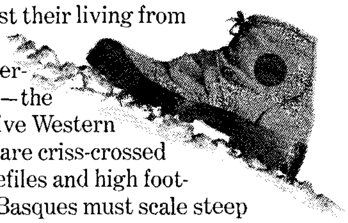

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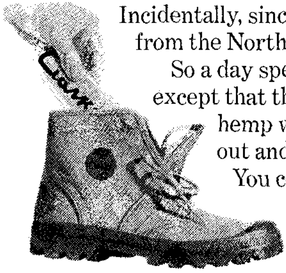

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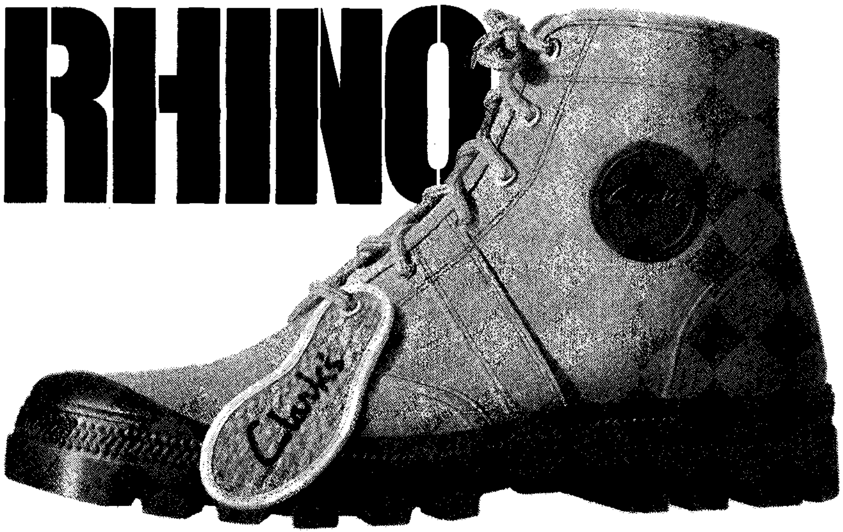

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Thomas Tadlock, Allan Kaprow, James Seawright, Otto Piene, and Paik. Paik's segment, the concluding one on the program, lasted seven minutes and was called "Electronic Opera No. 1." While an offscreen pianist played Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and an offscreen Paik periodically advised viewers to close one eye or both eyes ("This is audience-participation TV"), the screen showed double and triple images of a nude go-go girl, President Nixon's face stretching puttylike as he talked about "the brilliant manager of my campaign for the Presidency," three hirsute hippies mugging for the camera, and the dancing-wave pattern looping and rolling and changing color. At the end, Paik's laconic voice was again heard, telling the viewers, "Please follow instructions. Turn off your television set."

The people at WGBH were a little surprised by the go-go dancer, but everyone there was delighted with Paik. Barzyk, of course, was naturally sympathetic to Paik's ideas about "low-fidelity TV": instead of trying always to reproduce images as accurately as possible, Paik said, one could also work to produce original TV images that nobody had ever seen before. Barzyk and Michael Rice, the station's vice-president and program manager, were eager to have Paik return and work at the studio, so when Paik went to them soon afterward and said he needed ten thousand dollars to build a videosynthesizer Barzyk and his associates got it for him. Nobody—not even Barzyk—understood clearly what it was that Paik had in mind. Paik wanted to make a machine that would let him create TV images directly—without involving hordes of technicians and batteries of costly equipment. He had drawn up a rough proposal that unfolded to a length of about fifteen feet, but it made little sense to the WGBH engineers. "Nobody could really tell whether the thing would work or not, partly because nobody really understood Paik's English very well then," Barzyk recalls. "But Nam June breeds a certain kind of energy and strength. You just can't deny Nam June."

Paik spent the next year at the WGBH studios, in Cambridge, working with Shuya Abe, whom he had managed to bring to this country. Paik gives Abe full credit for the engineering of the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer: "Without him I could never have done it." It was, and is, a somewhat ramshackle mechanism ("Is sloppy machine, like me," Paik explains), which is continually being added to and im-

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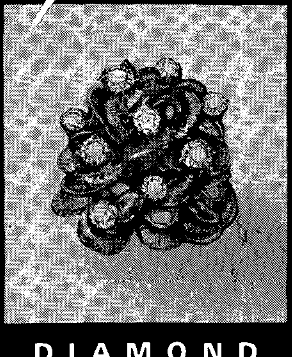

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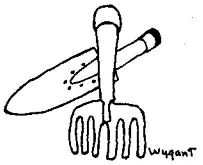
proved by Paik and others. (Paik and Abe have made five models all told, one of which is at WNET's Studio 46, in New York.) What it does is to take the images relayed by black-and-white or color video cameras, sound-signal generators, and other video sources and convert them into an infinite number of color patterns and configurations. It is manually operated by means of a console with knobs, switches, and dials to control the various inputs and the changes that take place in the resulting images. With practice, one can often produce the particular images and configurations one wants, but it is also possible to let the machine generate images randomly, and Paik, who prefers process to results, and who likes to be surprised, is usually inclined to let it take that course. The videosynthesizer can be used by itself to create live programming or videotapes, and it can also be used to transmogrify prerecorded material in ways that are measureless to man.



Actually, the Paik-Abe videosynthesizer is not the only one around, or even necessarily the first—Stephen Beck, in California, and Eric Siegel, in New York, each made a similar device at about the same time—but the Paik-Abe model was the first to be used for broadcast television. In the summer of 1970, Paik used it to produce a four-hour live show for WGBH called "Video Commune," whose sound track was the entire recorded *œuvre* of the Beatles, and whose imagery was provided by Paik, David Atwood, their studio associates, and a large number of perfect strangers whom Paik invited in off the street to play with the controls or to have their features melted or stretched on camera. The program was broadcast over the UHF band, rather than the stronger VHF band, and at one point the visual pyrotechnics succeeded in blowing out a transmitter. Viewer response to the program was so favorable that WGBH repeated it in an edited, one-hour version, as a New Year's Eve present to its viewers—fortunately, without insult to the transmitters.

THE video-art movement was visibly gathering steam by 1970. Dozens of artists had started to work in the medium, several universities had established courses in video, and art galleries and museums were duly taking notice. Howard Wise, the dealer, whose interest was shifting from kinetic-and-light art to art by video, had put on an extremely influential group show in the spring of 1969 called TV as a Creative Medium, with works by twelve artists. Paik's main contribution to this show was "TV Bra for Living Sculpture," a contraption consisting of two three-inch television sets that were worn in lieu of upper clothing by the dauntless Miss Moorman and were wired to Miss Moorman's cello so that her playing generated images on the tiny screens. Paik announced that this was an attempt on his part to "humanize electronics." Miss Moorman, who believes that it is Paik's greatest work, said recently that when she performs in the TV Bra it is "a great, great feeling—so pure and romantic."

The following year, Paik and Miss Moorman demonstrated the TV Bra and Paik displayed other works, old and new, at the Vision and Television exhibition at the Rose Art Museum of Brandeis University—an exhibition that was heavily attended by students and dogs. "Television operates on a very high sound cycle, and that cycle is very attractive to dogs," Paik explained afterward. "We had nearly a hundred TV sets in the museum, and every morning many, many dogs would come." On the last day of the Brandeis show, a representative of the New York State Council on the Arts dropped in and asked Russell Connor, the museum's assistant director and the man responsible for the exhibition, to come to New York for an interview, which led to Connor's becoming the State Council's expert on grants to television artists. Paik sensed that this was a turning point in the development of video art. The following September, he went to spend the year at the California Institute of the Arts, teaching video techniques in a program run by his old friend Allan Kaprow (who had given up the East Coast for the West); somewhat to Kaprow's distress, Paik decided to leave Cal Arts at the end of the spring semester and return to New York. "I say to Allan, 'Look, every artist has once in their life their time. You had your time with "happenings." Next year is video time—I have to be in New York.' "

As it turned out, Paik divided his time in 1971 between New York and Boston. Soon after his four-hour "Video Commune" show at WGBH, he and seven other artists had been commissioned by the Boston Symphony to provide visual accompaniment for a TV program of symphonic highlights. Once again Paik's sequence came last

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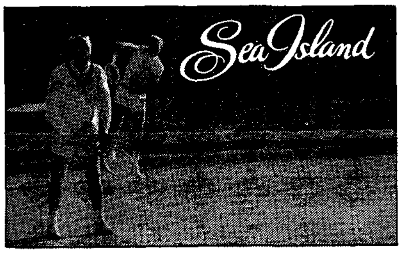

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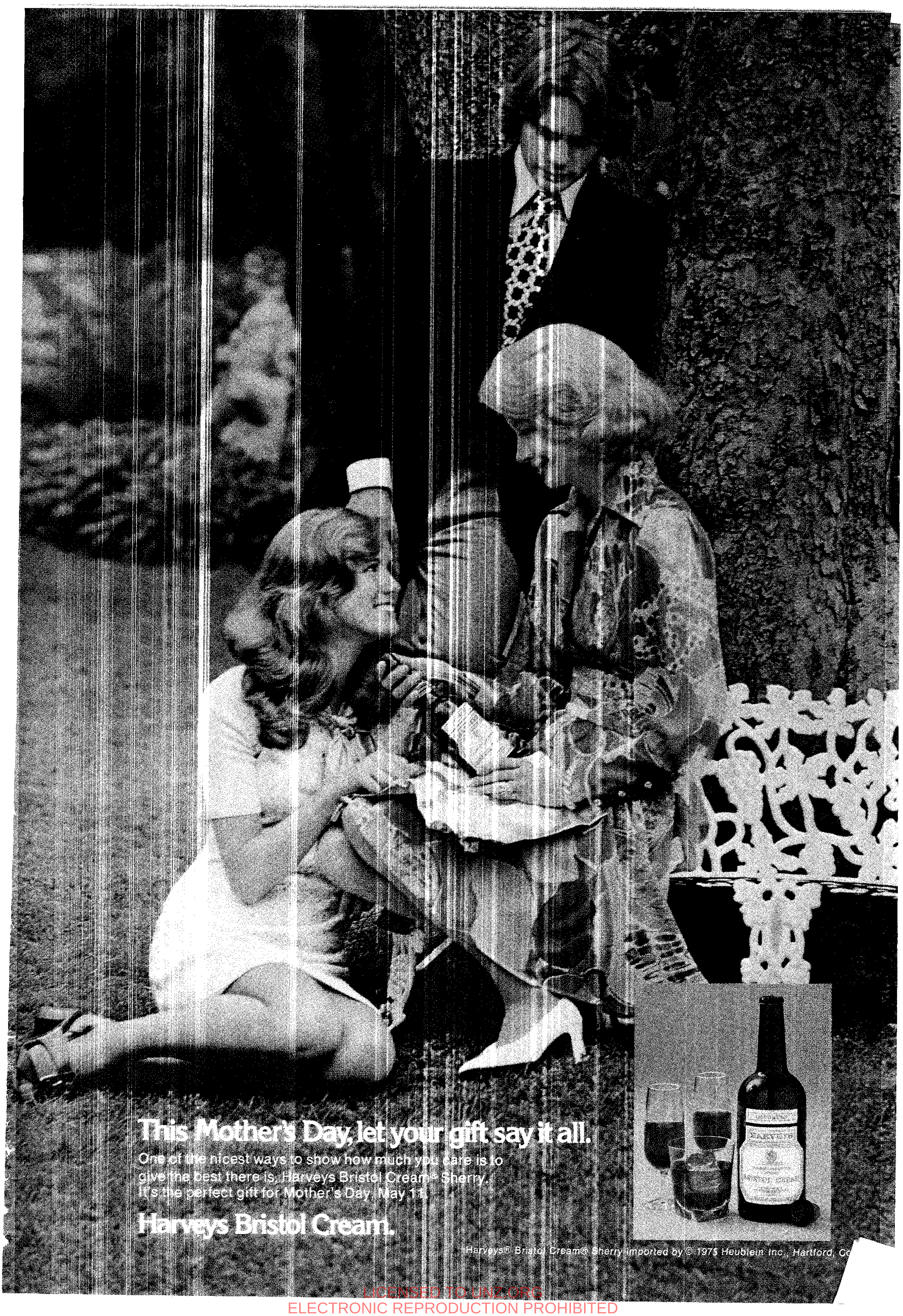

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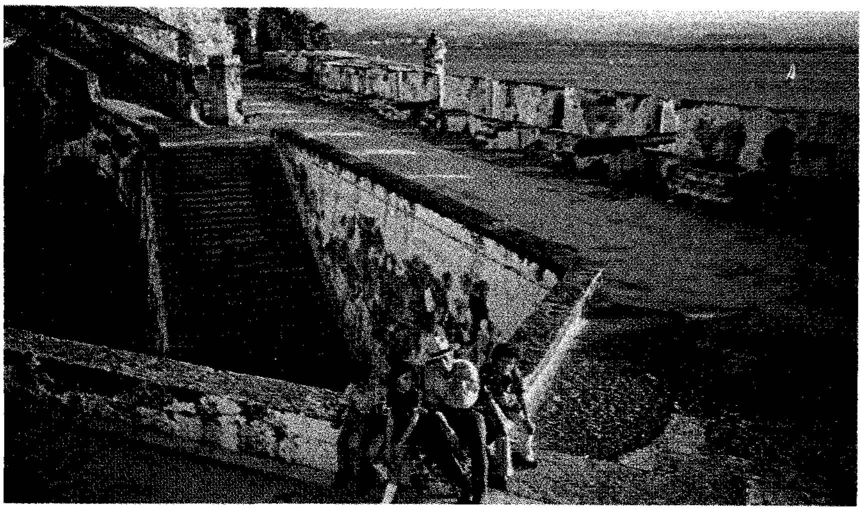

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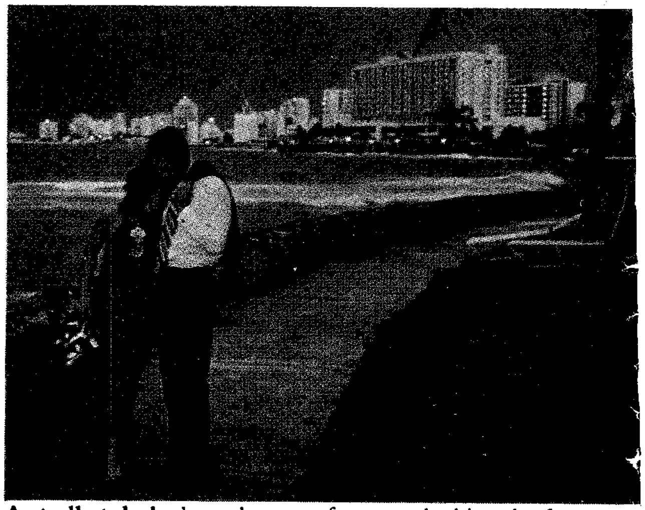

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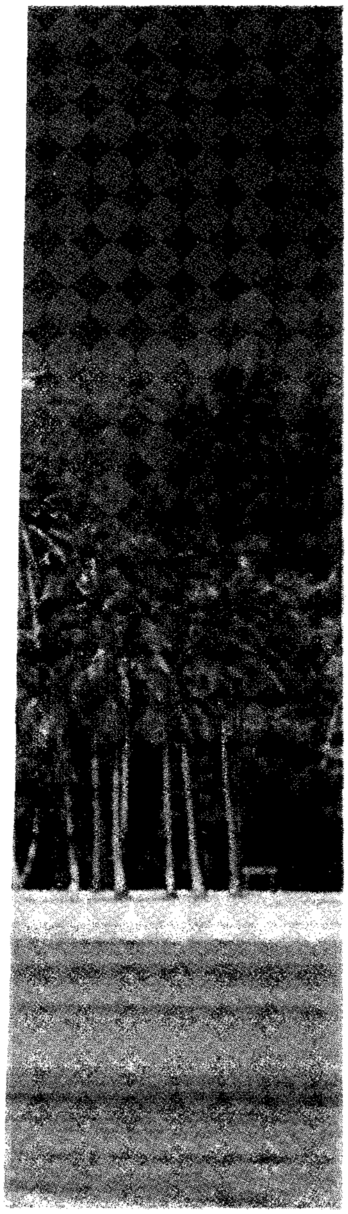

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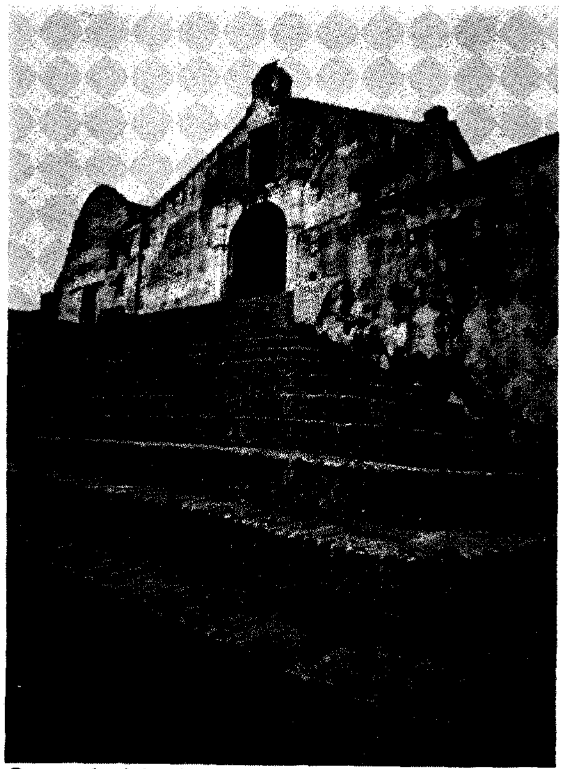

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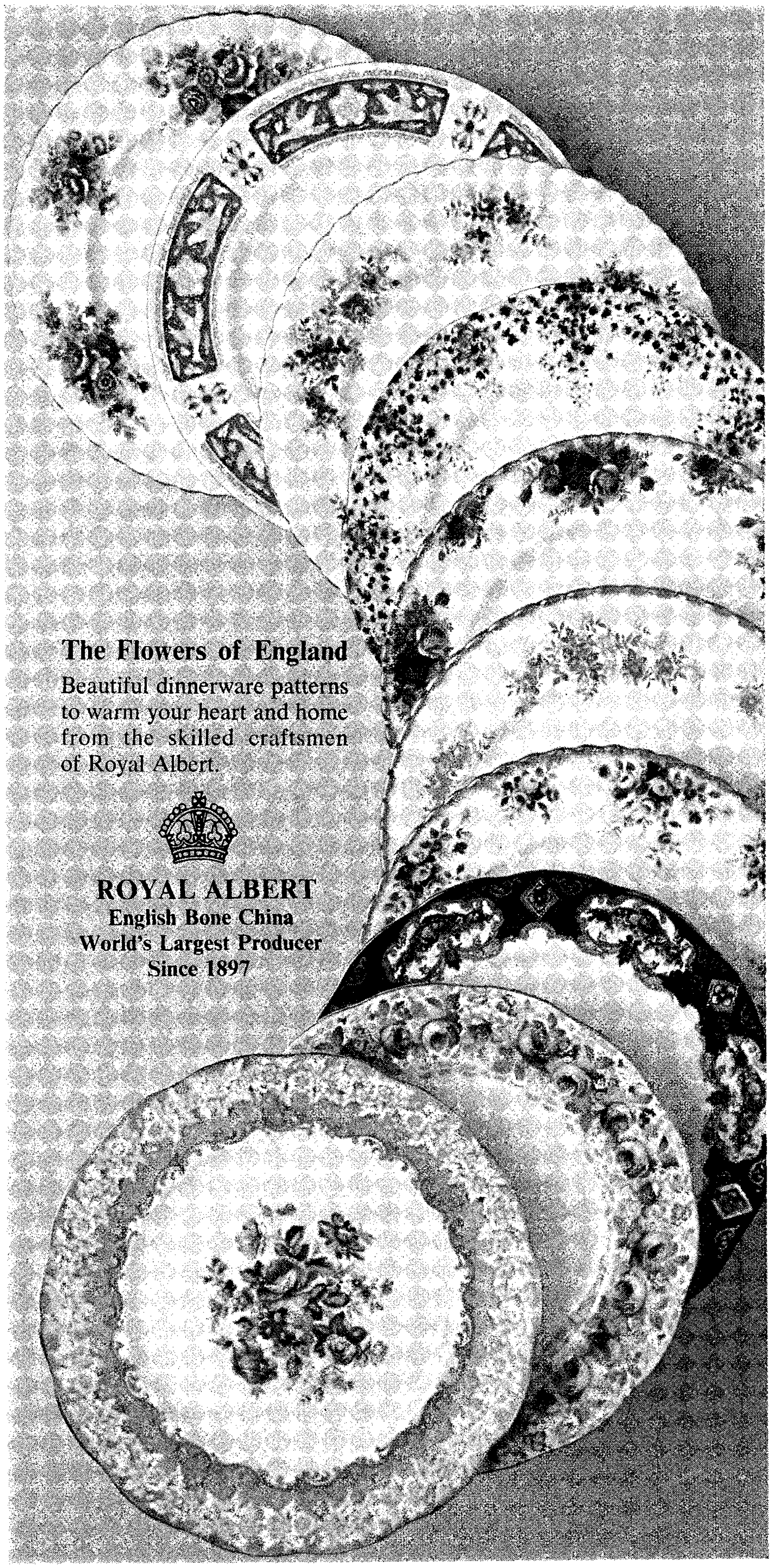

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on the program, and offered a fairly vivid contrast with the lyrical, predominantly abstract imagery of the other artists. He chose to work with the Boston Symphony's recording of the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major, and his visual imagery for it included quick cuts of a bust of Beethoven being punched by a man's fist and of a piano (a toy piano shown in closeup, so it filled the screen) catching fire and burning to a crisp. The Boston Symphony was said to be far from pleased.

Paik spent a large part of 1971 working at WGBH on an ambitious hour-long videotape called "A Tribute to John Cage," to mark the composer's sixtieth birthday, which was coming up the following year. Then, early in 1972, when WNET reorganized its experimental workshop as the Television Laboratory and asked video artists to come in on a regular basis, Paik was among the first to be invited. He had a lot to do with the way the Laboratory was set up under its director, David Loxton. He contributed a steady flow of ideas and suggestions, and his "Selling of New York" was the first TV Lab project to be broadcast over WNET. Paik had started this opus with the notion that he wanted to show some of the good things about New York—of which he had become so fond by now that he no longer thought of leaving—but it did not work out quite that way. The program opens with a shot of Miss Moorman in the TV Bra, and then keeps cutting rapidly back and forth between Japanese television commercials and views of a television set on which a commentator (Russell Connor) is reciting facts about New York. The television-within-a-television turns up near a bathtub in which a girl is taking a bath; on a night table beside a bed in which a couple are simultaneously trying to make love and to turn the television off; in a deserted living room where, while Connor is announcing that "the New York police force is now larger than the Army of Denmark," a burglar comes in, yanks out the cord, and steals the set. When the program was shown over WNET, in 1973, several viewers called to ask why their sets were suddenly bringing in Japanese TV; others just wanted to know what the hell was going on.

Paik's admirers at WGBH and WNET look on him as an absurdly comic and wholly engaging personality, an inventive genius, and an amazingly successful promoter of his own ideas. "Nam June is the world's best hustler," Loxton said not long ago. "A lot of the time, I feel he knows a lot more clearly what he wants to say than he lets on—it's as though he decided not to let the bureaucracy understand him too clearly or they'd step in and louse things up." What his friends at the studios may not have fully grasped is Paik's continuing commitment to the anti-system, anti-formal energies of his Fluxus period. Paik is really undermining the commercial structure of television, according to the art critic Douglas Davis, who is also a video artist. "The TV people think of him as an entertainer, but his humor is tougher than that." Paik's videotapes, up to and including "Global Groove" and the recently shown "Suite (212)," a series of three- to eight-minute vignettes of different aspects of New York City, done in collaboration with video artist Jud Yalkut and others, and seen over WNET at the close of its programming every night in April, are characterized by an ironic wit that is fairly glacial at times, and by all sorts of subversive assaults on familiar patterns of TV viewing. It is the same sort of comedy that pervades his Action music and his performances with Miss Moorman. Miss Moorman has admitted that she feels a little depersonalized when she is performing Paik's compositions. "Sometimes I feel Paik doesn't really think of me as Charlotte Moorman," she said reflectively last spring. "He looks on me as a work of his." This doesn't upset her, because she has absolute faith in Paik's artistic talent. She is extremely proud of the fact that Paik's "TV Cello," a vaguely cellolike construction of three television sets with a string down the middle, on which she uses a regulation bow to produce not cello sounds but "TV Cello sounds," is "the first real innovation in cello design since 1600." She is equally proud of the fact that when she underwent surgery three years ago and could not perform in her regular fashion for several weeks, Paik constructed a "TV Bed" out of eight television sets fastened together, on which she was able to play her cello while lying down. The totally unsmiling concentration and dedication that Miss Moorman brings to her performances with TV Bras, TV Cellos, and TV Beds—the fact that she obviously does not see anything funny in what *she* is doing—contribute quite a bit to the over-all effect.

So far, Paik is one of the few video artists who have managed to bridge the gap between the gallery-sponsored, limited-distribution, "fine art" video-

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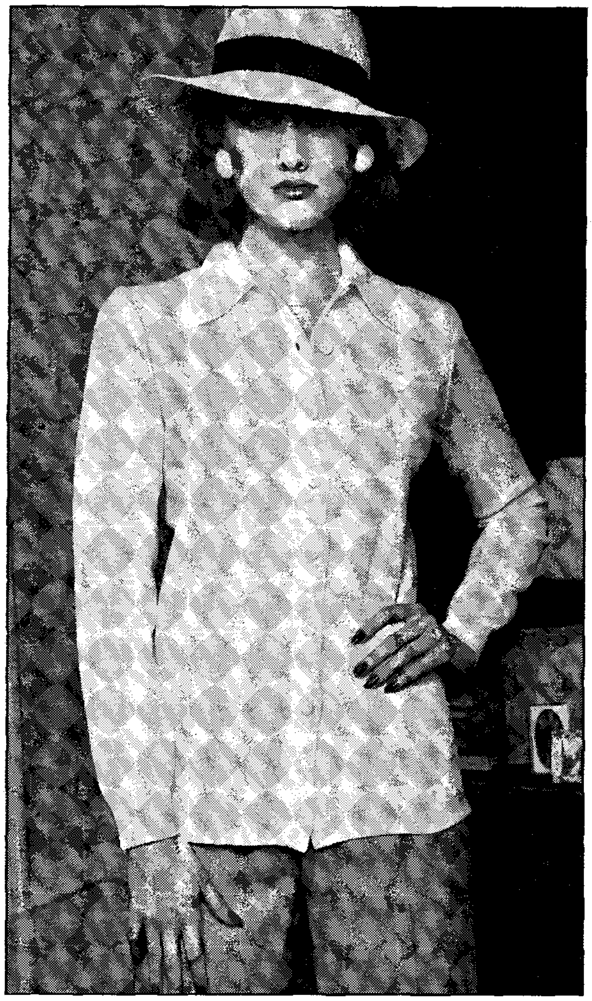

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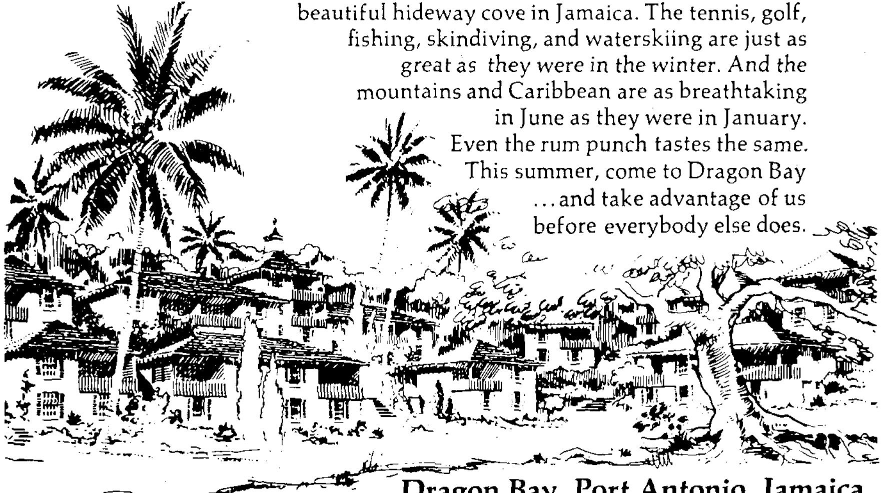

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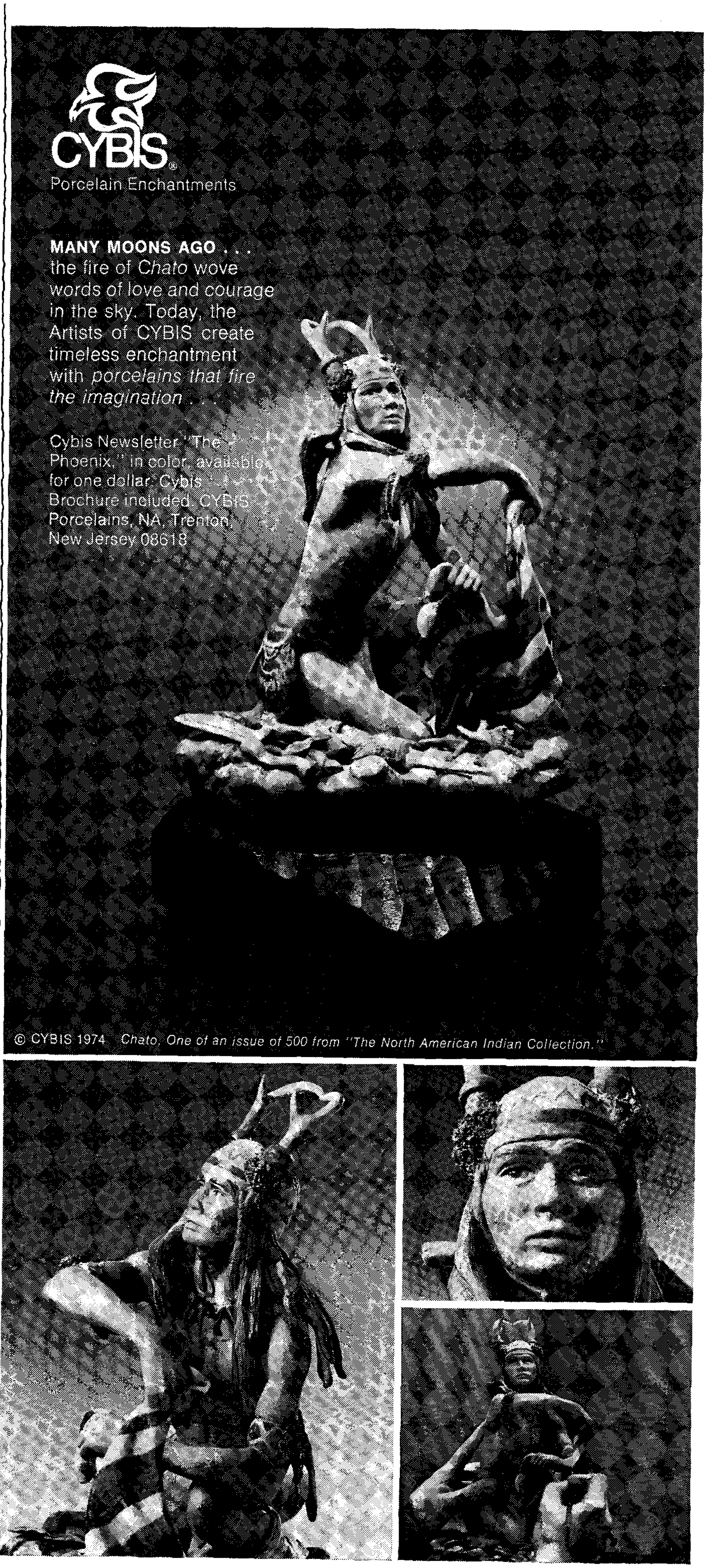
tapes and the broadcast-oriented work of the television workshops. He has continued to show his doctored TVs and his videotapes at the Galeria Bonino. Though the gallery has yet to sell a Paik TV set, one was stolen from his latest show there, in the winter of 1974, and his "TV Buddha," an authentic and rather fine eighteenth-century Japanese Buddha figure that sits contemplating its own image in a closed-circuit TV set, could easily find a buyer if Paik were willing to sell it, but he isn't. Paik's delicate, calligraphic ink drawings, which look like TV screens after the picture has been lost because of technical difficulties, are being snapped up by European and American dealers, however; his videotapes are in great demand around the country; and a retrospective exhibition of his work—the hallmark of an artist's having arrived—was presented at the Everson Museum, in Syracuse, in 1973.

The "fine art" video people tend to feel that Paik, for all his importance as a pioneer, is not really a very serious artist. A great deal of the video art to be seen now in galleries is almost unbelievably boring—endless repetitions of simple actions such as a hand trying to grab a falling object, or the artist lying on the floor of his studio and talking to himself. Paik's videotapes, by contrast, are often dismissed (or appreciated) as mere entertainment. Paik understands this, and is not bothered by it. "I have a theory about American avant-garde art," he said last spring. "Serious avant-garde art here is always in opposition to American mass culture. In a way, mass culture conditions serious art. For instance, why is it that only in America such intensely boring music has been produced? And films? Because Hollywood is doing too good a job, I think. Popular culture is setting the rules, so you have to define what you do against what they are doing. We want to make more crude if they are perfect, we want to make more boring if they are exciting—you know? Of course, Oriental music is boring, too. But Oriental boring music is wet, moist—very spiritual. American is very dry, like baseball. American boring music is not at all spiritual. La Monte Young tries his best to imitate Oriental aesthetic, but the more he tries to be Oriental the more he becomes American. Another thing—Oriental music was always for the aristocrat, was always rich man's thing. Now America has reached stage where most people are aristocrats. Much richer than Europeans, anyway. Americans need not be entertained every second, because they are so rich. They think art can be kind of extension of parties. My first concert at New School here was really crowded like hell. I couldn't do anything. People were just talking together, there was no still moment. I thought it was big mistake, big failure, but afterward people say it was very big success *because* so many people there, including notables. America has in a way this very rich attitude that makes boring, long music possible. But I'm not writing boring music that much. The reason is that I come from very poor country and I am poor. I have to entertain people every second."

Paik himself feels that video art still has a long way to go before its potential emerges. What is taking place today is a widespread exploration of the medium by various groups—visual artists, filmmakers, dancers, musicians—each of which approaches it from a different point of view and often with quite different expectations and a quite different goal. Each group tends to feel, of course, that its approach is the only valid one. This situation reminds Paik of an ancient Chinese story about a monkey who thought he was dancing on the top of the world only to find that he was dancing on the Buddha's palm. "Everyone is trying to define what video is," Paik has observed. "Art critics struggle with that a lot. But I think best thing is not to try to define video. In New York, every art movement is destined to die in five years, but I would like to save video from such quick obsolescence. It is more than fad."

In the future, Paik is convinced, all art will have as its prime function the movement of information. In his view, the artist must become a "humanizing agent" within the vast and proliferating network of information technology, and he still thinks that the best way for this to happen is for the artist to give up his self-serving ego, to become more like the anonymous cathedral builders of the Middle Ages. Although Paik's theories about the future of art and of video technology are sometimes dismissed as so much visionary claptrap, his theorizing is based on a solid intellectual groundwork. A voracious reader of technical data, he is also well informed about contemporary thinking in many different fields, and his studio on Mercer Street, in SoHo, is adrift in scientific papers, television-industry studies and reports, clippings from American, European, and Japanese newspapers and magazines, and books of all kinds—not to mention TV sets in various



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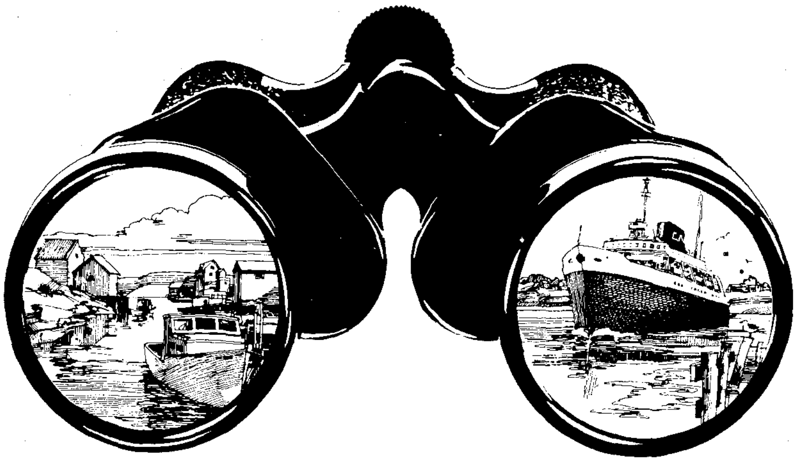
stages of decomposition or reconstitution. When he wants to cite a fact or a statistic, he can go instantly to the proper stack of papers and dig it out (often causing the stack to subside laterally across the floor). Paik says that by 1985 the picture telephone will be in use throughout the world, in color; by making most travel for business reasons unnecessary, it will contribute substantially to solving the energy crisis. (He has proposed topless answering services for understimulated executives.) The videotape cassette, which is already here, will make possible Paik's "global university"—a place where vast quantities of up-to-date information on every conceivable subject can be stored, with computers to provide instant retrieval, so that a student of any age can pursue his own education at his own pace.

Even more far-reaching effects on society, Paik believes, will result from the development of cable television. "It will definitely come," he said recently. "Rand Corporation thinks cable is very good for long-range investment. Nobody really making money in cable now, but cable lobby in Washington is *very* strong—they snap up congressmen like nothing." In a recent report to the Rockefeller Foundation, which has retained him as a consultant on communications, he pointed out that in the late forties and early fifties, when the Federal Communications Commission was offering relatively inexpensive licenses for television stations on the strong VHF band, the intellectual and academic communities looked the other way; consequently, nearly all the licenses went to commercial interests. With the advent of cable TV, he went on, approximately sixty new channels have become available for programming, and, because of the superiority of cable transmission, the signal on each of these is at least as strong as the signal on VHF. Will the intellectuals continue to ignore this powerful resource? Paik would like to see at least one new cable channel in each community set aside for work by video artists. Other channels could be reserved for municipal or community affairs, for children's programming, for theatre or music or dance. There could even be all-Mozart stations, as Paik once suggested, or all-Beethoven, or all-Cage. But unless somebody acted rather quickly, he warned, history would repeat itself and the licenses would go once again to the commercial interests—the polluters of the videosphere. "I wish all our consultants could be as productive as he is," How-



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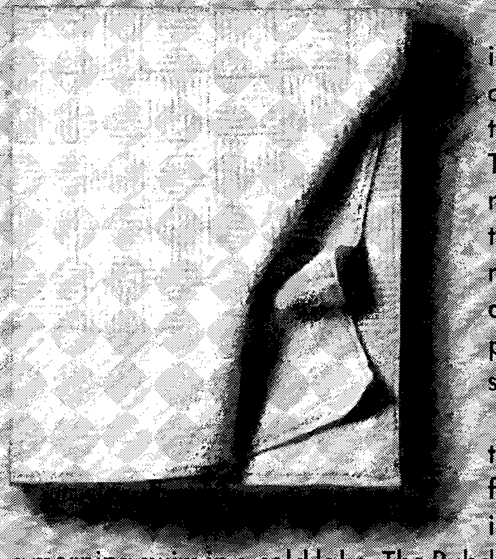

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ard Klein said not long ago. "With all his whimsicality, Paik can go straight to the essentials of complicated matters with great logic and force."

Paik, of course, has had his problems in dealing with the establishment. "Only reason I survived this long at WNET is I had underground outlet," he conceded last month. "I have a lot of frustration to work within system. A *lot* of frustration. So when I get mad at them I don't fight—I yield to them, and then go and do some stupid thing in small place which satisfies me so that I can work with them again. Underground outlet is my safety valve. I like being world's most famous bad pianist. But I also like to do NET because it is important, is where I can maybe influence society."

After a moment's reflection, Paik went on, "We are now at stage of ancient Egypt with hieroglyphics. Until recently, TV equipment is so expensive that only the priests can use it. And there is *constant* effort made by networks and by TV unions to keep production costs high. That is classical way of monopoly capital—you know? I want to find ways to cut costs so it can be opened up to others—many others. Now we have color portapak—costs three thousand dollar in Tokyo, six thousand here, but will come down. And with use of computers cost of editing videotape will become much cheaper. Problem is not really Socialism or capitalism but technology, you know—how we manage that. For instance, technological forecasting, future-research—I am very interested in that. They *need* us artists, to make that sort of information available to public. Even New York *Times* will not print Rand Corporation Report, because it is so boring. Like McLuhan say, we are antenna for changing society. But not only antenna—we also have output capacity, capacity to humanize technology. My job is to see how establishment is working and to look for little holes where I can get my fingers in and tear away walls. And also try not to get too corrupt."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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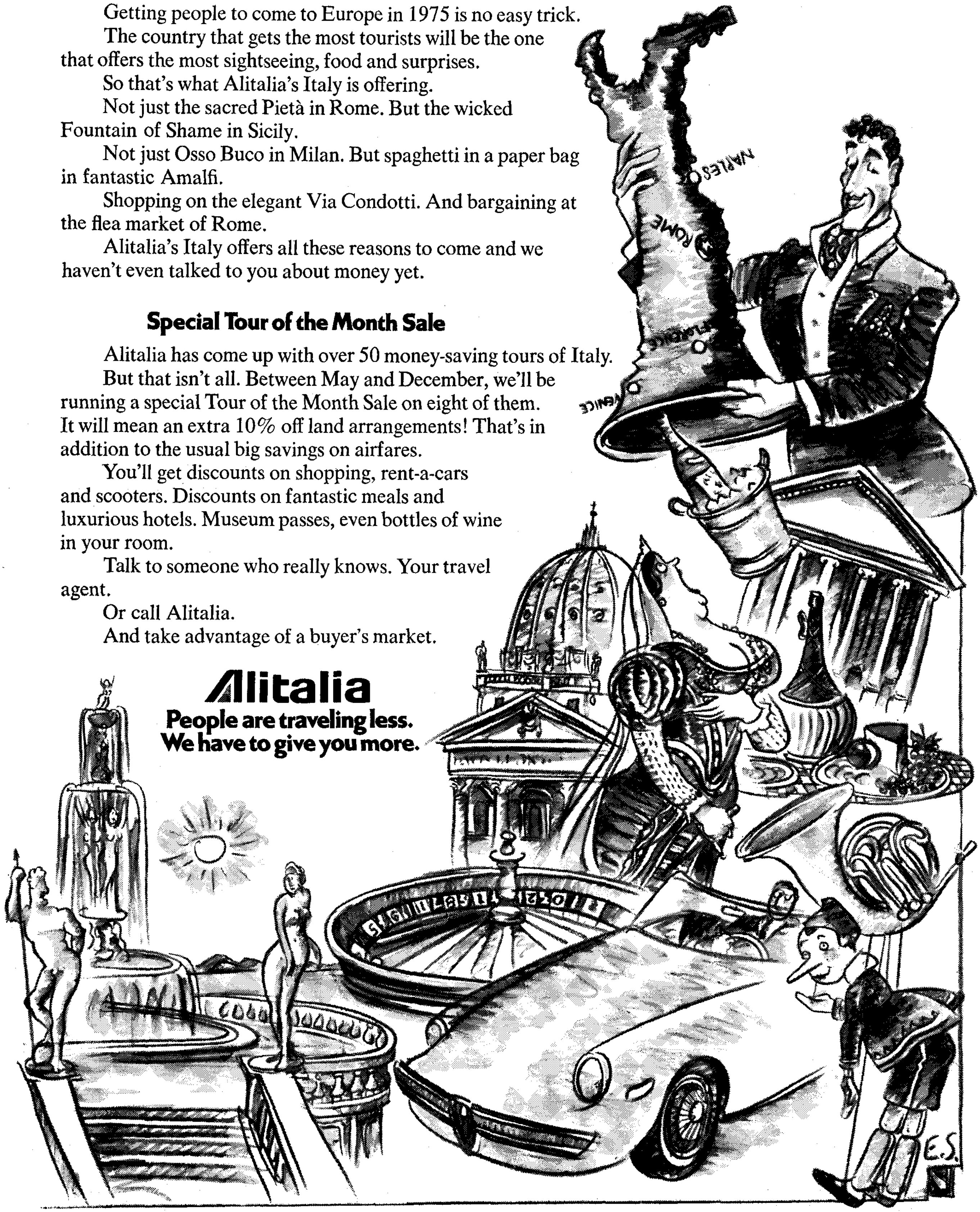

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

NEAR the end of Sam Shepard's mysterious "Action," on display for subscribers to the American Place, a character says something like "Even if I got out, it would be no escape. . . . This is the no-escape zone." Herewith, then, some notes from the no-escape zone: The setting is a cabin in the middle of nowhere and, as far as I can make out, nowhen. The lights of an upstage Christmas tree blink on and off throughout. It is apparently very cold outside, warm inside. ("Inside" and "outside" are key words here, constantly recurring in the dialogue.) There are four characters—two men and two women. The men, completely bald, are muffled in overcoats; the women are lightly dressed. As the play opens, they are sitting around a table drinking coffee; soon one of the men, on what seems the slightest provocation, gets up and, pulling his coat up around his ears, imitates a dancing bear; later, on no provocation at all, the other man imitates what looks like a pig. One of the women goes out to the kitchen for a roast turkey, and the other is so ravenous that she starts chewing her arm. On the whole, the women seem saner than the men, though at times almost as capricious. They are, however, not frightened, while the men are terrified. Much of the action is wild, episode upon episode, and everyone accepts everyone else's irrational behavior.

I wish I understood the play more clearly. It is the most abstract of any of Mr. Shepard's plays that I've seen, and it must, I suppose, be considered in abstract terms. The themes, I think, are restraint or captivity and fear and sudden release. One of the men says he has been to prison, but who knows? All we can tell is that each of the men seems to be his own prisoner. The mystery, never solved or demonstrated, is what is going on in those bald heads. I don't know. I don't know what went on in Sam Shepard's head. Some authors may have earned the right to be taken on trust, and the enigmatic Mr. Shepard—after "Chicago," "The Unseen Hand," and "The Tooth of Crime"—is one of them. Baffling as it is, "Action" (and the lines that go with the action) is frequently funny and playful, and it holds one's attention to the end. The actors, all of them believable, are R. A. Dow, Marcia Jean Kurtz, Dorothy Lyman, and Richard Lynch.

In an eight-minute prologue called "Killer's Head," we see a man (Richard Gere) blindfolded and bound in an electric chair. He is a horse dealer by profession, and he delivers a rapid-fire monologue of trade talk until somebody pulls the switch. I have no opinion of this one.

THE new "National Lampoon Show," a topical revue at the New Palladium, is clever, brutal, very dirty, and occasionally very funny—a smarmy pitch by Patty Hearst for funds for the S.L.A. and a television interview with Carlos Castaneda and his playmate Juan are among the mentionable sketches. It is performed by four young men and one young woman, who also wrote it, with relish and competence and zest (and perhaps more innocence than they are aware of). Some of it was too rough for me, but I laughed a lot, too, feeling at times that I should be more outraged or offended than I actually was. There is much to be said these days for entertainers who know exactly what they are doing on a stage. These entertainers include, notably, John Belushi, who was so wonderful in the first *National Lampoon* show, and a newcomer named Harold Ramis.

LARRY KETRON attempted in the late "Augusta" to write a coherent play about people, and the reason it didn't work is that it just wasn't good enough; the plot and people were not interesting enough—at least as presented at the de Lys. The story concerns a young woman who, years ago, as a teen-ager, seduced an older man and now, having graduated from college, brings her fiancé to the older man's house in the backwoods of Georgia, presumably for the Humbertian blessing. By the time the evening is over, she has got her comeuppance from both of them. With a couple of exceptions, the performances were poor. As the girl, Faith Catlin seemed to be auditioning rather than acting, but Jeffrey DeMunn, as her sullen, tetchy fiancé, did very well in a quite complex role, and Elizabeth Franz, as the older man's wife, who has left him and now returns to size up the situation, was convincing and looked fine in a becoming pants suit (costume design by Jennifer von Mayrhauser). The title refers to the nearby city, which is mentioned a few times.

THE only reason for bringing up Brecht's "The Seven Deadly Sins" as done by an Off Off group called The Chicago Project/New York is the charm of its settings and production. The settings are painted on window shades, which are pulled down as the scenes change. Seven electric signs with the names of the sins hang overhead and light up when needed. But Kurt Weill's music and the words (even as translated by W. H. Auden) and whatever ideas the dramatist had in mind (which I suppose cannot be as banal as they seem to be) go for nothing. Vanessa James was the designer, Don Sanders the director. The theatre—the Project's own, and formerly the Truck and Warehouse—is across Fourth Street from La Mama.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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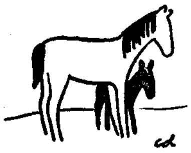
THE RACE TRACK

Derby Time

April 28



THE hundred-and-first running of the Kentucky Derby comes up at Louisville this weekend bristling with questions. Will the track be fast or muddy? How good is Master Derby? Can Foolish Pleasure go a mile and a quarter in a top-class, fast-run race? How has Prince Thou Art's defeat in the Blue Grass Stakes affected his chances?

As you may know, Master Derby splashed through heavy rain and ankle-deep footing to win the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland the other afternoon—transforming the picture of the Run for the Roses that many of us had been seeing in our mind's eye. Having caught the race on TV, I'd say he was the best horse that day. Always in a good position, he took the lead three furlongs out and won comfortably from Honey Mark, to whom he gave six pounds. Prince Thou Art was third, six lengths or so behind. Master Derby (that's the sort of pseudonym you'd write in on an Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes ticket) was bred by Mrs. Robert Lehmann, who took over the Golden Chance Farm, in Kentucky, and its racing stable after the death of her husband. He's a strapping chestnut colt by Dust Commander, who won both the Blue Grass and the Derby five years ago. If Master Derby could bring off a similar double—and he might if it comes up mud at Churchill Downs—then all the bells in Lexington would ring for him, because Smiley Adams, his trainer, was born only a few miles from Keeneland. The colt has certainly been popular there; in fact, in the Blue Grass he was a heavy favorite over John Galbreath's Prince Thou Art and Sylvan Place, neither of whom had the speed they'd had in Florida earlier in the season. Prince Thou Art was lucky to finish third; Avatar, who came up quickly in the last quarter, would probably have beaten him if the race had been a couple of jumps longer. Some horsemen thought Prince Thou Art needed more workouts, because his trainer, Lou Rondinello, hasn't done much with him since he came from Florida. He'll be wound up by Saturday. That he can run as well as he did is good enough for me.

For the record: The Stepping Stone Purse, which is seven furlongs and is supposed to be a prelim for the Derby, opened the week at Louisville. Of the seven who ran, four, including Greek Answer, the winner, aren't eligible for the big one on Saturday. The Derby Trial Stakes, at a mile, in which, cynical observers used to say, nobody—not even the winner—tries, will be over before this note is in your hands, which is just as well.

Twixt, Maryland's darling, who finished third in the Gallorette Handicap at Pimlico, had better luck in the Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, winning by four lengths from Heloise, to whom she gave sixteen pounds. It was her seventeenth stakes victory, and ran her earnings up to $550,050. Heloise led for nearly a mile of the nine furlongs, but Twixt, who carried 125 pounds, wore her down in the stretch. Something Super, another lightweight, was third. The good weather—the pleasantest so far this season—brought out a crowd of 33,000, which bet $4,534,241.

DOWN at Garden State Park, there was a sweepstakes lottery on the eighth race last weekend. Holders of tickets on a horse named Ticket Man, a hunch if there ever was one, split up the capital prize of $100,000. By the way, there will be no Sunday racing in New Jersey this year. The bill to put it up to the voters was defeated in the State Assembly last week.

—Audax Minor

•

Industry figures indicate that home owners change dwellings on an average of once every 4½ hours, largely because of transfers or a desire to upgrade living accommodations. When these home owners sell, they may be surprised to find that those glass sliding doors, which were once so appealing, are no longer a desirable amenity to a prospective buyer. The main concern of the buyer today seems to be energy conservation and glass sliding doors let too much energy fly out the window.—*Miami Herald.*

Yeah, but there isn't time to remove them. It's half past twelve already.

•

24 Making Things Grow
Return: Hints for the home gardener are offered by horticulturist Thalassa Cruso in this series. Today: the how porpoises learn to play basketball and jump through hoops.—*TV Guide.*

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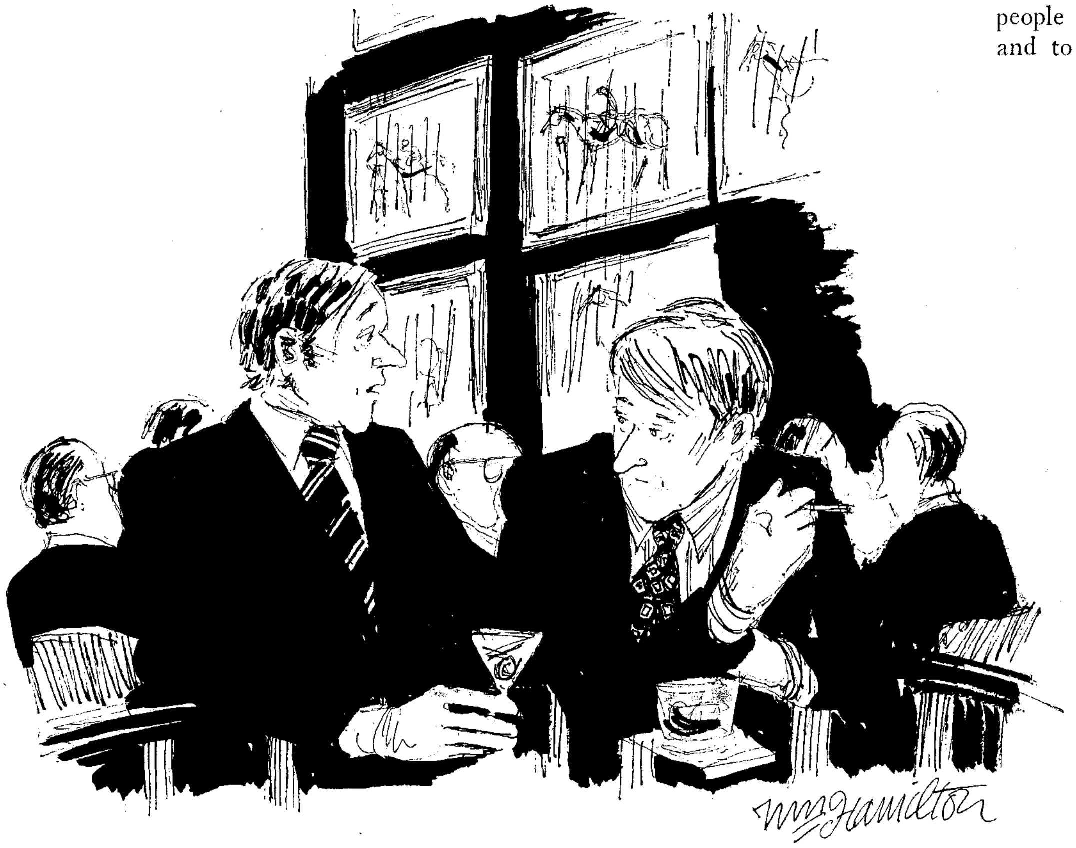
AROUND CITY HALL

A MILLION LAUGHS

EVEN at times when the tone of the pronouncements out of City Hall is increasingly solemn and even desperate, it often seems that the most earnest efforts to prove that New York is governable either end in a vaudeville turn or have consequences that, if they aren't ludicrous, are a long way from what was officially intended. For example, as everyone knows, a classic urban dilemma is that of trying to preserve a city's cultural heritage for future generations against the clamor for more immediate forms of gratification from its present-day residents, a problem that locally is the prime concern of the Landmarks Preservation Commission. Last summer, Mrs. Beverly Moss Spatt, the commission's chairman, came hurrying into the City Hall pressroom to tell the reporters there, "Someone has stolen one of my buildings." The purloined four-story structure, which had long stood a few blocks west of City Hall, at the northwest corner of Washington and Murray Streets, had been built in 1849 by James Bogardus and was the first known example of the architectural style of construction that came to be called the cast-iron front, whose non-load-bearing walls were made of bolted-together pieces of cast iron. It was a style that flourished in the commercial areas of the city until late in the last century and became the genesis of the modern curtain-wall steel skyscraper. During the 1970 hearings that ended with the designation of the Bogardus prototype as an official city landmark, it was described as "literally priceless." Some months later, before the Washington Street area was cleared for the construction of a new home for the City University's Manhattan Community College, the prototype was painstakingly disassembled, at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and the federal government agreed to give the city four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to reconstitute it as a historic monument on the new college campus. Unfortunately, the place where the city chose to preserve the four invaluable tons of cast iron was on a city-owned lot near the Hudson River. As the economy turned downward, there grew up on another part of the lot a cluster of makeshift tentlike shelters inhabited by the itinerant unemployed. Scrap iron is, of course, a negotiable commodity, and—as the story was later put together from the testimony of witnesses who hadn't wanted to get involved at the time—from time to time some of the tent-city inhabitants would load a few of the catalogued, carefully numbered pieces of the Bogardus building into a shopping cart, trundle them to a waiting panel truck that they somehow had access to, and ride off to a junk yard, where the going price for scrap iron was about forty-six dollars a ton. "It was like stealing the missing link of architecture," Mrs. Spatt said mournfully.

The reputation New Yorkers have for not wanting to get involved and, particularly, for ignoring the plight of strangers in trouble is itself another of the city's problems. Besides reinforcing the impression among small-town congressmen (whose legislative support the city desperately needs) that New Yorkers are too weird to worry about, the reputation is no help to tourism, which is the city's third-largest industry, after garment manufacturing and printing. Last August, the Mayor's office was heartened to learn about a young man named Wilberto (Coco) Diaz, who had rescued four children from a fire on Manhattan's East Third Street after, according to the news stories, he happened to be walking by and saw flames coming from an upstairs tenement window. The fire, announced the Fire Department, had been the work of arsonists and was one of fifty in that area in the previous few weeks. "These fires are being started to get people out, to loot their apartments, and to take the plumbing out of the buildings. They take copper pipes, anything of value," a Fire Department official later explained. Mayor Beame was understood to be especially pleased to honor Coco Diaz's courageous deed, since it might help counter the complaint of local Hispanic residents that his administration was paying too little attention to them. Arrangements were made for a formal City Hall ceremony at which the Mayor would present Diaz with a certificate for conspicuous heroism. A statement prepared for Beame hailed the rescue as "a sure sign that we are not drifting toward a course of indifference." For his part, young Diaz, who arrived early for the ceremony with a large delegation of friends and relatives, told reporters that he planned to say to the Mayor, "It was nothing. Anyone could have done it." Fifteen minutes before the scheduled



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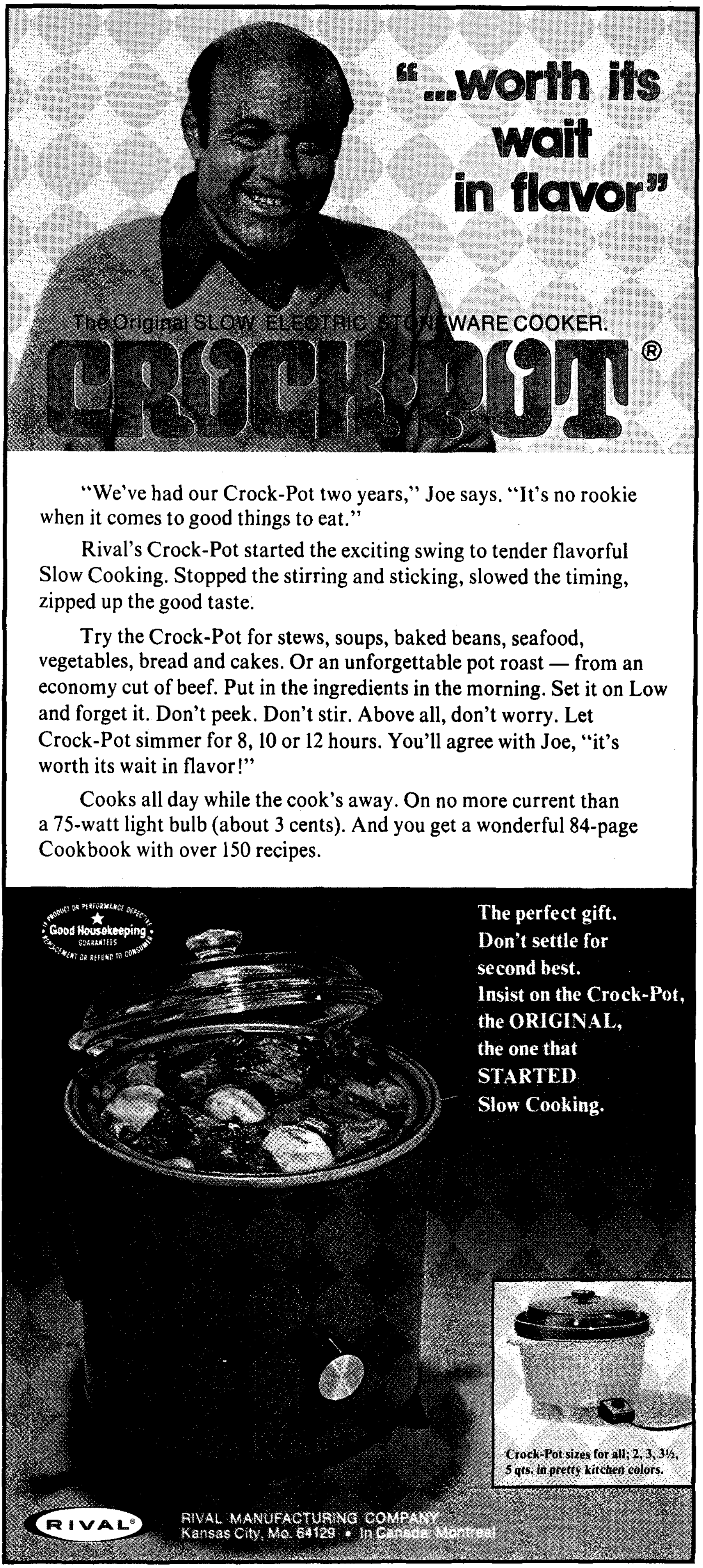

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event, however, a call came to City Hall from the East Fifth Street police station announcing that Diaz was about to be arrested for having the day before burglarized a house, also involved in a fire, in the same block where the rescue had taken place. Instead of leaving with a certificate for valor, Diaz departed in handcuffs. The Mayor's office announced that "because of questions raised by the arrest" the award ceremony would be put off indefinitely. A few days later, a group of angry lower-East Side residents appeared at City Hall carrying signs that read "Justice for Coco!" and accusing Beame, for his pains, of having insulted all of New York's one million two hundred and seventy-eight thousand Hispanic residents.

Of course, in order to laugh at these scenes from a Kaufman and Hart farce the audience has to be willing not to involve itself with the clear evidence that some of their fellow New Yorkers are now living in Hoovervilles and that others are so eager to loot a tenement of its shabby treasure that they will run the risk of burning it down while their neighbors' children are still inside. Years ago, when Daniel Patrick Moynihan had President Nixon's attention, he warned in his now famous "benign neglect" memorandum that one problem the national government should *not* neglect was the increasing number of fires being "more or less deliberately set" in poor urban areas, reflecting, Moynihan said, the "social pathology" and alienation of ghetto residents. In a sense, although the riots are over, some cities are still burning, but since many of the fires, at least on New York's lower East Side, seem to represent only a quirky form of free enterprise, the situation now excites comparatively little federal interest. In a speech at the final session of the 1971 meeting of the United States Conference of Mayors, Syracuse Mayor Lee Alexander, after urging his colleagues to fight against what he described as the new threat to the survival of the cities—the indifference to urban problems that would come with the end of the riots—got so worked up that he concluded with an impromptu quotation from Dylan Thomas's lines to his dying father: "Do not go gentle into that good night . . . Rage, rage against the dying of the light." It was a long way from the old-time view of mayors as soft-shoe clowns tipping their derbies with one hand while they raked in the boodle with the other. When Alexander ran last year for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator,

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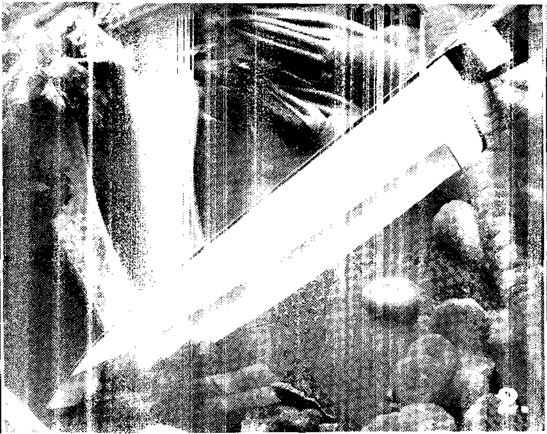
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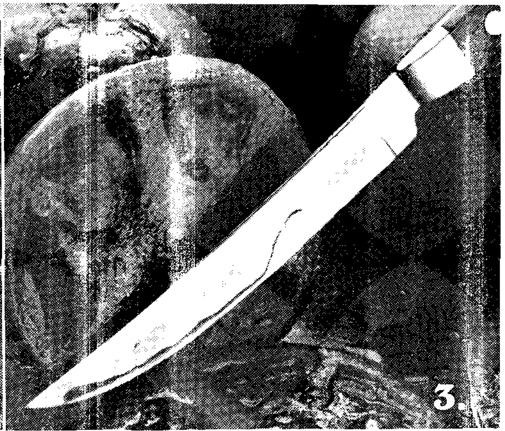
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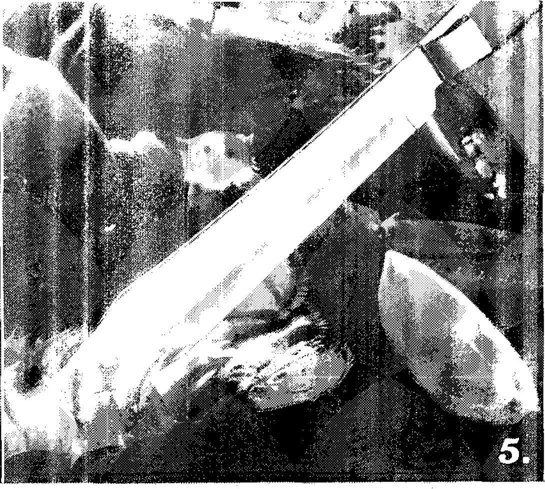
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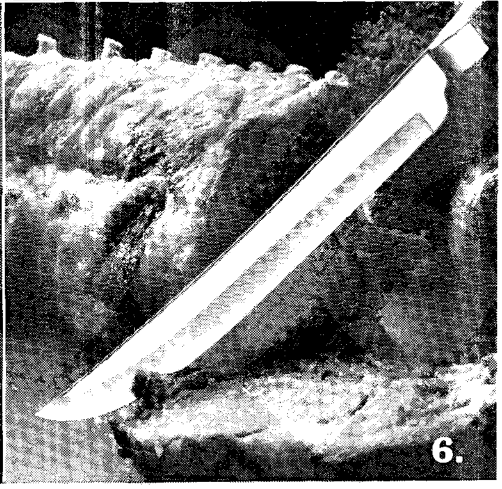
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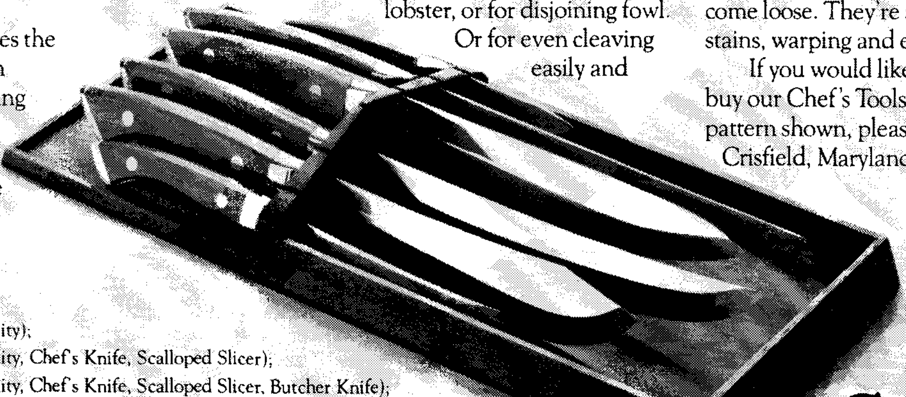

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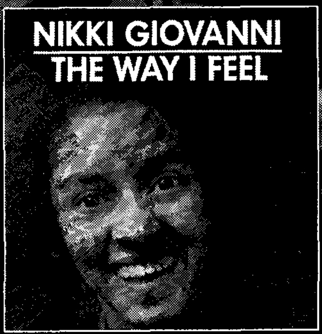

NIKKI GIOVANNI
THE WAY I FEEL

Produced by Arif Mardin

On Niktom Records
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however, he lost in the primary. Recently, another upstate mayor, Edward Hanna, of Utica, announced his candidacy for the Senate in 1976. Hanna has described Utica as "a lousy place to live" and suggested that young people there might be well advised to get out of town as fast as possible—an approach that could prove to be more popular than poetic calls to fight against indifference. Only a few weeks ago, after the heads of many large American cities had made pilgrimages to Washington to seek help with their critical financial troubles, and the possibility of municipal bankruptcy was being debated here in New York, President Ford's urban-policy advisers announced that the urban crisis in America was over.

Although it isn't every day that the White House gets off one like that, most mayors of large cities don't have to be told—no matter how frequently it is also mentioned that three-fourths of all Americans now live in urban areas—that running a city is often still treated by leaders at other levels of government as a kind of sideshow that's irrelevant to what is going on in the main arenas. It doesn't help matters in New York that City Hall's most solemnly plotted projects often have such freakish consequences. (Some people blame these untoward results on the fact that everybody operates at too close quarters in this most densely settled of large American cities; others chalk it up to New Yorkers' being certified eccentrics, on the prima-facie evidence that they have remained within the five boroughs, unlike their more sensible former neighbors.) A preliminary move last year by the city's Human Resources Administration in a program designed to shift elderly low-income and welfare tenants from seedy, crime-ridden hotels, especially in the Times Square area, to more wholesome quarters elsewhere in the city was followed by an angry demonstration by some of the hotel tenants, denouncing the transfer as a sinister City Hall plot to uproot senior citizens from a neighborhood where they felt at home. This led to the charge by large real-estate owners (who want to replace the old buildings with new hotels and office buildings, or, as one of them put it, "degomorrahize" Times Square) that the senior citizens' protest had been staged by the old-hotel operators, who didn't want to lose their welfare rent checks, which led, on surrebuttal, to the claim that the real-estate men had originally instigated the move to shift the elderly tenants,

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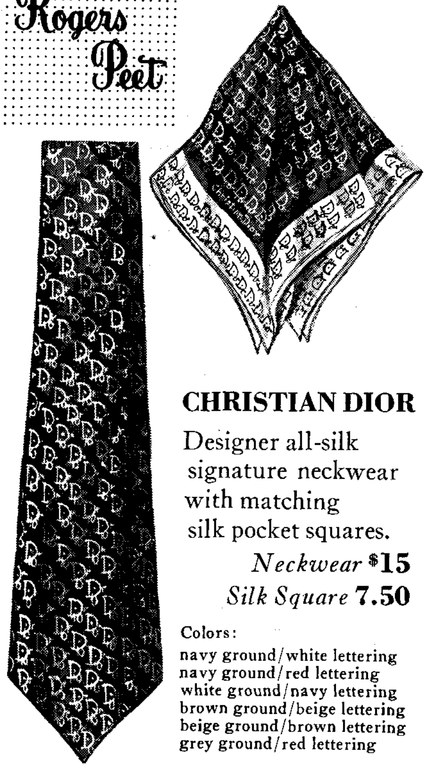

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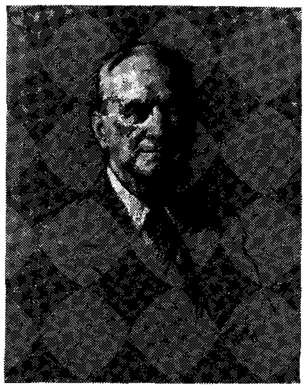

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who for the most part remain today in the same old hotels—or back to square one. A few weeks ago, when Jerome Hornblass, the head of the city's Addiction Services Agency, went to Harlem, accompanied by a delegation of reporters and photographers, to celebrate the arrival of two mobile vans assigned to that area to make it easier for narcotics addicts to apply for treatment at drug-abuse clinics, he was immediately surrounded by an angry group of local residents chanting "Hornblass, get out of Harlem!," forcing him to move rapidly to the side of Percy Sutton, the black Borough President of Manhattan; the protesters, it appeared, resented Hornblass's availability when it came to having his picture taken with the vans and his unavailability (or so they charged) when it came to discussing city funding of their private drug-abuse clinics. In any case, within a few minutes after the officials left, the sidewalk across from the vans, part of an area that has been called Harlem's Heroin Supermarket, was back to business as usual. And a state study last year of a twenty-three-million-dollar project to persuade young people of the perils of using drugs concluded that one effect of the program had been to make drugs sound so interesting that some young people experimented with them who might not otherwise have done so.

Not all perverse local developments can be blamed on the human element, however. As a result of the preliminary stages of a one-billion-forty-six-million-dollar federal program (the largest in the nation) to clean up the city's waters, the improvement is such that small water animals called marine borers, which for a decade had been unable to survive in the polluted rivers, are beginning to thrive and to bore away at the city's piers. Money is now being sought for a federal study to discover the best way to stamp out the marine borers. During his last years in office, John Lindsay conducted a crash program to replace the lights on thousands of miles of local streets with new high-intensity sodium lamps as a deterrent to crime, and he also embarked on a program of planting fifty thousand trees along the city's streets and in its parks. Projects designed to make the city more beautiful or to make it safer are certainly worthy endeavors—and, of course, if they can help a departing politician leave his visible mark on the city, so much (in his view) the better. The programs may have brought Lindsay more trouble than credit, however. Three and a half months before he left

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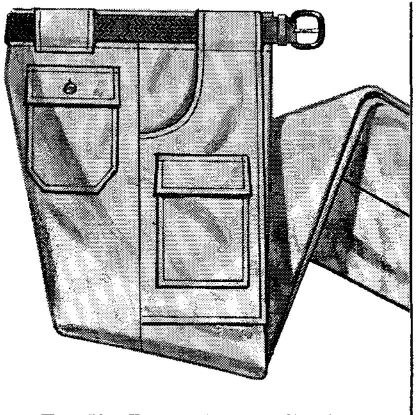

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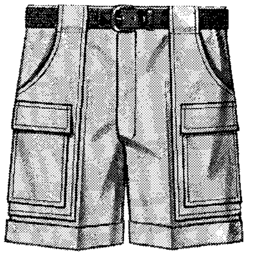

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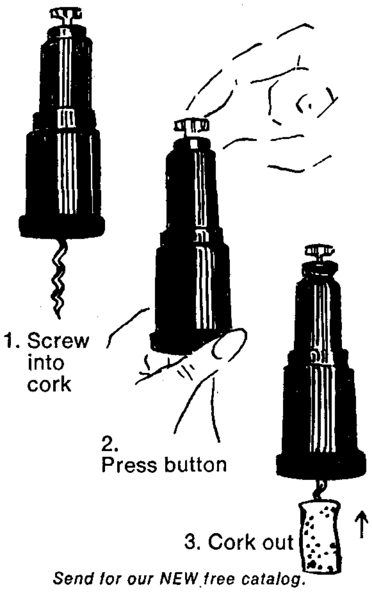

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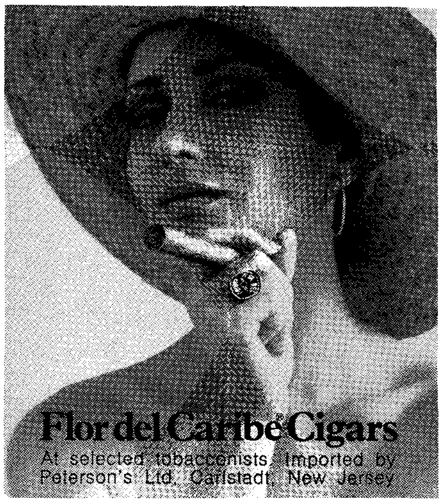
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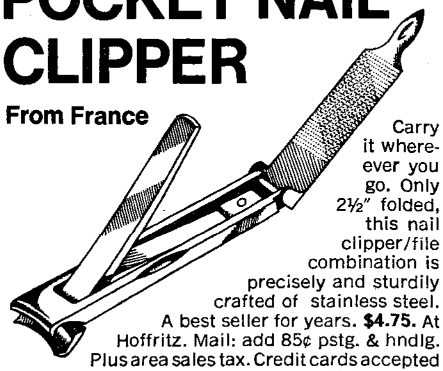

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office, a United States Department of Agriculture study reported that the new sodium lights cause trees to shoot up too fast, so that they are especially susceptible to air pollution and to frost. Environmental-minded members of some block associations began picketing City Hall, urging the city to keep the new lights out of their tree-lined blocks. Some of their neighbors, more worried about crime, picketed with the counter message that they'd rather have the lights than the trees. ("Mothers Against Muggings, Not Saps for Saplings.") Other citizens wrote in to the newspapers to complain that the bright new lights were keeping them awake. Hoping to solve one of the problems, the Lindsay administration announced that it would plant hardier varieties of trees. After Lindsay left office, however, the Beame administration announced with some fanfare that, in their haste to get the tree-planting program under way, the Lindsay crowd had let contracts at suspiciously high prices without competitive bidding. Since then, Beame has cited the large amount of spending by Lindsay during his last months in office as a partial explanation of the city's current budget deficit, which, of course, has caused Beame to order a reduction in the police force, leaving fewer policemen to deal with the crime rate that the lights installed by his predecessor did not in fact cause to decline.

THE argument by any New York mayor that what goes on here—and particularly what goes on in his own front yard at City Hall—is nobody's sideshow is hampered by the fact that this is often exactly what it resembles, particularly as network-television crews in this national communications center find it convenient to spread word of New York's troubles instead of travelling out to see what crazy things are going on in, for example, Grand Rapids. Most of the causes that bring large protesting crowds down to City Hall are of fundamental concern to all governments today—inadequate housing, crime in the streets, the deteriorating environment, the soaring cost of energy—but their solemn import is rarely what comes to mind at the first glimpse of one of the busier carnival days at the center of local government, which may feature some citizens chanting rhythmically ("Who's in bed with Con Ed?" "Quack, quack, we want our safety back!"), some in costume (rags, perhaps, for those acting out the effect on the populace of an increase in subway fares), and some waving signs that

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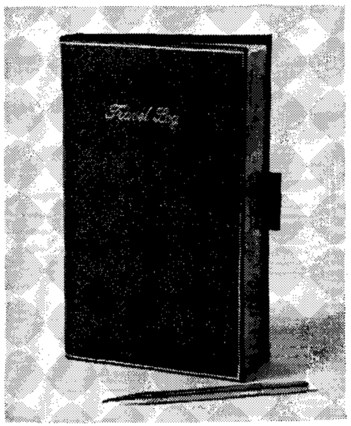

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identify their concerns by tortuously devised acronyms, such as SAFE (Sunnyside Against Fuel Explosions), FACE (Fight Against Consolidated Edison), WARN (West Side Action for Repair Now), ART (Action for Rational Transit, which, like WARN, is strongly against the expansion of the West Side Highway, on the ground that it will increase air pollution in the city), SOS (Save Our Services), PONY (Prostitutes of New York, which, along with COYOTE, which stands for Cast Off Your Old Tired Ethics, opposes the wholesale rounding up of hookers in Times Square), and TRIUMPH (The Remedy for Infinite Unconcern for the Mentally & Physically Handicapped). Not detracting from the circus atmosphere is the fact that some demonstrators make use of live props: a horse (attached to an old-fashioned buggy) to demonstrate how New Yorkers will soon be getting about if the City Council doesn't repeal the annual fifteen-dollar auto-use tax; a large duck wearing a sign that says "City Taxpayers, Sitting Ducks for Crime;" even a small elephant outfitted in white to represent what an unwelcome housing development will turn into. Among inanimate props, big favorites are coffins, which are brought in to symbolize the city's proposed killing of popular programs or, sometimes, the desired end of city politicians who might be tempted to vote wrong on them. Although most of the messages directed at the present Mayor by demonstrators fifty feet or so from his office are nothing like as virulent as those that his predecessor could on occasion look out and see from his office window—even on days when he was not being burned in effigy—many of them cannot be described as respectful. ("Stop Phonying Up the Budget Numbers, Abacus Abe!") Indeed, among the early Watergate revelations that New Yorkers working in and around City Hall found especially bizarre was John Dean's report to the Ervin committee of the day when President Nixon looked out his White House window and spotted a single demonstrator in Lafayette Park carrying a peace sign. According to Dean, Presidential assistant Dwight Chapin had announced that he would get some "thugs" to remove the offender, but instead the man had, one way or another, "been convinced" by the park police that he should move to the other side of the park, out of sight of the White House, and the day was saved.

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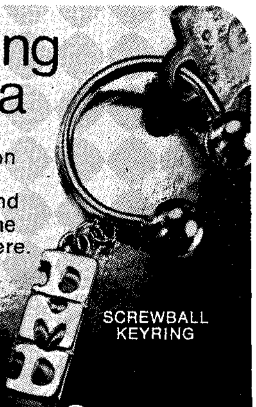

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Hall is increasingly being treated as the place to sound off on matters remote from the concerns of city government. After the United States Supreme Court handed down one of its major decisions against pornography, for instance, a group of writers and publishers took a cab down from midtown and registered their outrage by demonstrating outside the office of the Mayor, whose influence on the federal judiciary is not great. Other purposeful City Hall visitors have included those protesting the showing of the "Godfather" movies as insulting to Italian-Americans, and representatives of RARE (Rare Animal Relief Effort), which opposes the killing of whales. Even when the protesters stick to city business, the turnouts at City Hall in budget-hearing season and on the days of Board of Estimate and City Planning Commission meetings (at which any citizen may speak) can create serious traffic jams. One day last summer, Mayor Beame alerted the City Hall pressroom and the television crews that at eleven sharp he would hold a press conference to accept from a representative of the federal government contracts worth seventy-five million dollars as the city's latest grant under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act. That same day, the area in front of City Hall was thronged with parents carrying signs demanding more paraprofessional help for community school districts ("Where's the Bread, Board of Ed?"), parents protesting the closing down of day-care centers, public-housing tenants insisting that they needed more security guards, and firemen who were on hand to denounce a proposed reduction in their forces—all causes toward which the day's scheduled federal handout might conceivably make a contribution. Eleven o'clock came and went without the arrival of the federal official, and it took a while for the Mayor's staff to figure out what the trouble might be. Paged through a bullhorn by one of the Mayor's aides, the Assistant Regional Director for Manpower of the United States Department of Labor was finally located beyond the barricades that police had put up on Broadway to keep further protesters from entering the crowded plaza, and, after much pushing and shoving, he made it to the Mayor's office to deliver the seventy-five-million-dollar pieces of paper.

Sometimes, however, the presence of more than one group of demonstrators can come in handy. On one occasion, a delegation of Bronx landlords arrived at City Hall carrying a painted

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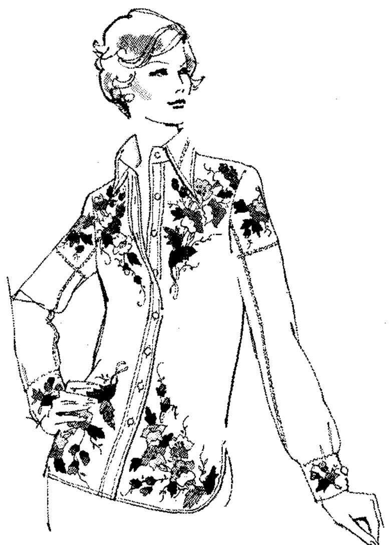

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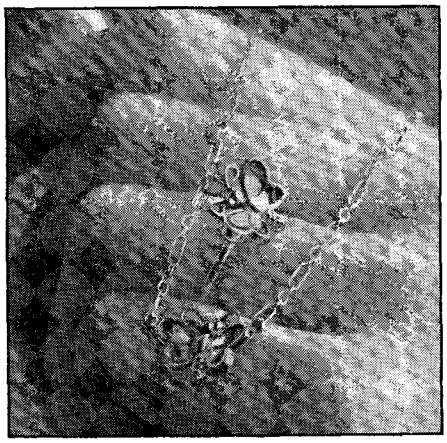

tin-and-cardboard street scene labelled "The Bronx" and a map of that borough. They announced that the city's misguided rent-control policy was causing so many apartment buildings to be abandoned in that area that the city might as well burn it down. To illustrate his point, the leader of the group whipped out a match and tried to set fire to a corner of the map. Immediately, a police inspector stepped forward and ordered a City Hall cop to write out a summons for violating the local law banning open fires. "It's only a little smoke," said the landlord. "It's a violation and will pollute the air," said the inspector. "Any smoke may be carcinogenic," declared the head of a delegation of environmentalists who had been demonstrating nearby, and the landlord was handed his summons. That got his picture in the paper the next day—the very reward, of course, that had brought him down to City Hall in the first place.

Even debates on the city's budget, a subject that everyone knows is of the utmost seriousness, especially today, often veer off into areas at some distance from specific appropriation lines. During the February hearings on the city's construction budget for the next fiscal year, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, who was presiding, seized upon a passing reference to the proposed new West Side Highway to suggest that it be named for Tom Paine. The designation would be particularly fitting, he said, coming, as it would, on the eve of the two-hundredth anniversary of the Revolution, in which Paine's writings had been so influential. As few New Yorkers realized, O'Dwyer pointed out, Paine had spent his last years in New York and had died, in 1809, on Grove Street, in Greenwich Village (a few blocks, in fact, from where Dylan Thomas died a hundred and forty-four years later), in a house whose site is marked only with what O'Dwyer described as "an obscure plaque of very limited proportions." City Councilwoman Carol Greitzer, who represents the Greenwich Village area, took strong offense at the use of Paine's name in this connection. "Tom Paine must be turning over in his grave," she announced. If he were alive today, she added, "Tom Paine would be a typical West Villager and would be right in there fighting against this proposed interstate highway." Other councilmen chimed in with their versions of how Tom Paine would have felt about the highway, and by the end of the day still another complex of city problems involving

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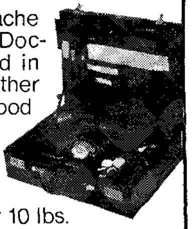

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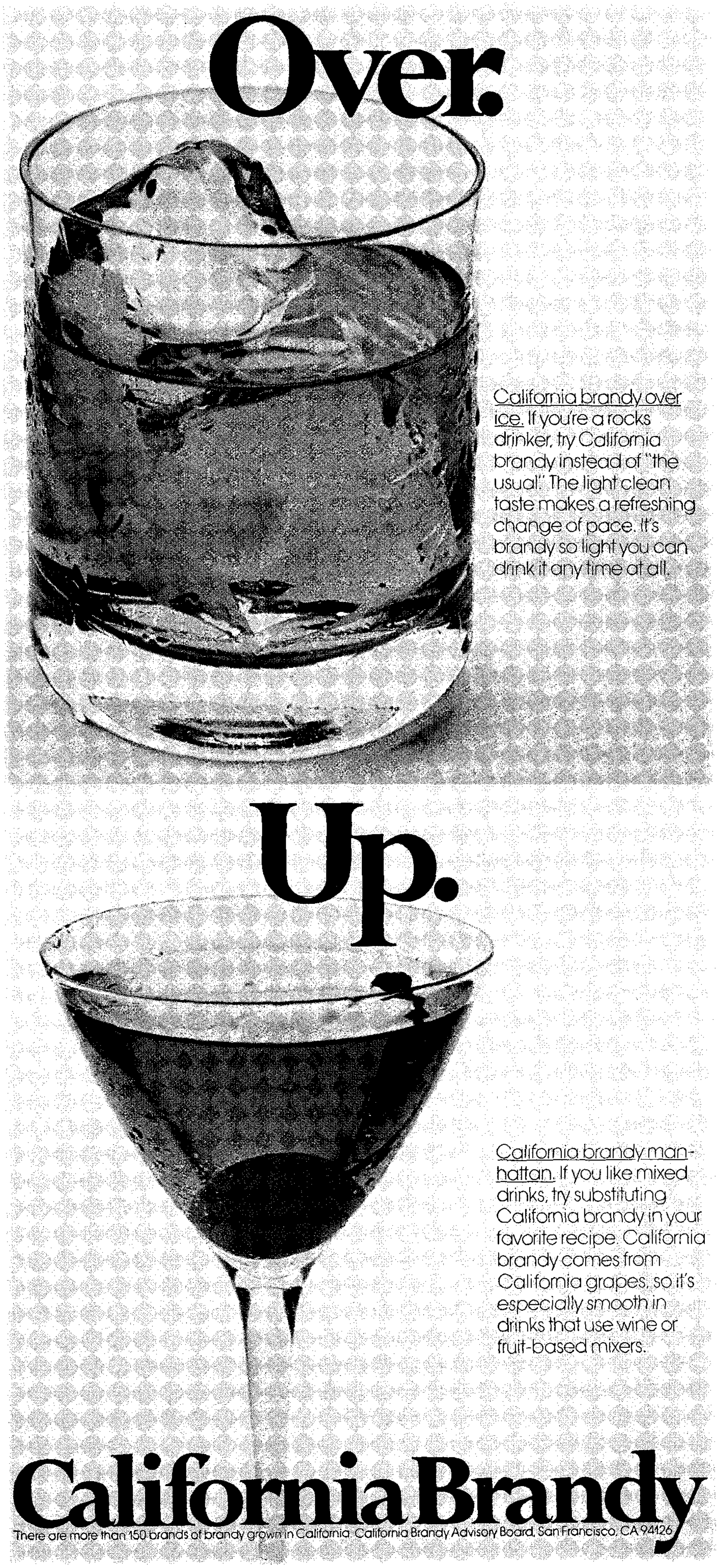

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improved transportation, environmental damage, and a due respect for the city's history had turned into a situation-comedy skit.

ACCORDING to a story out of Washington a few weeks ago, there appears to be real anxiety in some quarters that the widely publicized tendency of highly serious events in this heavily Democratic city to deteriorate into frivolity might be viewed as a Democratic weakness, which could be a drawback next year. Among many Democrats, of course, 1976 is looked upon less as the year of the bicentennial than as the year when they plan to have a leader of their party take over the most solemn responsibilities on the national scene. At a recent meeting of the committee that will choose the site of the Democratic Convention, a woman committee member from New Jersey reportedly expressed some doubt whether the "culture image" that would be televised from New York to the nation would be helpful to the Democrats. "Has Matty Troy passed his basic training in the English language?" she asked, referring to Matthew Troy, the Queens councilman and former Queens County Democratic chairman, whose irreverent conversational style has obviously received attention far beyond the city limits. In Troy's case, there may be valid reason for concern if tendentious political rhetoric is considered crucial to the Democratic cause next year. A few weeks ago, Troy was the guest of honor at a reception in his borough—actually a twenty-five-dollar-a-head fund-raiser, although he was just reëlected to the Council and won't have to run again until 1977. The money would come in handy, Troy explained, in case he wanted to run for some higher office before then. The concluding lines of his brief remarks to his assembled benefactors at the reception began, "We are starting a new voyage . . . a voyage that may change the face of the city, state, and nation." "What does that mean?" called out somebody in the crowd. "Nothing," said Troy.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune*]

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THE SPORTING SCENE

COURSES AND CHAMPIONS

NOT that every champion has shown a penchant for golf-course architecture—far from it—but, still and all, there should be a rule requiring every great player to build at least one golf course. This assertion proceeds from the fact that during the past few weeks I was fortunate enough to be in Georgia for the annual Masters tournament, at the Augusta National Golf Club, whose dramatic course was designed by Bob Jones in collaboration with Alister MacKenzie, the Scottish golf-course architect, and also to visit and study the two superb Trophy Club courses, situated about halfway between downtown Fort Worth and downtown Dallas, which were designed by Ben Hogan in collaboration with Joe Lee, the well-known Florida-based golf architect, and are currently nearing completion. Of the thousands of courses constructed in this country in the last fifty years or so, at a cost of untold millions of dollars, only a few have combined aesthetic and golfing values in a genuinely distinguished way, and it is worth noting that some of these have come into being because a Jones or a Hogan, not content to act simply as a consultant, has literally rolled up his sleeves and, over a protracted period, applied his knowledge and love of the game to the actual building of a course.

To be sure, this is not to imply that only golfers can design great courses. Many of the finest American courses have been created by professional golf-course architects—Donald Ross and Albert W. Tillinghast, for instance, and their present-day descendants. In addition, a surprising number of our top courses—among them the National Golf Links (in Southampton), Merion (west of Philadelphia), Pine Valley (southeast of Philadelphia), and Oakmont (northwest of Pittsburgh)—were the work of dedicated amateur golf architects. It probably would not be wrong to add Pebble Beach to this list, since that wild and wonderful layout along Carmel Bay, in California—it may well be the best course in the world—was designed by Jack Neville, an amateur golfer of Walker Cup calibre, who had never built a course before Pebble Beach and was involved in only dribs and drabs of course architecture thereafter. But the point I wish to make is this: Thinking back on how much the Augusta National has meant to golf and how much the two Hogan courses will undoubtedly mean, one can only feel what a loss it is that Harry Vardon and Walter Hagen were not lured into designing one course or several, and what a loss it will be if Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead, and Byron Nelson, to name three other champions who come quickly to mind, do not get around to inscribing their thoughts on suitable terrain. (The case of Jack Nicklaus is entirely different. He has such a passion for designing golf courses, and such a manifest aptitude for it, that whenever his game goes sour his friends shake their heads and declare that if he would devote only half the time to practice that he does to his courses, he might never lose a tournament.)

JONES's and Hogan's careers were quite dissimilar, and so were the routes by which the two men came to golf-course architecture. Jones, a child prodigy, won the first of his four United States Opens at twenty-one, and was only twenty-eight when he retired from competitive golf after his historic Grand Slam, in 1930, when he carried off the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur, in that order. Throughout his playing days, he had often thought about constructing his dream course, and shortly after he went into retirement he did so. Knowing that he was interested in looking at possible sites, some friends took him to Augusta to see Fruitlands—an estate that once was the seat of the oldest nursery in the Southeast—and at his first glimpse of the place, as he stood on the hill behind the antebellum manor house and gazed at the tall Georgia pines and the long green slopes descending to Rae's Creek, he recognized that this was exactly the kind of land he had been hoping to find. Work on the Augusta National course was completed in 1932, and although Jones had originally had no intention of holding a tournament over it, he inaugurated in 1934 the informal spring invitational event that became the Masters. Hogan's whole schedule was slower. At twenty-eight, he had yet to win a major championship, but that year—1940—he finally captured his first tour tournament, the

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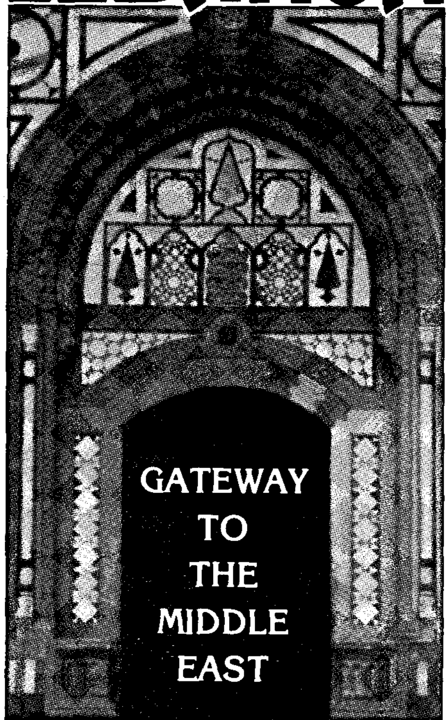

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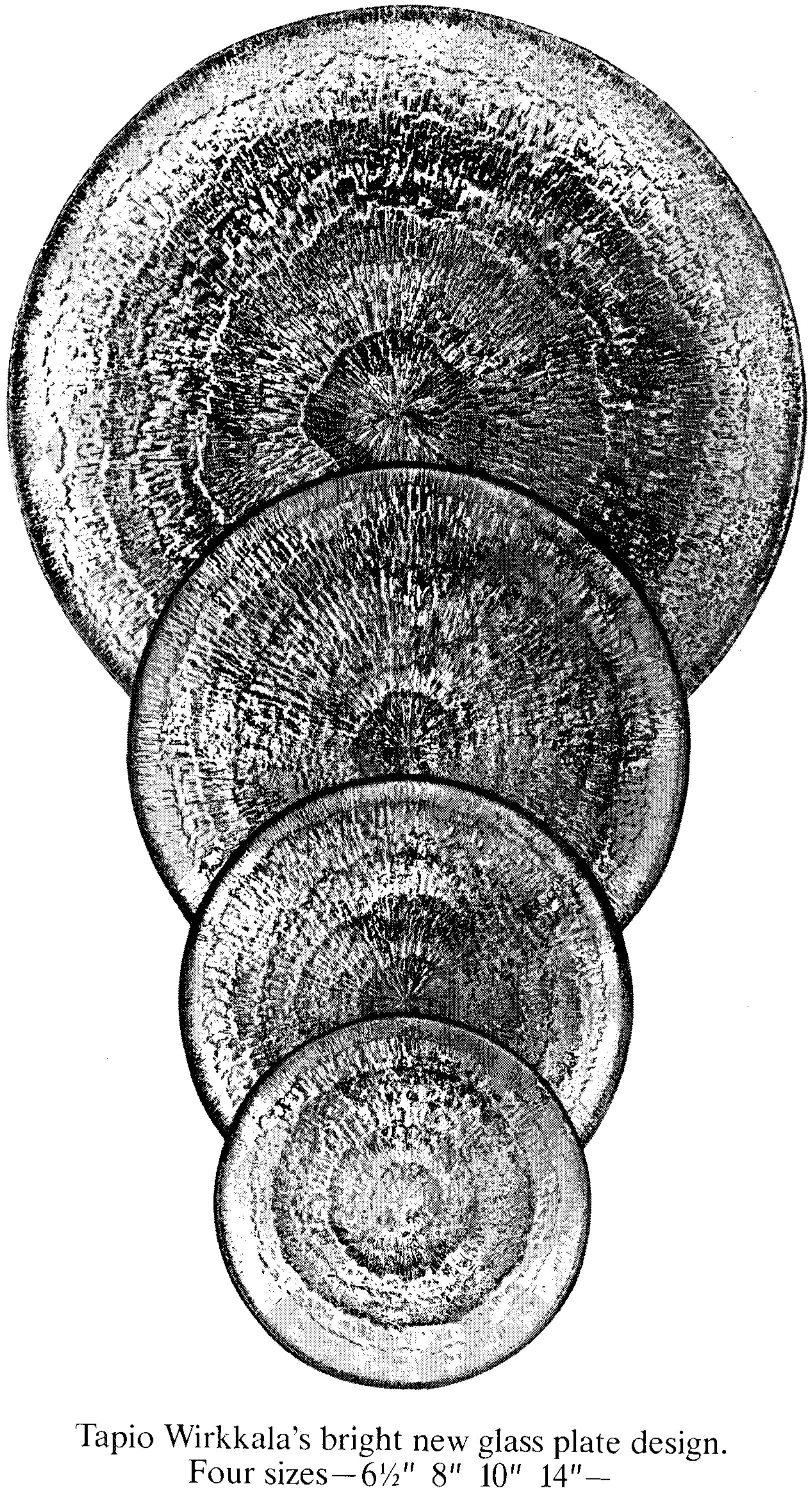
North and South Open, at Pinehurst, in North Carolina. After that, he dominated the tour, but he did not register his first victory in a major event until 1946, when he took the Professional Golfers' Association Championship. He won the first of *his* four United States Opens in 1948 and the last in 1953, his big year, in which he swept the Masters, the United States Open, and the British Open—a triad of triumphs which has not since been duplicated in one season. In 1953, too, he founded the Ben Hogan Company, which manufactures golf clubs that he personally designs. Hogan turned forty-one in 1953, and one of his chief reasons for setting up the company was his growing awareness that sooner or later he would have to stop playing tournament golf; when that time came, he wanted to be able to step into some business allied to golf. He continued to appear in a few selected tournaments up to 1971, but in the late nineteen-fifties he found himself thinking in a general, unfocussed way about the possibility of building a golf course when his competitive career was over. "Like the golf-club business, that would be something I would know something about," he told me during my recent visit. "Naturally, I would have to have the assistance of a trained golf-course architect."

The architect Hogan first had in mind was Dick Wilson, many of whose courses he admired enormously—particularly Pine Tree, in Delray Beach, Florida. Wilson died in 1965, however, and his right-hand man, Joe Lee, set up his own firm. It was Lee with whom Hogan got in touch in 1972, after forming a joint-venture group called the Trophy Club, which had just acquired a twenty-six-hundred-acre plot north of Route 114, on which the two new courses were subsequently built. This was not the first property Hogan had considered. He had earlier tried unsuccessfully to buy two tracts of land in Houston and three in the vicinity of Fort Worth—the city in which he grew up, and in which he now makes his home and operates the Ben Hogan Company. Then, during the summer of 1971, Ben Parks, a real-estate man and golf enthusiast from Dallas who knew of Hogan's quest, got in touch with John McMackin, Hogan's attorney, and described to him the property along Route 114. Hogan came out to look it over, and decided that it would suit his purposes extremely well. It offered a combination of natural features seldom found in Texas: gently rolling land, handsome groves of post oaks, and, most important, very porous soil—sandy leaf loam, for the most part—which would drain rapidly after a heavy rain. The Trophy Club, which was formed to purchase the land, construct the courses, and run the golf club, is composed of three partners: Johnson & Loggins, a prominent land-development company with headquarters in Houston; the Gibraltar Savings Association, of Houston, which is a subsidiary of the Imperial Corporation of America, a holding company that owns a number of savings-and-loan companies in four of the Western states; and McMackin and Hogan.

Work began on the courses on February 8, 1974. The project was blessed with six straight months of excellent weather, and by mid-August thirty-five vehicles, supplied by Eldon Jackson, an earthmoving specialist from Weatherford, Texas, had finished the basic construction of the tees, fairways, water hazards, sand traps, and greens for the thirty-six holes that Joe Lee and Hogan, a most compatible team, had routed over the tree-studded land. However, unseasonable rains in the latter part of August and a wet, cold autumn slowed things down appreciably, and it was possible to plant Bermuda-grass stolons on only two of the four nines—the first nine of the East Course and the second nine of the West Course. During the stretch of fine weather between February and August, Hogan had put in ten hours a day six days a week—frequently clad in heavy hunting pants, for he had learned the hard way that the undergrowth of briars cut through regular trousers and scratched the legs. When the rains came, he spent more time than before at the Hogan Company, but on the good days, when work on the courses could proceed at full tilt, he was out there till dark.

IT was a sunny day with a touch of wind from the south when I got together with Hogan at the site of the Trophy Club, the week before the week of the Masters. He was wearing gray slacks, a dark-blue cardigan sweater, and a light raincoat, and he was in a relaxed, animated mood. (During his playing career, Hogan used to concentrate so hard during a tournament round that he was aware of nothing else, but once he left the course and the grind his dour demeanor would vanish, and in the company of friends he was pleasant and convivial.) To help me get oriented, he had brought along a map of the courses and two homemade scorecards. The East Course, I noted, is not an especially long layout for these days—6,692 yards from the men's tees and 7,091 yards from the back tees. The West is a shade shorter—6,532 from the men's tees, 6,976 from the backs. Hogan, who is a perfectionist about whatever he undertakes, said to me with a smile, "The measurement for each hole is accurate to within a foot. That's the way it should be everywhere, but at some courses, you know, they don't even come close." We got into a four-wheel-drive Jeepster that Hogan uses for getting around the courses, and first passed the sites of two practice putting greens on the hill where the clubhouse will go up. When we came to the practice ground, we disembarked to take a closer look. As every golfer knows, Hogan stands as the most notorious practicer in the history of the game, so it was not surprising to discover that he has made provision for an expansive practice area, which will have three tees, on slightly different levels. We then proceeded to the first tee of the East Course. I would probably get a better idea of the two courses, Hogan felt, if we didn't try to see all thirty-six holes but spent the bulk of our time on the two nines that were planted with stolons last fall; they are now covered with their first light growth of grass—Dwarf Tift, a refined Bermuda grass, on the greens, and Tift 419, the newest strain of hybrid Bermuda grass, on the fairways. "I wish we had the sand in the traps," Hogan said. "If we did, it would give you a much clearer concept of the holes. When you put sand in a sand trap, it's like snapping on a light in a dark room."

Even without sand in the traps, the holes at the Trophy Club possess unusual definition: they tell the golfer precisely where he should try to place each shot. A good example is the first hole, a double-dogleg par 5 that swings to the left and then back to the right; when you stand on the tee—all the tees are large, broad rectangles, and most of them are elevated about four feet—you take in a sand trap to the left, in the angle of the first dogleg, along with a balancing mound off the fairway to the right, and they tell you how the fairway turns and where you should try to position your drive. On the second hole, a par 4 that breaks to the left, the same arrangement of trap and mound obtains in the landing area—the part of the fairway where



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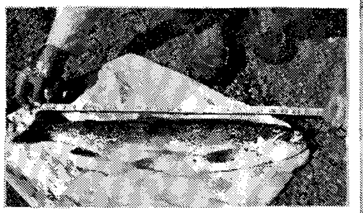

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a well-hit tee shot will land. Conversely, on the third and fourth, two par 4s that bend to the right, the keys to reading the holes are supplied by a sand trap on the *right* side of the fairway, in the landing area, and a corresponding rise along the *left* edge of the fairway. On all these holes, the golfer's problems are further simplified by the fact that he can see the green from the tee. By the time we had reached the fifth hole, the first par 3, I was beginning to get the feel of Hogan's approach to golf architecture. I had come out wondering, among other things, whether in studying Hogan's holes I would be able to pick out resemblances to outstanding holes on courses where he scored some of his celebrated victories—courses like Merion, Augusta National, Carnoustie (in Scotland), Oakmont, Riviera (in Los Angeles), and Oakland Hills (outside Detroit)—and to holes on others that are special favorites of his, like those two gems by Donald Ross, Pinehurst No. 2 and Seminole (north of Palm Beach). By persisting in that sort of search, one can detect a slight similarity here, a faint echo there of a course connected with Hogan, but this is pushing things and, really, is quite irrelevant. What Hogan has built, as the rest of my tour of inspection confirmed, is a vivid, varied collection of holes which synthesizes his considered ideas about what a golf course should look like and play like. The fairways are never flat, but the undulations are never extreme. (Indeed, having decided that two large hills on the property presented terrain that was too severe for golf, Hogan routed his holes around them.) There is not a straight hole on either course. What is far more arresting is that there is not a single blind shot on them. To make certain that there wouldn't be, a colossal amount of land had to be moved, in order both to build up low areas of the fairways and to raze ridges in them that blocked the view of the rest of a hole. The course rolls beautifully. This applies to the greens as well as to the fairways. They have the same well-tempered contouring, Hogan's intention being to make them "negotiable" for the average golfer. The greens are of moderate size, and while the traps on a good many holes nose deep into the putting surface and set up some very difficult pin positions, there is abundant room in the center of the greens for the conservative golfer to play to. Another thing: almost invariably there is an entrance of reasonable width to the green—sometimes on the

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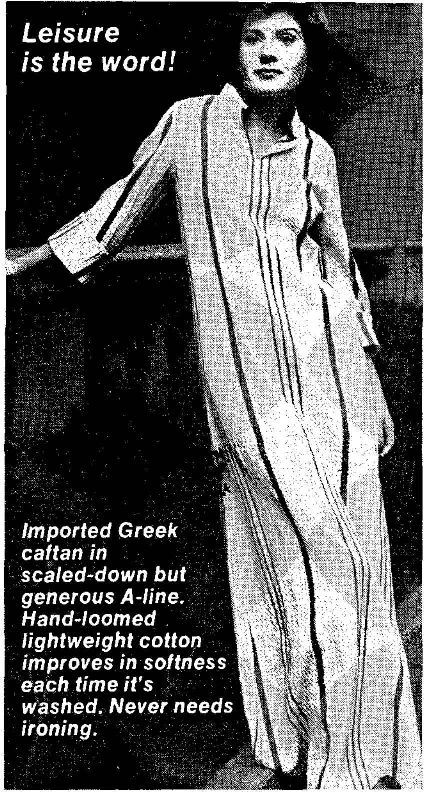

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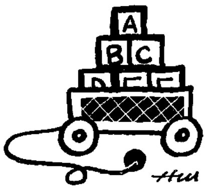
left, sometimes on the right, sometimes in the center—and though this is a course where a straight shot is never the wrong shot, the lay of the land often suggests to the golfer that on this hole the proper approach shot is a left-to-right fade, on that hole a right-to-left draw. All in all, the holes have immense character and charm of design, and in this way they do remind the objective golfer of the finest stretches at Seminole, Carnoustie, Pinehurst No. 2, Merion, and the other courses associated with Hogan's career. Adding to the golf beauty and the scenic beauty of both courses is the fact that all but six of the thirty-six holes are set off by themselves, framed by borders of post oak—a pretty tree that loses its large leaves in winter but retains its attractiveness because of the pleasing contortions of its branches. Post oaks in that area generally grow from thirty to fifty feet high, and at the Trophy Club they supply a background that is perfectly in scale with the sculptured modulations of the holes.



When Hogan and I had finished our circuit of the first nine holes of the East Course, I asked him how many holes on that nine permitted a golfer to see the green from the tee. He took a moment to do his calculations. "Seven of them," he said. "The exceptions are the sixth, one of the two par 5s, and the seventh, a dogleg to the left." This same carefully produced visibility is also true of the last nine holes of the West Course; again, on seven of the holes—all but the tenth, a par 5, and the thirteenth, a par 4 that breaks to the right—the green is in view from the tee. The West Course has a somewhat different personality from the East. For one thing, it is more open, and, accordingly, a golfer must make much more allowance for the wind in playing his shots. For another, the holes are bolder in design. The fourteenth, for example, 392 yards long from the back tee, is a dangerous par 4 on which the green is perched just beyond a deep creek, which also guards its left side. A right-to-left wind will usually complicate the tee shot on the eighteenth, a par 4 that is 425 yards long from the back tee, and a most spectacular finishing hole: from the elevated tee, the entire hole is spread before the golfer, the green at the far tip of a fairway that curves to the left like a boomerang and is menaced on the left from beginning to end by the wide blue finger of a lake.

This swing around the eighteen holes had taken several hours, and since Hogan didn't believe that I would benefit greatly by studying the other eighteen—they won't be planted with stolons until sometime this month—we settled for a quick look at a few of them. I remember the eighteenth on the East with particular clarity, for two reasons. First, it is another exceptional finishing hole: a par 4 that measures 450 yards from the back tee, and moves uphill gradually to a green large enough to handle the long-iron or fairway-wood approach that a tournament-class golfer will be rifling toward it—the kind of mean, uncompromising hole that Hogan played so well. Second, it elicited some memorable comments from Hogan on his theory of design: "On both these courses, as you may have noticed, there isn't one blind shot. You can see each tee shot land on the fairway. You can see each approach shot land on the green. Whatever his degree of skill, every golfer, I think, finds watching the flight of a good shot one of the real pleasures of golf. I know I do. On these two courses we've tried to do something more—to make every inch of every green visible to the golfer playing to it. Otherwise, you don't get enough depth perception to judge the distance correctly, and that way you can wind up thirty feet short of the pin or thirty feet past it, which is as bad as being thirty feet off line. Joe Lee has a fellow who works for him named Ray Diddier, who's just wonderful at moving dirt. He's been with us here all the way. After we'd decided how a particular green should look and play, Ray and I would shape it and the sand traps around it. He'd move the topsoil into position with a tractor and drag, and then we'd take a rake and a shovel and make little changes here and there till we got the contours of the green the way we wanted them. To make sure that the *whole* of the green could be seen by the golfer playing his approach shot, I'd take a stick and lay it down flat on each separate level of the green in turn. We'd go back to the landing area each time and see if we could spot the stick. We found that we had to lower quite a number of greens. I remember that I couldn't see the stick on one part of this particular green and Ray said he could. 'Well, you're six feet tall and I'm only five eight and a half,' I told him. 'We're going to have to lower that level of the green a foot, so that I can see it, too.' You've got to do these things. Otherwise, a golfer won't be

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able to figure out if he should play, say, a regular 5-iron or should lay off the 5 just a bit or hit it a touch harder."

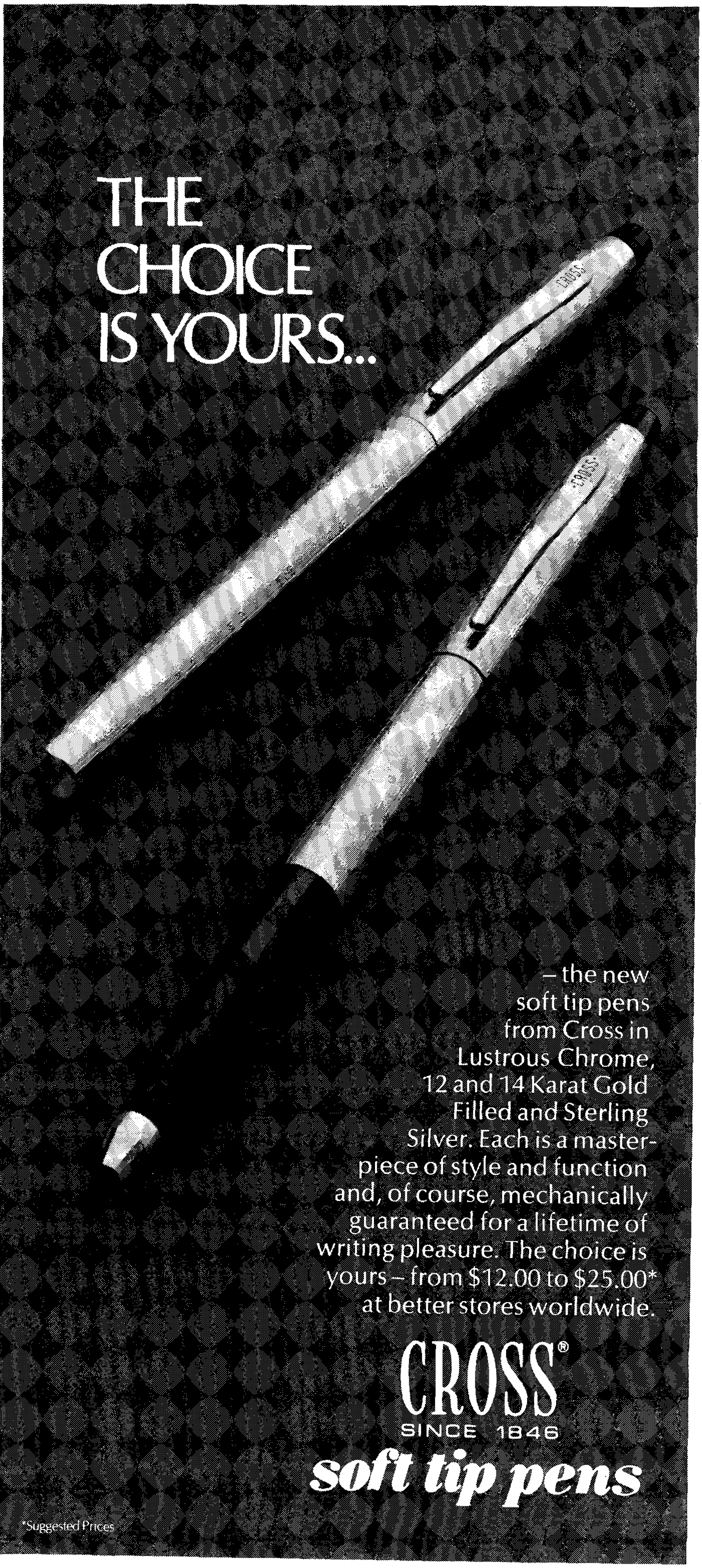
We each had a chocolate bar and a banana for lunch—Hogan had carried them out in a brown paper bag. As I ate mine, I reviewed the many features of the courses that had stood out in my mind during our tour, such as the attention that Hogan had given to devising alternate routes and providing sufficient room for the average golfer (the fairways will be fifty yards wide), and the acumen behind many of his innovations—for instance, routing the holes so that one walks *forward* to the back tees. I also recalled many of the trenchant comments he had made, like this one: "A good golf hole should have both character and appeal. It shouldn't ask a golfer to play shots that are beyond his ability, but it should present him with an interesting challenge and reward him when he hits the shots that are called for. Golf is a game in which you play your first shot on a hole in order to play your second from the best position, and so on. It's a thinking game, a game of controlling the ball." At the Trophy Club, Ben Hogan has followed these principles to the letter and has built two courses that have Ben Hogan written all over them. There is not a suspicion of trickery. At each hole, the challenge is presented frankly to the golfer, almost as if there were a man at each tee proclaiming, "There it is, sir. Can you play the shots this hole requires?" That, essentially, is what makes them great courses.

Over the last year and a half, Hogan has not played a round of golf—he has been too busy. (He has not played in the Masters since 1967 and has not played in any tournament since 1971, because his left knee, which was damaged so badly in an automobile accident in 1949, can no longer absorb the stress of all-out impact even when it is supported by a brace.) Practice is a different thing, and periodically he has gone out to Shady Oaks, in Fort Worth, to hit some balls on the Little Nine—the third nine of the club's twenty-seven holes. The time is now at hand when he will start hitting thousands of shots at the Trophy Club, testing the validity of each yard of the two courses, and altering the smallest feature that doesn't function as it should. The old perfectionist should have the time of his life.

JONES's Augusta National was also a revolutionary course. To begin with, there was no rough between the tees and the fairways, nor was there any rough fringing the fairways. As Jones saw it, rough made a course harder for just the wrong golfers—the hackers, for whom the course was already difficult enough. His aim was to make the game as enjoyable for the 92-golfer as for the 72-golfer, and to this end he built extremely wide fairways and huge greens. Moreover, he installed a minimum of sand traps—just under thirty. All this added up to a course that in its philosophy and its shot values was quite the reverse of most that had previously been built in this country. Those courses were thickly punctuated with traps—Oakmont, for example, had more than two hundred at one time—and the golfer who did not hit exactly the shot demanded was punished for this transgression: his ball ended up in a trap or a ditch or some other hazard. Jones did not believe in this type of penal design; he much preferred strategic design, which offers a man several routes from tee to green and encourages initiative. For illustration, if a reasonably good golfer playing a short par 5 has the courage to attempt to carry a brook in front of the green with his second shot and brings it off, he is in position for an easy birdie 4. He has earned it. On the other hand, when he reaches beyond his ability he pays a proper price for his arrogance; a bogey 6 is probably the best he can hope for if his second shot should find the brook. The golfer who plays the hole conservatively but well, laying up short of the brook in two and then pitching his third shot onto the green, also gains a just compensation—a par 5. The Augusta National dramatized the merits of strategic design so effectively that, almost by itself, it changed the trend of American golf architecture. Largely, but not entirely, because it was constructed on the site of a nursery, the Augusta National also emerged as perhaps the most beautiful inland golf course in the world.

The course that Jones built turned out to have one other distinctive quality—it evoked the spectacular like no other course before it. The first instance of this came in the second Masters, in 1935, the year that Gene Sarazen came through with what stands as unquestionably the most sensational single shot in golf history: the 4-wood second that he holed out for a double-eagle 2 on the 485-yard, par-5 fifteenth, the sixty-ninth hole of the tournament, which enabled him to tie Craig Wood and go on and win the playoff. So many later Masters tournaments produced fantastic clutch shots and histrionic finishes that this penchant for out-Dumasing Dumas came to be the hallmark of the tournament. However, I should think that the most exciting Masters of all was, very likely, the one played this April, in which Jack Nicklaus edged out Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller by a stroke after the three had played the most brilliant golf imaginable on the final day. Many of the spectators at Augusta, churned up by the mounting melodrama of this three-man battle (it was not decided until the last green, when Miller and Weiskopf missed birdie putts that they had to sink in order to tie Nicklaus), did not hesitate to proclaim it the most thrilling golf tournament ever played. Possibly it was, but the unqualified superlative may be just a bit too strong when one thinks back over other major tournaments that caught fire. One that leaps to mind is the 1925 United States Open, at the Worcester Country Club, when no fewer than seven players came to the tee of the seventy-second hole, a 335-yard par 4 to an elevated green, with a chance to win the championship or tie for it. Furthermore, these were seven outstanding players: Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell, Francis Ouimet, Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, and Willie Macfarlane. (Macfarlane was the eventual winner, beating Jones in a playoff.) To cite one other unbelievably stirring tournament, there was the 1960 United States Open, at Cherry Hills, in Denver, in which at one time during the fourth round *twelve* golfers were very much in contention: Mike Souchak, Julius Boros, Dow Finsterwald, Jack Nicklaus (then only twenty), Ben Hogan (making his last serious bid for a fifth Open title), Jerry Barber, Arnold Palmer, Dutch Harrison, Billy Casper, Jack Fleck, Don Cherry, and Ted Kroll. This was the championship in which Palmer got back into the fight by birdieing six of the first seven holes on that final round and went on to outlast Nicklaus and Hogan down the stretch.

All things considered, I think it might be sounder to say that, while there have been a few tournaments as thrilling as the 1975 Masters, there has never been one that was *more* thrilling. One facet in particular must not be overlooked: I doubt whether there has ever been a golf competition that saw three players engage in such a sustained give-and-take on the closing day, each of them attacking all the way and hitting one glorious shot after



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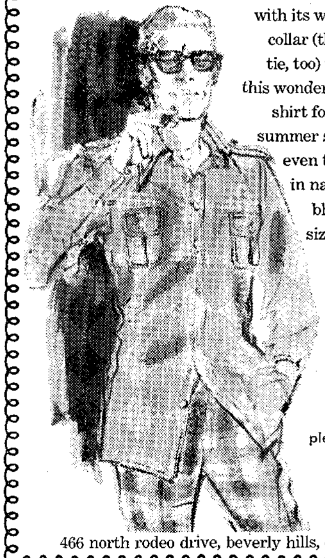

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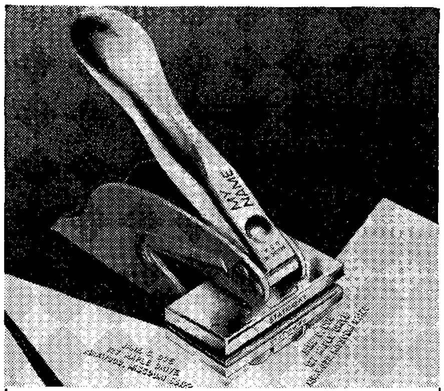

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another. Nicklaus, for example, had six birdies in his round of 68, Weiskopf four birdies in his 70, and Miller eight birdies in his dazzling 66. Most golf tournaments are lost, not won, and it is a rare occasion when two players with a chance to win, let alone three, are able to summon their most explosive golf when it counts the most and somehow hold together their poise, their groove, their timing, their concentration, and their determination throughout the exhausting afternoon.

It is also hard to remember a major tournament that held as much overall interest as this year's Masters did. Thursday, the day of the opening round, was historic in that it marked the first appearance of a black American golfer—Lee Elder—in the Masters, the most important national sports event that is held in the Deep South. Over the years, the Masters has frequently been accused of discriminating against black players. This is simply not the truth. When Elder won the Monsanto Open, in Pensacola, in late April, 1974, he became the first black golfer to be eligible for an invitation to the Masters under the tournament's ramified system of qualification, and he was duly invited. Be that as it may, it gave one a good feeling to see Elder walk onto the first tee a little before eleven-fifteen, when he and Gene Littler were scheduled to tee off. It had been drizzling all morning, and it still was, but the fairway was lined with spectators from the tee to the green—thickly lined from the landing area on. Littler, up first, cracked his tee shot down the middle. Elder, who is a fine driver, then stepped up and, with no fuss, split the fairway, too. He lofted his approach about sixteen feet from the flag, and when he arrived at the green he received a light, friendly round of applause. Throughout his round, whenever he played a nice approach shot the gallery at the green welcomed him in this manner. On the first, Elder missed his birdie putt, but on the long second he got down a fifteen-footer for his birdie. He continued to play well through the first seven holes, moving along easily despite the heavy pressure on him, and finished the first nine in 37, a stroke over par. His iron play on the second nine was less solid, but he finished with a most respectable 74, two strokes over par. On the second day, his golf wasn't quite on that level, and a 78 gave him a total of 152—four strokes too many to make the cut and qualify to play the last thirty-six holes. Besides being a very appealing man, Lee Elder has considerable talent

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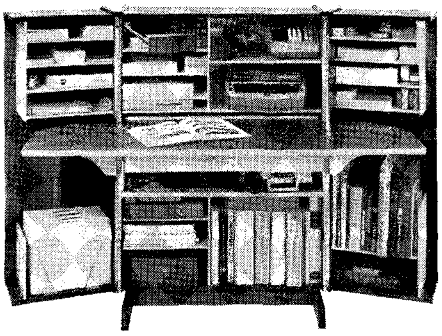

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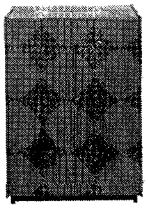

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for golf, and I think we will be seeing him back at Augusta before long.

The leader on that first day was Bobby Nichols, with a 67, but perhaps the best-played round of the day was Jack Nicklaus's 68. He hit all but one fairway and was on every green in the regulation stroke or less. He had thirty-six putts, however, and since thirty-one or thirty-two putts are "par" for a tournament golfer, you can see how impressive his shotmaking was from tee to green. It should be mentioned that conditions were perfect for scoring. There wasn't a whisper of wind, and the drizzle (together with some rain earlier in the week) had made the greens soft and holding.

On the second day, the weather and the playing conditions were much the same, and so was the quality of Nicklaus's golf. A regal 67, which included six birdies, gave him a thirty-six-hole total of 135 and a lead of five full shots on the field. Nicklaus was setting up at the ball so gracefully and correctly before each shot that his work, it seemed, was already done—there was no way that he could hit anything but a first-class shot. Throughout the round, he was very attentive to the task at hand, not permitting himself to relax for a moment. This, of course, is the ideal attitude with which to approach such an ornery game as golf, and Nicklaus probably had his misadventures in the Jackie Gleason-Inverrary Classic six weeks earlier to thank for it. Though he held a comfortable three-stroke lead with only seven holes to go, he blew that tournament, most uncharacteristically, by dropping four strokes to par and finishing in third place, two shots behind the winner, Bob Murphy. After that, playing with really conspicuous determination, he won the two tour tournaments he entered before the Masters—the Doral-Eastern Open and the Heritage Classic. The only flaw in his second round at Augusta was a bogey 5 on the last hole, which stemmed from a hooked 4-iron approach. In the Masters, Nicklaus has had a way of giving strokes back to the course just after he has collected a covey of birdies, and he was not at all pleased with this lapse on the eighteenth—his first bogey of the tournament.

Earlier on that second day, I had gone out with Palmer. He had opened with a promising 69, and carried a very large gallery with him. Although Palmer has not won a major championship since 1964, Arnie's Army still remains a thing apart from all other galleries. A definite electricity runs

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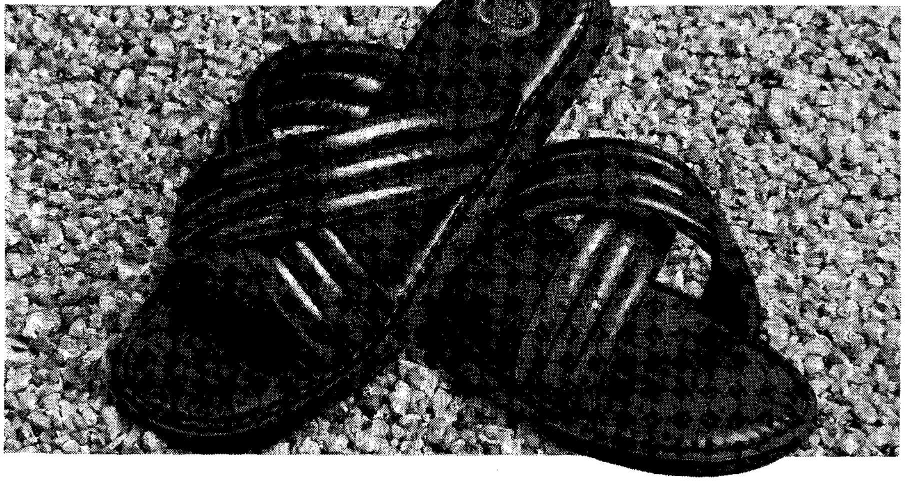

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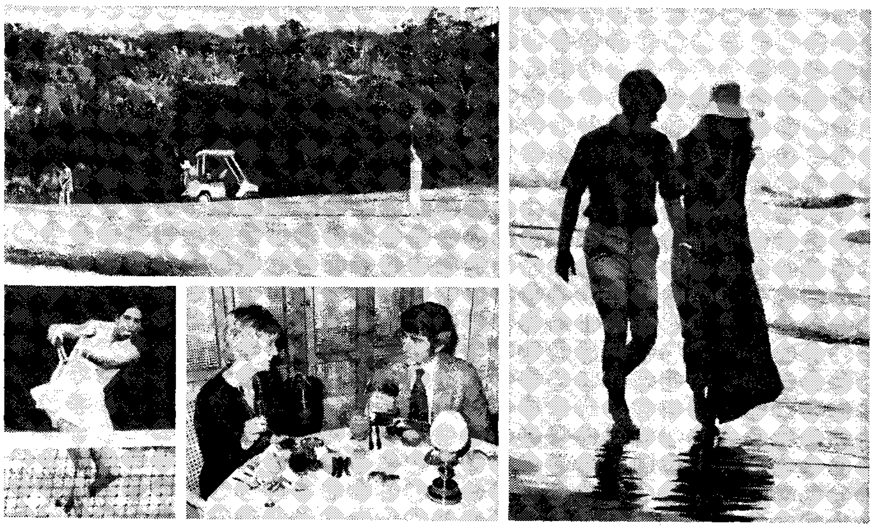

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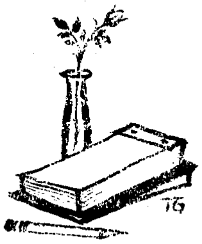


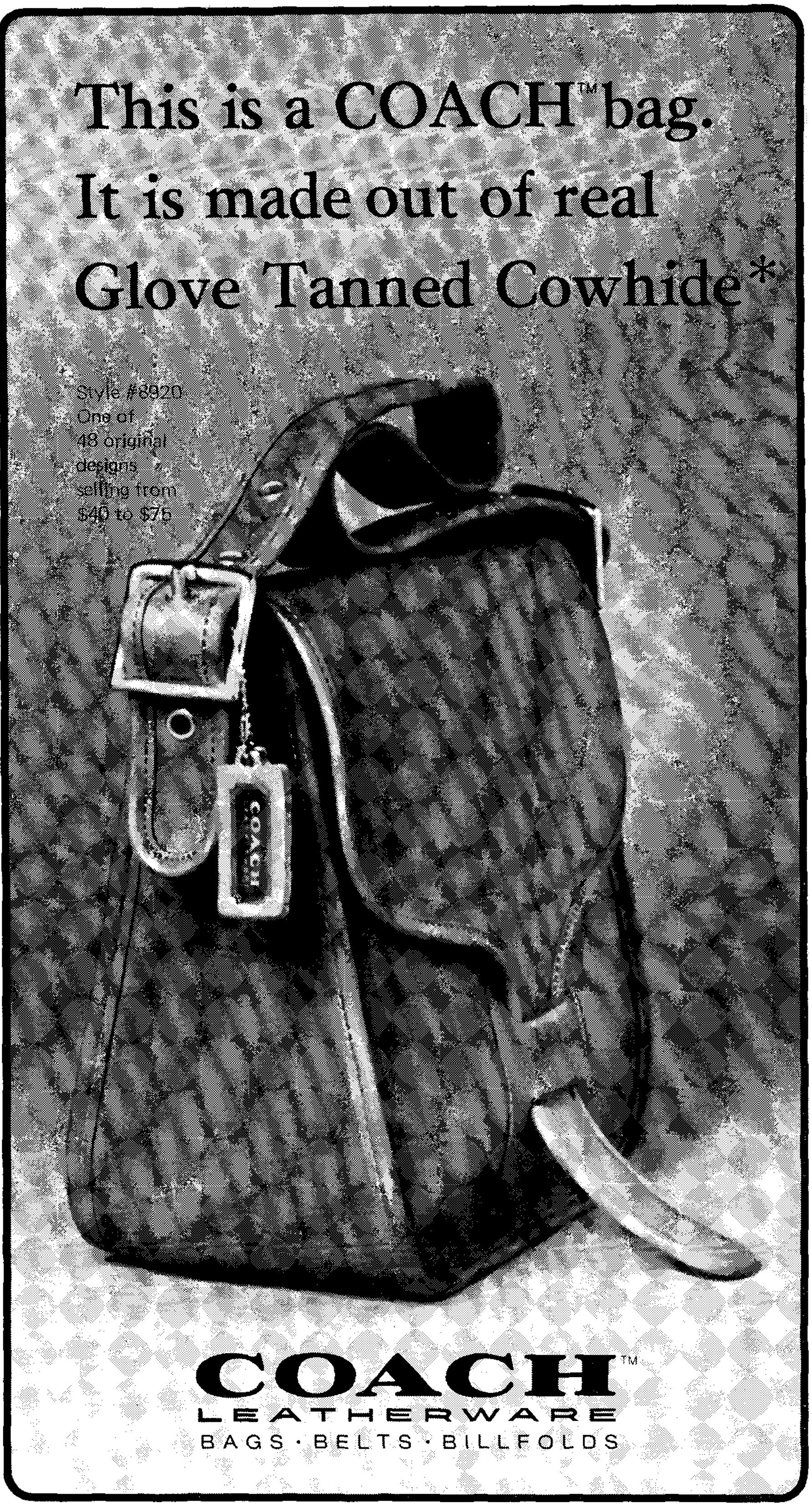
through it. You feel the high-pitched devotion of his fans each step of the way, for they pour a great deal of themselves—their aspirations and their dreams—into their support of this exceptional man. They regard themselves as a small part of American folklore, which indeed they are, and they ask for nothing more. As they trek along the edges of the fairways, they constantly give vent to their thoughts. "I can't express what it would mean to me if Arnold could win just one more Masters," an old friend whom I bumped into in Palmer's gallery that morning said to me, in a voice hoarse with concern. Later, when Palmer rolled in a long birdie putt on the seventh to go five under par for the tournament, a stranger turned to me and said, "If Arnie could win just one more big championship, I don't think I'd attend any more golf tournaments. I'd feel complete." This year, intent upon getting into the best possible shape, Palmer gave up drinking and smoking, and toned up his body by exercising faithfully. He is playing perceptibly better golf than he has played in recent years—and is working incredibly hard on each shot—but the fact remains that, at forty-five, he is prone to error and often must scramble for his figures. On the long eighth that morning, for example, he hooked his drive into the trees, hooked his second back into the trees some sixty yards from the flag, hit the trunk of a tree with his recovery, which ricocheted onto the fairway about fifty-five yards from the flag, and then rescued his par 5 by wedging a lovely pitch a yard from the hole. I left him after the ninth. I had seen some fine golf, but emotionally I was drained.

There were several absorbing developments on Saturday—a cloudless spring day on which a gusty wind came up in the afternoon. To begin with, the men who made the pairings put Palmer and Nicklaus together in the last twosome to go out. It was a bad idea. Their decision was no doubt prompted by the hope of a classic confrontation, but all that it provided was prolonged tension and an awkwardly sprawling gallery of too many thousands. It is a fact of tournament golf that Nicklaus and Palmer, for whatever reasons, do not play well together. On this occasion, both were unhappy about the pairing, and neither came close to producing his best golf. Palmer had a 75, which, as he himself said, could well have been quite a bit higher. Nicklaus had a shaky 73, during which he hit only an occasional shot with the wonderful legato tempo that had marked his play on the first two days. Weiskopf took full advantage of this mediocre performance by Nicklaus. Around in 66, he made up seven strokes on him and moved out in front by one. A big, strong, moody young man, who, like Nicklaus, went to Ohio State, Weiskopf is the peer of any golfer in the world when he is in top form and is thinking well, and he was on this day. He handled the wind expertly, and he had his best putting round ever in the Masters. A thirty-foot birdie putt on the tenth really got him going, and he topped off the round by holing from fifteen feet for birdies on the sixteenth and the eighteenth. And, finally, there was Johnny Miller. Up to this point the disappointment of the tournament, Miller moved into the picture with a 65 that included a record-breaking burst of six straight birdies on the front nine, which he played in 30—another record for the Masters. Miller, a tall, slim, twenty-seven-year-old San Franciscan, needed a round like this, for he had opened with a wayward 75 and followed it with a 71. At that point, quite a few of the spectators were not at all reticent about letting it be known that Miller, who won eight tour tournaments last year and has already won three this year, was a vastly overrated golfer, who could win only in the desert. This, of course, was nonsense. Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, where Miller won the 1973 United States Open, is not exactly Saharan, nor is Nueva Andalucia, in Marbella, Spain, where he won the individual prize in the 1973 World Cup—nor, for that matter, is Troon, in Scotland, where he finished second to Weiskopf in the 1973 British Open. I don't know for certain why golf fans, particularly those along the Atlantic Coast, are so unreasonably hard on Miller, but it may have something to do with his being too much the Golden Boy—the young man with the California manner and the blond good looks, who can from time to time be petulant and outspoken, and who, to make things worse, has won a tremendous amount of money in a very few years. Extreme Nicklaus fans resent Miller's success and the coverage he has received, just as extreme Palmer fans resented the challenge that the young Nicklaus posed for their idol in the early nineteen-sixties. Like Weiskopf, Miller *is* prone to moodiness, but he is an exceedingly gifted golfer. No one realizes more clearly than Miller that he must demonstrate this in the major tournaments. So far, the 1973 United States Open is the only one he has won.

THE climactic fourth round, played on a crisp, sunny day with just enough wind abroad to test a golfer's nerve and ability, began with Weiskopf standing at 207 (nine under par), Nicklaus at 208 (eight under par), and Miller at 211 (five under par). Nicklaus was paired with Tom Watson, the promising young Stanford graduate, in the next-to-last twosome, just ahead of Weiskopf and Miller. It was a storybook situation, for the three leaders not only have the three finest swings in the game but must be included—with Lee Trevino and Gary Player—in anybody's list of the top five golfers in the world today. Perhaps the best way to convey the uncommonly high standard of the golf that all three played from the first tee through the last green, and the unbroken excitement that this kind of play engendered, is just to set the facts down plainly.

During the first nine holes, one thought for the most part in terms of a two-man contest between Weiskopf and Nicklaus. Weiskopf, in sure control of his long, smooth swing, went to the turn with seven pars and two birdies—the first birdie on an eighteen-foot putt on the third hole, and the second on a 5-iron to eight feet on the par-3 sixth. At that, he dropped a stroke to Nicklaus, who, after hitting his opening tee shot deep into the woods and starting with a bogey, birdied the second with a superlative explosion shot, the third with an excellent wedge pitch, the fifth with a 5-iron to four feet, and the ninth with an equally fine 8-iron approach to six feet. He was out in 33, and now he and Weiskopf shared the lead at eleven under par. As for Miller, he cancelled out a birdie on the second with a bogey on the third. Then he began to move. Two flag-covering iron shots, a 6-iron on the fourth and a 4-iron on the sixth, set up birdies on these holes, and he birdied the long eighth by getting home in two. When he went on to birdie the ninth by holing from fifteen feet, he was out in 32 and had pulled to within two shots of the leaders. Now he definitely had to be reckoned with.

Then the pattern began to change. On the 445-yard eleventh, the first of the five holes on the in nine where a



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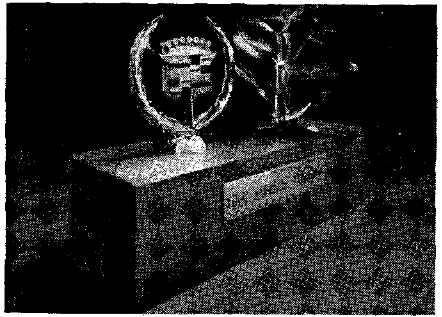

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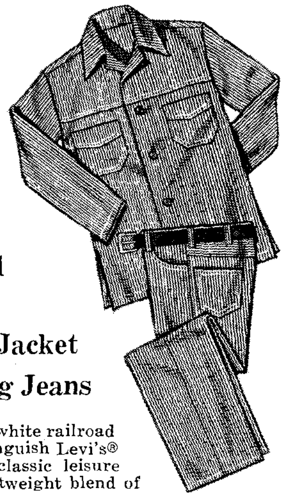

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water hazard either guards the entrance to the green or flanks the green, Weiskopf made his first error, hooking his second, a 5-iron, a fatal foot too much. The ball slid down the sharp bank of the green into a small pond to the left, and Weiskopf, after taking a penalty stroke and having to drop his ball on the other side of the water in line with its point of entry into the hazard, escaped with a mere bogey 5 only because he cut a marvellous little wedge flip stone dead. Miller also bogeyed this hole, his two-foot putt for a par spinning out of the cup. He got that stroke back, however, when he was the only one of the three to birdie the thirteenth, the first of the two eminently birdieable par 5s on the second nine. At this juncture, Nicklaus, who had started back with four straight pars, led Weiskopf by a shot, Miller by two.

The key to the fourteenth, a 420-yard par 4, is gauging the approach accurately: the player must be certain he carries the massive undulation at the front part of the green, which breaks toward him like a Pacific comber. Nicklaus was short with his pitch. He then hit his approach putt—up and over the wave—much too hard. Three putts, a bogey 5, and a swing of two big strokes, since Weiskopf birdied the hole with a handsome 8-iron approach. This put him back in the lead—a shot ahead of Nicklaus, two ahead of Miller.

On the 520-yard fifteenth, the second birdieable par 5 on the in nine, there were three birdies. All three players carried the pond before the green with no trouble, Nicklaus and Weiskopf with 1-iron seconds, Miller with a 5-wood. The critical shots here were the sixteen-foot putt for an eagle which Nicklaus missed and the twelve-foot putt for a birdie which Weiskopf made. Nicklaus, on the green of the sixteenth, a 190-yard par 3, was in a perfect position to see Weiskopf's birdie putt; he stood there waiting for five minutes while Watson, whose tee shot had caught the far edge of the large pond that takes up the area a fairway would normally occupy, went back to the tee and played his third stroke, which also went into the water, and his fifth stroke, which he put on the green. By this time, Weiskopf and Miller, having moved on to the sixteenth tee, were in a perfect position to watch Nicklaus play the magnificent shot that, in retrospect, decided the tournament. The flag that day was set near the front of the narrow upper tier at the back right-hand corner of the green. It is dangerous to try to carry the

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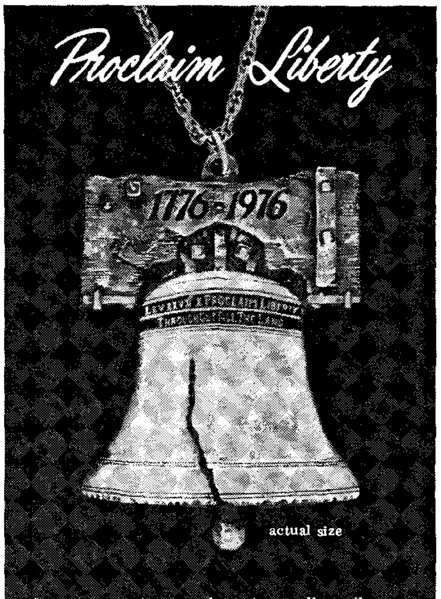

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ball onto this terrace, because its surface is very resilient and a trap lurks close behind it. Nicklaus, in any event, had played a 5-iron that was not solidly struck and ended up on the left side of the green, forty feet from the cup. Watson, who was farther away, had about the same putt, and Nicklaus watched closely the course that Watson's ball took as it climbed the slope to the hole and twisted off to the left. As he studied his own putt again, he got the feeling, as he later explained, that he might possibly hole it—he thought he saw the line to the cup that clearly. Evidently he did, for his firm putt, played to break eighteen inches to the left, was still a good twelve feet from the hole when you could see from his gestures that he was sure the putt was going in. The ball found the middle of the cup, and Nicklaus broke into an Indian war dance. He was tied for the lead again. When Weiskopf subsequently failed to make his par on the sixteenth—after a fat 5-iron that finished eighty feet from the cup, he needed three to get down—Nicklaus was out in front all by himself.

Nicklaus played a careful par 4 on the seventeenth, and another careful par 4 on the 420-yard eighteenth, which runs uphill to a slippery terraced green, with the flag set on the left side of the lower level. Shortly after he arrived at the home green, a loud salvo of applause erupted from the seventeenth. Nicklaus, who is not only a fierce competitor but a canny one, purposely dawdled away a little time looking over his putt—a twelve-footer breaking from right to left—until the scores from the seventeenth were posted on the large greenside leaderboard and he saw that it was Miller, and not Weiskopf, who had made the birdie that provoked the cheers. He decided then to play a conservative putt: his ball fell off the line early and finished a short two feet below the cup. That was the intelligent stroke. The high side of the cup may be the "professional's side," but it is also the dangerous side: a ball played too high often slides several feet past the cup and leaves the golfer a tough sidehiller coming back, not a comparatively straightforward uphill tap.

With Nicklaus safely home, Weiskopf and Miller each had to finish with a birdie 3 to tie him. Neither of them had given up. Miller's approach, an 8-iron, sat down twenty feet from the flag—a little beyond it, to the right. After a prodigious drive, Weiskopf had only a three-quarter 9-iron left. He hit a great, soft-falling shot seven feet beyond the flag. Miller gave his putt a

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chance, but it was never in. Weiskopf played his just outside the right-hand corner of the cup, counting on a tiny break to the left. He hit it just where he aimed it. The ball ghosted slowly by the corner of the cup. There hadn't been even an eighth of an inch of break. The tournament—one that people will probably talk about as long as golf is played—was over.

While Nicklaus was a thoroughly deserving winner, I must confess that I felt very sympathetic toward Weiskopf and Miller. They had played so well and with such courage that they were entitled to something more than trudging off the last green as "gallant runners-up." The finish of this tournament brought to my mind Bob Jones's words to Ken Venturi at the presentation ceremony after the 1960 Masters. Palmer had just edged out Venturi—who had lost a heartbreaking Masters four years before—by birdieing the last two holes, and Jones said, "Ken, it gives me great pleasure to present you this silver medal, and the Lord knows it ought to be a lot more." What a tremendous bid Weiskopf had made for his birdie on the final hole! And what incredible golf Miller had played the last two days: 65-66—131, the lowest thirty-six-hole stretch in the history of the Masters! The old desert rat had made up ten strokes on Nicklaus.

Nicklaus, who turned thirty-five in January, is probably at the peak of his career right now. His victory in the 1975 Masters was his fifth in the event—something no one else has achieved. It was also his fifteenth victory in a major championship—two more than Jones's total, and a record that will take some doing to equal. He is quite a golfer, Jack William Nicklaus. At the windup of his attenuated interview in the press tent on Sunday evening, Nicklaus said that what he planned to do next was spend some time at Muirfield Village, the golf course he has designed on the outskirts of Columbus, Ohio. There is no question at all that he had earned the right to indulge himself for a spell and enjoy a little golf-course architecture.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Justice McGivern confirmed yesterday that "ejectment proceedings" against the museum had been discussed by the justices. "In the face of strong public opinion, we'd have to do something—but the question of what would have to be researched, maybe by the Corporation Counsel. We'll have to burn that bridge when we come to it," he said.—*The Times*.

And cross that book behind us.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Light-Years Ahead of the Cuckoo Clock

CLAUDE GORETTA's Swiss film "The Invitation" is a bewitchingly attentive tale about the blossoming of the mundane, like much great Russian fiction. We start in an oblong space packed with clerks. Typewriters are hammering. Private lives are being lived out of desk drawers, where individualities are represented by belongings stowed away beside sticky soap containers. Who would have thought that a story of a summer idyll veined with moments of singularity and wild farce could properly begin like this, in a stuffily sober and canonical office? Chekhov, certainly. Dostoevski, certainly.

Goretta wrote the screenplay himself, with Michel Viala. His golden film seals the achievement of what is coming to be thought of as the new Swiss school of cinema. We have seen Alain Tanner's "La Salamandre" (1972), "Charles Dead or Alive" (1972), and "Le Retour d'Afrique" (1973), and his new, quietly revolutionary film about passionate love, "The Middle of the World" (1975); and Michel Soutter's "The Surveyors" (1972); and now "The Invitation," which won a Special Jury Prize in Cannes in 1973 and an Academy Award nomination for Best Foreign Film of 1973. Two years seems a long time for New York to wait for such an important film, which is typical of its school in its subsumed political content, its beauty, its fine character detail, and its originality about storytelling.

The office in which Goretta begins is shaped like a bus, except that the driver—the boss, M. Collard (Pierre Collet)—occupies a pompously partitioned glass box behind the passengers, or clerks. They type submissively, facing one another's backs in rows, and all seeming much alike at first glance; the differences between men and women, young and old, pretty and plain, shy bachelor and professional buffoon are nearly erased by the uniformity of the job. We never learn what the work is. Idiosyncrasy quickly presides. A middle-aged, bullet-headed man named René (Jacques Rispal) is surreptitiously ringing home. We learn to identify him as a compulsive telephoner. His face in this scene bears a look of minor anxiety which might belong to a reporter calling in copy about a flower show. He asks for "Mummy." His mother? No, his wife. "Raphael, it's Daddy," he whispers to the unseen and unheard little boy on the other end of the line. The camera gradually comes to dwell on Remy Placet (Michel Robin), an aging man who in the office lunch hour fastidiously arranges himself a meal place laid with blue plastic cutlery on one side of his desk. Then he settles down to eat frugally and to turn over the pages of a beautifully illuminated book that he keeps in a drawer. A delicate, interesting-looking man with long fingers and a stoop, wearing a sleeveless cardigan. Then a montage of him at home, living with his mother, who is crazy about flowers, like him. An impression of nobility and distinctness about her face, as about his. Back in the office, the boss is dictating reams of figures to a secretary. A call comes from the police. Placet's mother is dead. He takes the call in the boss's office, covertly watched by the rest of the staff. Then he sobs, and faints. The staff rush in. M. Collard, out of his depth, is told by René to get a wastepaper basket. Obeying, he asks what to do with it. "Put it under his legs," says the underling, who has occupied the vacuum left by the boss. Placet is given two months' leave.

This is really the prologue to the substance of the film, which happens on a day off. Near the end of the two months, Placet sends invitations to all the members of the staff, including the boss. Not to their husbands or wives; it would make the unmarried feel lonely. One by one, on this particularly hot day, they turn up. They were expecting Placet's late humble circumstances, and perhaps cucumber sandwiches eaten on uncomfortable chairs. Instead, they find themselves drowning in a haze of sun and hospitality as visitors to a finely planted estate shaded by great trees. A hired butler called Émile (François Simon, son of Michel Simon), wearing a white jacket and white gloves, brings them from the high, white front gate to Placet's ivy-covered mansion. Shy at first, they gain confidence as the group gathers. A plump little red-headed secretary called Aline (Cécile Vassort), wearing a dress with a miniskirt not much broader than a belt, bounds excitably around the house like a golden-retriever puppy. The more gingerly guests inspect the pictures, including a drawing of Placet's dead mother. And her harp. "My mother was an original. An artist," says Placet, softly. The house charms him: "It's not like a snack on a paper plate." His pleasure in it puts to shame the muttered speculations about how much all this cost. He sold the modest urban house he shared with his mother, and put up more money—all he had, probably—to buy his splendid new place. In reply to his boss's impressed toast to him, he toasts the gathering. "Now that I have overcome my—difficulty, I am happy to be among you," he says. A diligent but sovereign man: long wisps of hair carefully combed over his bald patch; face flushed with the hope of everyone's having a convivial time. He has been at the office for twenty years, but no one who has known him there has ever had a picture of him as this sort of host. The drinks are served by the gliding Émile. He has been hired only for the day. His skin is his job's, but François Simon's exact expression of the soul of the gentleman's gentleman within makes it clear that there is no conflict in the character between working for others and a feeling of self-ownership. Émile's ease allows him to go about his business without snobbery or unctuousness. He conveys an exquisitely tuned sense of his realm, in which he is entirely like Placet. The butler is paid to do a job that he executes from an engrossed distance: always watchful, never intrusive, opening bottles of wine with minimal gestures, whisking a cocktail shaker up and down near his ear, dealing unreproachfully with the exuberance of this initially muted assortment of people who soon begin to be caught up in bacchanalia. He has a comic fund of lore about the right drink for the right occasion. In one of the moments of impending eruption that occur during Placet's at-home—as they will in the course of anything as testing as a long party—the lenitive hireling gently utters a recipe involving larch leaves and pine cones, drunk by the Lapps in childbirth. We have to go through these things, he seems to be saying silently: childbirth, work, pleasure, overindulgence, bathos, trial, Elysium, endings. He tells the office clown, a horse-faced prankster named Maurice (Jean-Luc Bideau), how to lace pineapple-and-rum with a touch of Angostura and cinnamon, as they do in Fiji. Maurice wallows in the mixture, which wafts him into trying to concoct a party mood with a very uninfectious hula-hula, danced to the music of a transistor radio that he jerks back and forth in one of his rhythmless hands. Émile

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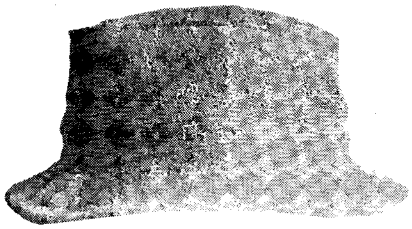

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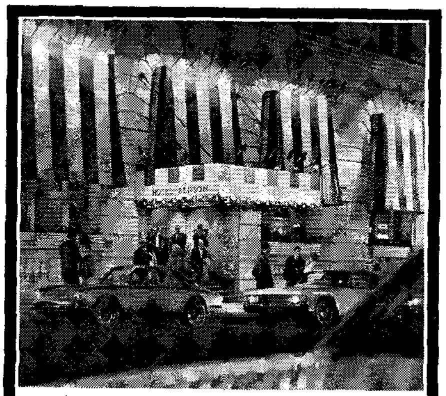
politely weaves his own neat gavotte through the dance, joining in enough for courtesy but nonetheless bent on his job. Maurice collapses later into a garden seat. His girl friend, Hélène (Rosine Rochette), and the giggly Aline in turn lower their heads to his stomach to listen to the sounds within, which he happily swears to be the sounds of the South Seas. Miss Emma (Neige Dolsky), a frail woman in patterned chiffon who has never been much noticed at the office, has meanwhile got softly tipsy with the unaccustomed potion from the land of tropical palms, and locked herself in the bathroom. She doesn't answer her colleagues' knocks, or even the professional soft rapping of Émile, who is used to such mishaps suffered in the cause of gaiety. She simply sits on a chair and gazes at the cistern without a blink, as if she were looking into the flames of a fire and remembering her life while the heat singed her eyeballs.

Downstairs, René is again on the telephone to his wife, sending news bulletins covering practically every step of the action. He omits, we assume, the incident just before, when he picked an apple in Placet's orchard with a furtiveness that he suddenly saw to have been noticed by a gardener over a hedge. "There's a lot, eh?" said René, about the apples, trying to sound casual. "You know, there aren't as many as one sees," said the gardener, a ruddy man in a boater who proceeded to lift member after member of his throng of children above the level of the hedge to say how-do-you-do to his employer's guest. The rules of class reign in this kingdom to such an extent that it makes no matter if the privileged are found to be faulty; Émile, too, is unfailingly deferential to his employer's friends, even though they are visibly not quite his friends but are merely seizing a chance to indulge their own wishes. M. Collard, relieved at being able to loosen his grip on the role he can never quite deal with if it gets beyond the question of dictating figures to a secretary, turns out to be much more of an office Lothario than Maurice is. Collard finds himself drawn to a pretty blonde named Simone (Corinne Coderey), whom he had never taken in when she was sitting at a desk. With Maurice, talking to him like a father about getting married, he suddenly lets his hair down and confesses that, though married, he has had a girl friend who has greeted him with Mozart and a gin fizz every Wednesday for the last ten



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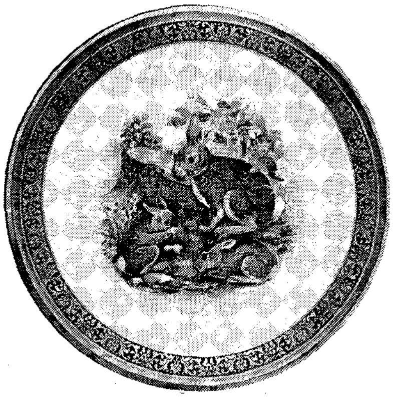

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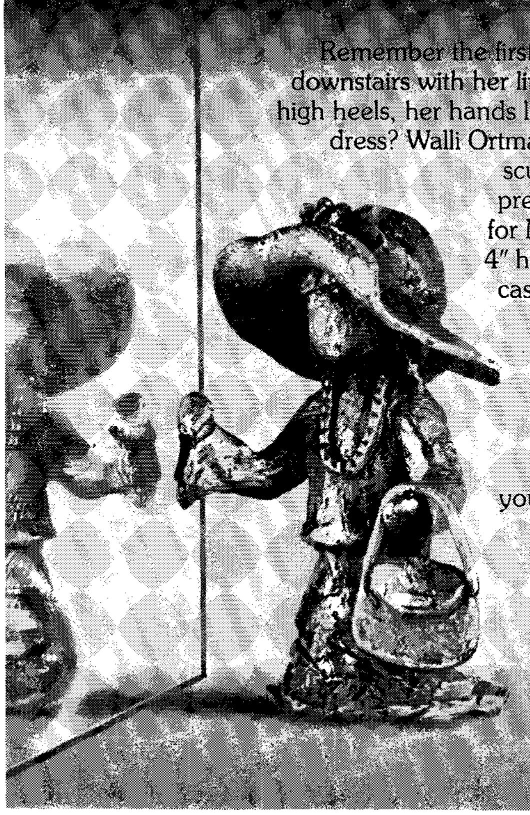
years. Later on, he has a scramble with Simone in the bushes and asks if she likes Mozart. "Yes," she responds, with the simplicity that is the tonic note of the film, "I like anything classical."

The abstemious Émile, called on to toast Aline, utters a proverb from his world bank of adages and cocktail recipes. "Happy is he who receives the cup from a flaming-maned virgin," he says, and he slips away. The flaming-maned virgin gets drunk and embarks on a striptease to some music in her own head. For a flash, chaos breaks loose. This garden of license—where guests have run through the sprinkler, where Placet has talked about the care of flowers that he speaks of by Latin names, where Maurice's girl friend's ash-blond wig has slipped and eventually fallen off her brunette hair—turns momentarily into a frightening place. There is a pent-up outburst about the perils of indulgence from the assistant general manager, Lamel (Jean Champion), a stiff-backed man with a toothbrush mustache who has never even taken off his coat. Everything about the day has scared him. So he roars. The feast chills. Lamel abuses the happy little stripper, who runs upstairs in tears. The boss is blamed for not keeping order. In his turn, he rounds on anyone he can find. Lamel's anger is perhaps aimed mostly at Placet's repose, and at his bashful generosity in paying a ridiculously big wager laid against him by Maurice in a guessing game. A hundred francs blown. To Lamel, it is an insult: more loose money than he has in a month, and given in a responsive impulse of Placet's which he defines as both patronizing and frivolous. Voices are raised, and Placet's apologies do nothing to quiet them. Things have not turned out as he hoped. Lamel knocks him out. The contrite guests carry him to a sofa. In their own way, all the guests are sorry. They wish to stay in case they can make things better, but they also deeply wish to leave. The revived Placet, who has as true an instinct about the moment for endings as he has about a flowering bush's time to be pruned, wants their company yet sends them away. So Émile and Placet are alone, the one clearing up, the other dabbing a cut on a swollen lip. A plan is made, considered, and refused, after a touched pause between them: Placet would like Émile to stay for good, but Émile explains that he has need of travel. The project isn't consummated, but the gesture has been made. Recall of intense intimacy will



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remain. The party likewise evolved in its own sunlit and unexpected way. The hidebound and the lissome, by altering under one another's eyes on a festive day, are now a family. Next day, Placet is back at the office.

So the movie ends. Very little story, but a world fully created, by narrative means that are unobtrusively new. This film is one of the most innovative of all the features made by Groupe 5, a set of five Swiss directors who have entered into an arrangement with Suisse Romande TV through which the station has financed up to half the production costs of their moviemaking. Goretta was a founder of the group. The other best-known members are Soutter and Tanner; Goretta worked with Tanner in London during the years of the fifties breakthrough in the English arts, and co-directed, with Tanner, the 1956 documentary "Nice Time," on a grant from the experimental fund of the British Film Institute.

"The Invitation" is very much of the school in its quiet sense of politics. For many years, the films we called "political" have been preoccupied with the touting of party lines or, at best, narrowly concerned with the workings of government or of revolution, but there is now beginning to be a spate of something else. These new films are concerned with the workings of character in society, which is to interpret "political" in a more full-grown and ample way. For all its appearance of being simple and anecdotal, "The Invitation" is a profoundly political film, because it is about change, about the effect of people on one another, about a balance between anarchy and system. Anarchy is needed to cauterize what has become ignoble, says the story; system is needed to sustain innocence. The film's subject—Placet—is innocence's representative in his plan to give pleasure to his only friends. When they find him altered, and ensconced in good fortune, the guileless in the company respond to his luck and join him in an interlude that only the staled or the jealous can taint. The day is finally won back by the shared stoicism and poise of Placet and Émile. Apart from the course of their futures, they have everything in common. The colleagues in temperament have been attuned to one another all the way through the film, linked underwater like swimmers in a relay race handing on a baton. They both let go of the events of the day with an exact comprehension of the unspoken pressures on the people who took part in them. This is a very political sort of under-

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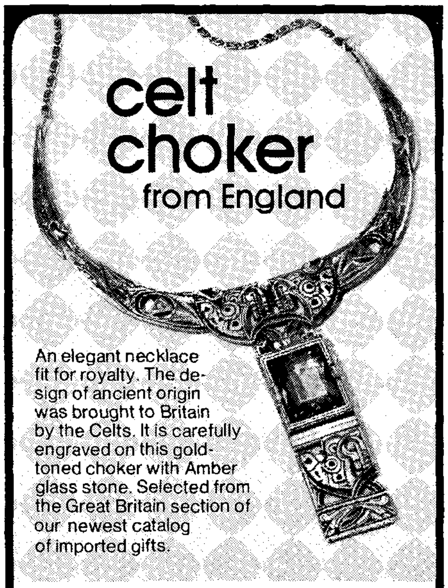

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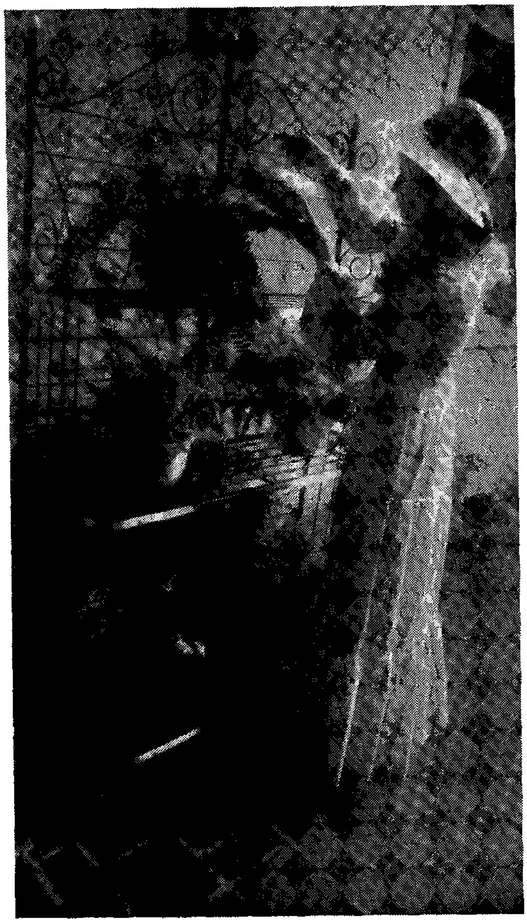
standing, and it floods the film with light from the inside.

CREDITS in English, with quite unrelated subtitles that make remarks about Swedish travel, written in an English that is spelled as though it were Swedish. A mournful-looking wench being weighed against a duck as a test for witches. Approximately fifteenth-century monks hitting their foreheads with what appear to be butter boards, or perhaps early wooden don't-forget pads. We are up to here in the Middle Ages as seen by "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," directed by Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones. The picture is a cheerfully loused-up reworking of the legend of King Arthur's Grail hunt. This is the legend that has been such a nuisance to children and others who have tried to sort out the difference between "Iseult (Isoud, Ysolde, or Ysoude), La Beale, in the Arthurian legend, [who] is the sister or daughter of the King of Ireland," as in "The Oxford Companion to English Literature," and "Iseult (Isoud, Ysolde, or Ysoude), La Blanche Mains, in the Arthurian legend, [who] is the daughter of the Duke of Brittany and the wife of Tristram," as in "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." Neither of these ladies is investigated by the film, but everything else that has ever worried you about the Holy Grail, wimples, King Arthur, Malory, and the general mucking about of poets with the same old story is tackled head on.

The Monty Python lot, a band of voluble English surrealists made famous by BBC TV, unexpectedly began to collect hordes of fans in America with their film "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972). They have lately been keeping growing numbers of New Yorkers in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. The writers and actors of the new chaos about the Holy Grail include all the original Monty Python repertory steadies: Graham Chapman, John Cleese, the two Terrys, Eric Idle, and Michael Palin, with Connie Booth and Carol Cleveland as their sexpot aides. The film also includes Neil Innes, who wrote the music, and John Young. In this version of the Grail-tale, King Arthur's knights are extremely cowardly, dirty, testy, and ill-starred. One of them has a visor that falls down whenever he lifts it for purposes of nicely-brought-up conversation. The King himself, who hesitantly presents himself as Arthur, King of the Britons, to everyone



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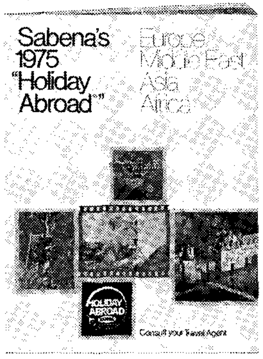

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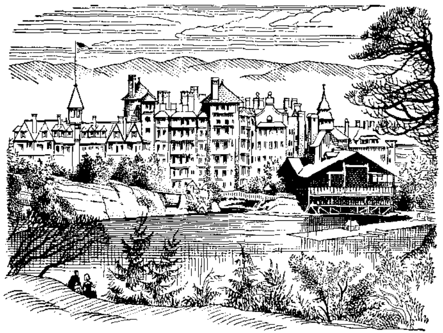

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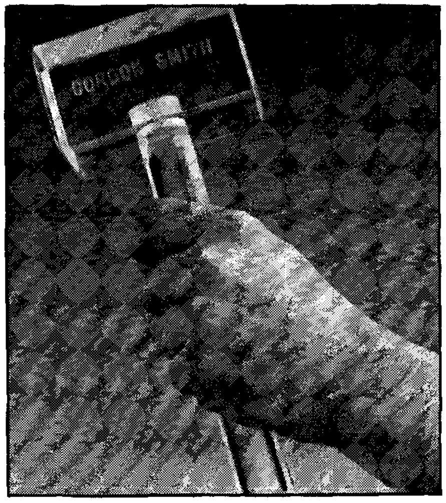

he meets, has remarkably little effect on the lowly for a man of such high estate. He does especially badly with the workers, represented by a couple of medieval Marxists who are never at a loss for a combative piece of cant. Rattily held in conditions of total slush, the peasant seminar on anarcho-syndicalist communes continues in spite of the presence of the enemy class. The enemy class, being Arthur, quails. He seems exceptionally underprivileged as well as mentally underendowed. Perhaps this is because he is such an early king. He hasn't even got a horse. To make up the lack, he jogs or canters, playing both rider and mount in styles as close as possible to the look of England's present queen and her best horse. The enterprise is egged on by hoof-like noises provided by his manservant, called Patsy, who bangs a couple of coconut shells in time to his royal master's horsey bumps. The coconut shells lead, for some sublime absence of reason, to a quarrel between one of the Grail-questers and a local type about whether coconuts migrate. Don't be silly. Of course they don't. But they could be taken by swallows who gripped them by the husk. But there it's not a question of where a swallow grips it, it's a question of weight ratios. Like many of the best debates in the film, this particular one is yelled between someone on the ramparts of a castle and someone in the filth below. Musical geniuses have begged for centuries that arias in opera should advance the action; the creators of Monty Python now beg that rows in drama should have an equivalent right to drag the action to a standstill, and quite possibly send it packing.

If the film can be said to have a theme, it has three. These are swallows, mud, and the Grail. Swallows keep recurring. So does mud, and all manner of other dirt. The King is brusquely recognized as being quite likely to be a king because he hasn't got mud on his clothes. There is also a certain amount of wistfully lewd talk from eight-score young and cloistered medieval blondes (some with "basic medical training") when they see one of King Arthur's knights. And a very large number of mud-soaked animal corpses are thrown from castle battlements, all with a strong look of being the works of a taxidermist so abysmally uninterested in his job that he never reached second-year apprenticeship. As to the Grail, the quest for that leads every which way, because no one seems at all certain what he is looking for. The confusion grows when King Arthur and his trusty knights meet the

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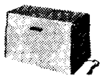

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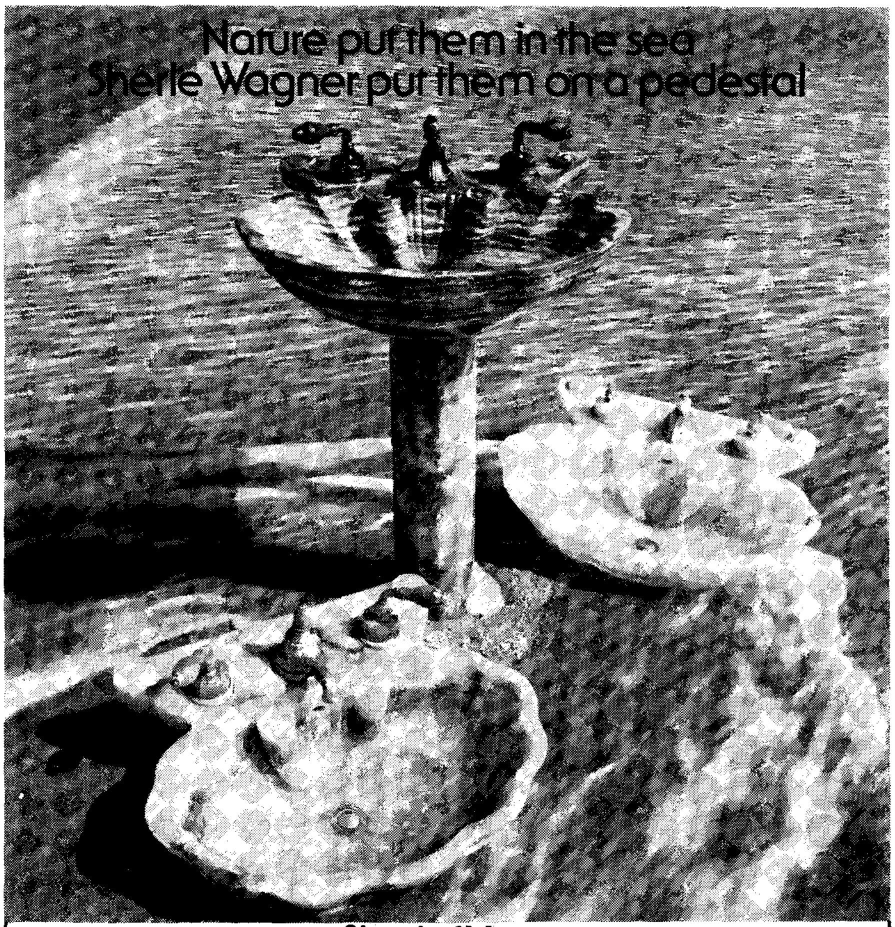
Enchanter, who puts them on the Grail's course: this Enchanter, who bolts out jets of fire as though he were barbecuing steaks with a laser beam, is blessed with a Scottish accent so heavy that he pronounces "Grail" as "grill." The thought that the Grail is the third theme brings to mind a fine scene in which Scriptural advice about counting to three in launching a Holy Hand Grenade is taken as a text by some very etiolated-looking monks: "And the Lord spake, saying, first shalt thou take out the Holy Pin, then shalt thou count to three, no more, no less. Three shall be the number thou shalt count, and the number of the counting shall be three. Four shalt thou not count, neither count thou two, excepting that thou then proceed to three. . . . Once the number three, being the third number, be reached, then lobbest thou thy Holy Hand Grenade of Antioch toward thy foe, who, being naughty in my sight, shall croak." This is a typical quote from the film, which belongs to a serio-loopy school of one. So are the strange oaths that John Cleese as an Anglophobic Frenchman hurls at King Arthur and his band ("English k-niggets!. . . Sons of a window dresser!"), and a scrap of chatty scientific counselling held en route to somewhere or other which marks England's emergence from the Dark Ages. (Sir Tristram: "And that, my Lord, is how we know the earth to be banana-shaped." King Arthur: "This new learning amazes me, Sir Tristram. Explain again how sheeps' bladders may be employed to prevent these so-called earthquakes.") One also grows fond of an Angry Young Mannish other king, with a throttling North of England accent. He is encumbered with two hopelessly inefficient guards who prove to have the verbal-retention capacity of toddlers when the King gives them a simple order to keep a watch on his son. The prince is a pale youth named Herbert, sometimes casually referred to as Alice by his impatient and beefy father. At his most Alice moments, the prince will obey a recurring urge to lean out of a castle window into the gloaming and burst into overorchestrated melodies, which are doused by the angry monarch after half a bar. The whole film, which is often recklessly funny and sometimes a matter of comic genius, is a triumph of errancy and muddle. Its mind strays like an eye, and it thrives on following false trails. The Monty Python people have won a peculiar right to be funny even when they make a mess of things, because their style accepts floundering as a condition of life. —PENELOPE GILLIATT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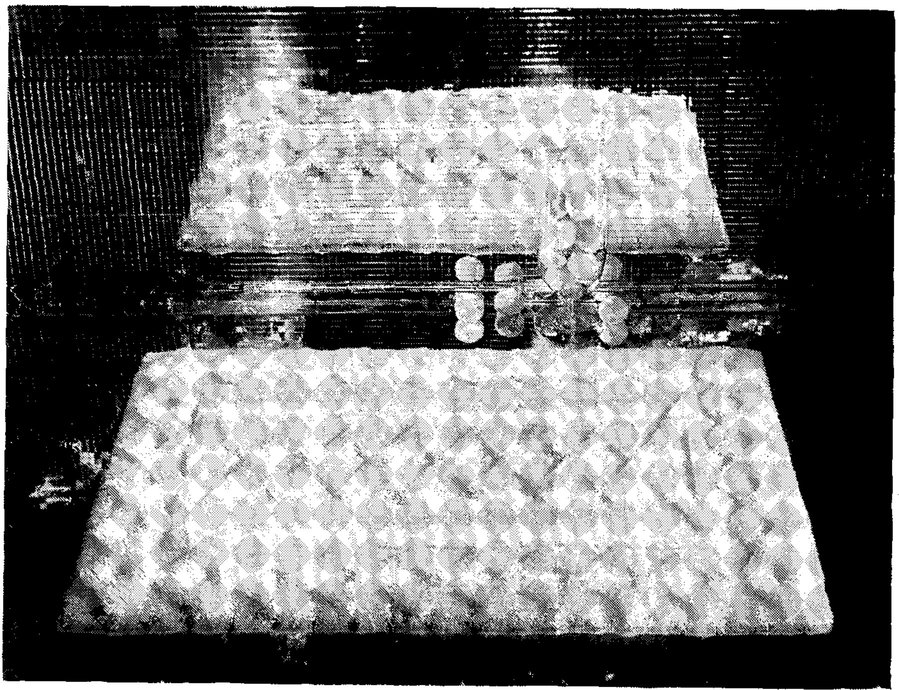

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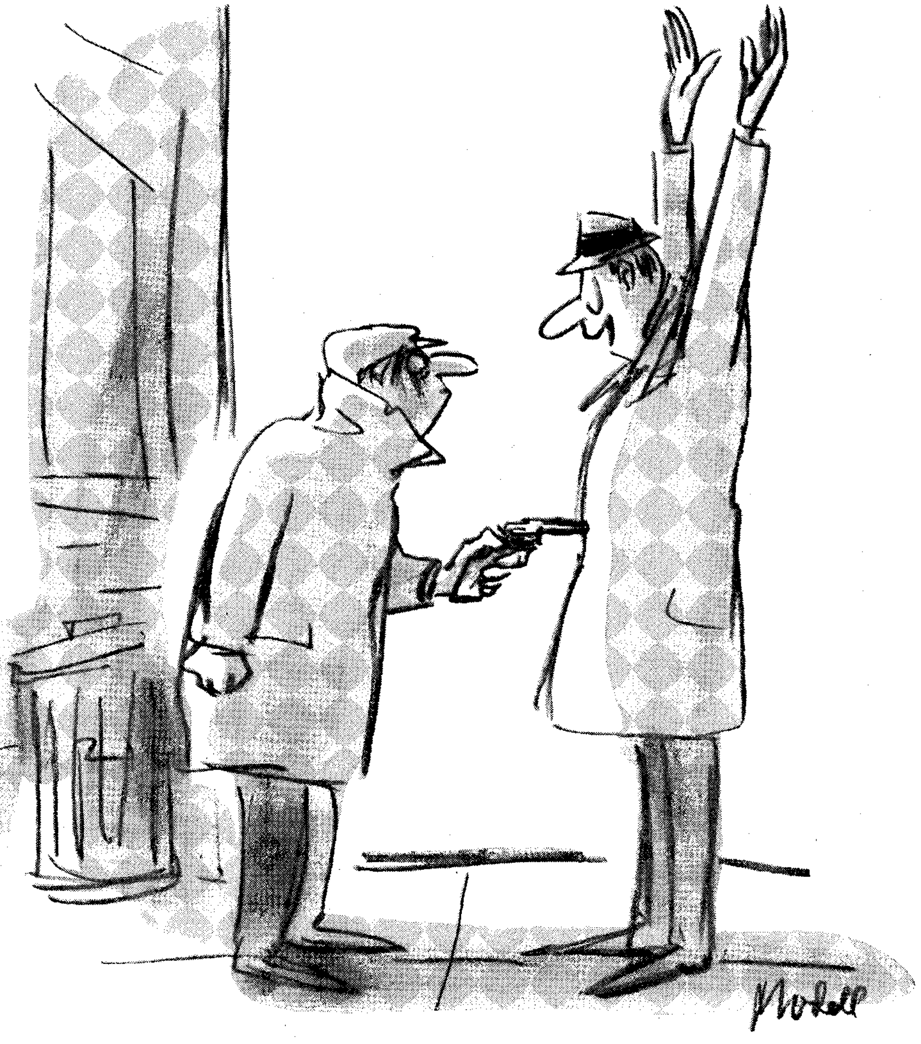
MUSICAL EVENTS

Three Halls, Three Sopranos

TOWN HALL needs money. It needs, to be precise, $365,000 to underwrite its programs for the next three years, and has announced that unless the sum can be found it will close on August 31st. Most cultural institutions need money. The reason for raising Town Hall's plight in these critical columns is that—when the tricky equations of acoustics, accessibility, atmosphere, sight lines, performers-and-audience contact, and comfort have been made—Town Hall seems to me the best of New York's homes for solo, chamber, and chamber-orchestra music-making. It seats fifteen hundred people—four hundred more than Alice Tully Hall does—and it lacks Tully Hall's spacious lobby. But the back rows at Town Hall are closer to the platform than the back rows at Tully Hall, and in general the sound of the place is warmer. Since Town Hall opened, in 1921, it has housed many great interpreters. Mary Garden, Povla Frijsh, Jennie Tourel, Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Rosa Ponselle, Kirsten Flagstad, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Joan Sutherland; Kreisler, Szigeti, and Heifetz; Wanda Landowska; Casals; Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Gieseking, Schnabel, and Guiomar Novaës; Bartók, Strauss, and Stravinsky are but a few names chosen at random from the long list of musicians who have appeared there. (The lecturers include Eve Curie, Galsworthy, Maeterlinck, and Winston Churchill. In fact, Town Hall was built, by the League for Political Education, as a lecture hall, and its musical excellence was a chance by-product of the League's insistence that its auditorium should be designed on "democratic principles" that allowed speakers to be seen well and heard well from every seat.) History is a good reason for saving a building; an even better reason the fact that there is no other building to serve a particular purpose quite so well. (What would New York's orchestral life be if Carnegie Hall had been torn down?) Town Hall slumped when Tully Hall opened—and the increasing sordidness of Times Square did not help. But since I have been in New York I have watched Town Hall activities grow, have often enjoyed its conveniently timed five-forty-five or six-o'clock recitals, and have noted the lively attendance at other events—the series of travel films; the appearances of Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, and Myrna Loy; the al-fresco excursions from Town Hall into Bryant Park and Grace Plaza for jazz concerts—beyond a music critic's sober brief. Only the musical celebrities seem to have forgotten a place their predecessors favored. If I were an established artist—a Janet Baker, Rostropovich, or Segovia—I would insist, as Julian Bream does, on giving at least one Town Hall recital on every New York visit. Although in a larger auditorium I could earn more money and reach more people, Town Hall serves the music better.



"What a coincidence! I'm left-handed, too."

KLARA BARLOW, who appeared as a coloratura soprano at Carnegie Recital Hall twenty-one years ago, chose Town Hall for her New York début recital, last week, as a dramatic soprano. The first part of her program was arias, ranging from "O Hoffnung! O komm'!," from Beethoven's "Leonore" (a more elaborately florid piece than the familiar "Komm', Hoffnung" in the revised "Fidelio"), to "Al dolce guidami" and "Coppia iniqua," from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena." The second part began with songs by Brahms and Richard Strauss; then Miss Barlow changed into a black robe and boldly essayed a full dramatic enactment of the heroine's first monologue in "Elektra." Miss Barlow, who has sung Leonore, Isolde, and Marina (in "Boris Godunov") at the Metropolitan and has been engaged there for Elektra next season, has a secure, powerful, and well-schooled soprano. She is the kind of honest, solidly reliable singer, definite in intention and definite about the actual notes, that is becoming increasingly rare. (Florence Easton, a Turandot and Isolde versatile enough to be Puccini's first Lauretta, in "Gianni Schicchi," was an exemplar of the breed.) There is not much sensuous allure in Miss Barlow's firm, strong tone, and no trace of dainty charm in her heroic manner. Yet I feel that I could go to hear her even in so apparently inappropriate a role as Verdi's Violetta or Puccini's Mimì with the assurance that nothing would be fudged or shirked. She drew long, clear lines. She plainly knew the meaning of everything she sang, and how to express it. The Donizetti, its coloratura sounded and not fluttered through, revealed an agility that most sopranos lose when they have graduated to Isolde and Brünnhilde. Town Hall gave its usual acoustic welcome to both soft-breathed, shapely confidences, in Brahms' "Von ewiger Liebe" and the full-throated, passionate outbursts of the "Elektra" monologue.

CATHERINE MALFITANO's recital in Tully Hall, the next day, was a family affair. Her father (and teacher), Joseph, played violin obbligatos in Mozart's "Schon lacht der holde Frühling" (done in an unattributed arrangement for voice, violin, and piano) and Adam's "Ah, vous dirai-je" variations, and the accompaniment in voice-and-violin songs by Vaughan Williams, Alan Hovhaness, and Villa-Lobos. Her sister Elena, an active little modern dancer, danced to the Bach Chaconne, played by her father and choreographed, not happily, by Elena herself and her mother, Maria. The event could be dismissed as a cozy domestic celebration—were it not that Miss Malfitano, a City Opera Mimì and Liù, may have in her the makings of an important singer. She came on like a little girl dressed for a party, in a hoop dress of ivory and rose, with rosebuds in her hair, and sang her first numbers—the Mozart, Adèle's air from Rossini's "Le Comte Ory," and "Ah, non credea" and "Ah, non giunge," from "La Sonnambula"—like party pieces carefully learned. There was no sense of character or of situation (the elegant plaint of Rossini's Countess was delivered in the heartbroken accents of Mozart's), no rhythmic vitality in the long spans or supple molding of small rhythmic displacements within a phrase. But the sound of the voice was very attractive, clear, and sweet, with soft notes "like the sighing of a zephyr, yet all heard" (as Queen Victoria once wrote of Jenny Lind's "Ah, non credea") and ample, healthy loud notes. I felt that she could with profit study Patti's record of "Ah, non credea" and Tetrazzini's of "Ah, non giunge" to learn from the first expressive rubato and from the second bounciness. And then, during her next item, the Adam Variations, I wondered whether she had perhaps been studying Beverly Sills' record of the piece, since she brought to it the charm and variety

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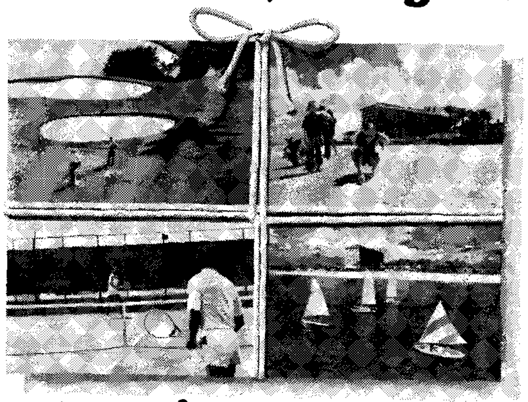

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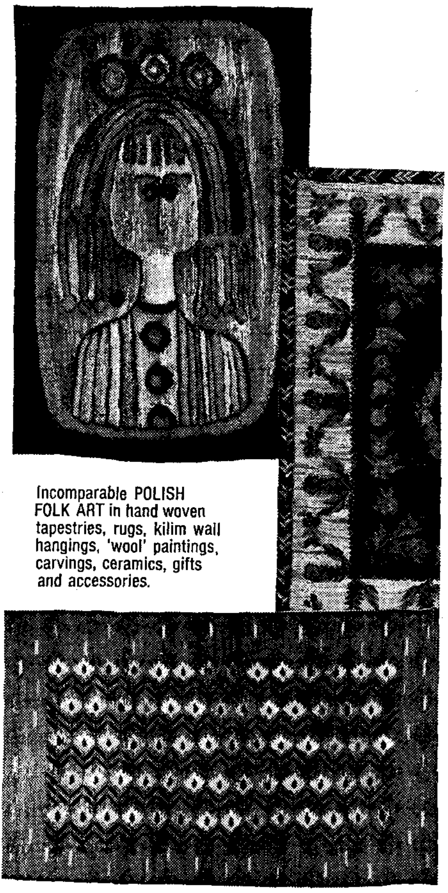
that had been missing before. In the second half—it was that kind of evening—she returned in an elaborate Sicilian-looking dress of lace and fringes, such as Lola (in "Cavalleria Rusticana") sometimes goes to Mass in. Vaughan Williams' "Along the Field" cycle, already an odd compound of A. E. Housman's fastidiously donned and V.W.'s more natural ruralism, took on a new, rich color from Miss Malfitano's lustrously Latin interpretation; the result was surprising but curiously attractive. Hovhaness's "Hercules" was stirring, and gave one a fuller idea of Miss Malfitano's powers. In the composer's words, "The soprano becomes the voice of a priestess or an oracle. . . . A feeling of wildness pervades the music." She sang the dramatic piece in consistently beautiful tones, passionately shaded. I felt that I should like to have a recording (and discovered later that there is one, on Musical Heritage Society 1976; but here Miss Malfitano gives a less vividly inflected performance). Jolly kitsch, a sort of tribute to Carmen Miranda, with both sisters dancing, Catherine singing, and Joseph fiddling—music by Villa-Lobos—ended the show. Miss Malfitano needs guidance, but she certainly has a voice.

Régine Crespin's recital of French songs, in Carnegie Hall, two days later, also turned into an act. Not in the first half, when two or three songs each from Debussy, Roussel, Chausson, Poulenc, and Duparc were done with a grace, a purity of style, and a beautiful pronunciation of the words to make one tolerant of some threadbare notes at the top of the voice. The second half began with a composite *bestiaire*. The Swan from Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles" was poetic, and his Guinea Hen was appropriately perky. But then, as Chabrier's Little Ducks and Manuel Rosenthal's Elephant, Dog Fido, and English Lady-Mouse followed in procession, the singer's manner became broader and broader. Mme. Crespin is an accomplished and witty diseuse, and admittedly she made me laugh; it was probably the sheer size of Carnegie Hall, and the need to signal the jokes to an audience unprovided with French texts, that led her into unseemly exaggeration. Offenbach *opérette* came next. The voice was by now flowing more freely, and the program ended with a ringing high A, the first of the evening, from the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Half the recital had been encore pieces. The audience wanted more. Mme. Crespin



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returned and, with a gesture of those beautiful hands to indicate "Enough of such nonsense," she sang Wagner's "Schmerzen" with glowing intensity. She is an excellent entertainer; but I should have preferred to hear her, in the intimacy of Town Hall, singing a less motley program. I appreciate the fine acoustics and civilized atmosphere of Carnegie Hall. A single performer can command it. Earlier this season, I heard Donald Gramm hold a large audience intent on Ives' "Ich grolle nicht," Rostropovich on Britten's Third Suite for Solo Cello, and Galina Vishnevskaya on songs by Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky. And it is good that large audiences were able to enjoy those artists. Nevertheless, in each case the impact of the music, and of its interpretation, was somewhat diminished by the size of the auditorium.

A PROGRAM book at a song recital should provide the texts, and literal English translations where necessary. It should supply the poets' names as well as the composers'. It should indicate the context of numbers that are taken from collections or from larger works. Miss Barlow's and Mme. Crespin's program leaflets contained only epitomes or translations, and no mention of the poets. (During Miss Barlow's recital, the lights were turned out, so such words as were printed were not of much use anyway.) Miss Malfitano's was a little better. It gave the composers' dates, if not those of the works, and full texts for at least the Vaughan Williams and Hovhaness compositions. The designers of Miss Barlow's and Miss Malfitano's dresses were named. So, of course, were the accompanists—and if I have not referred to them, it is only because none was remarkable. (Of those earlier recitalists mentioned, Mme. Vishnevskaya did have a remarkable accompanist, in the person of Mr. Rostropovich; and her admirable program book contained complete translations—if not the original Russian—with the poets duly named.) I have been shown in advance the program book for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's New York farewell recital, in Carnegie Hall, this week. It contains all the necessary information, and is almost a model of the kind of thing that audiences should be able to take for granted. "Almost" only because Walter Legge's brief, illuminating introductions to the individual songs have been bunched up at the front and not dropped in where they belong.

—ANDREW PORTER

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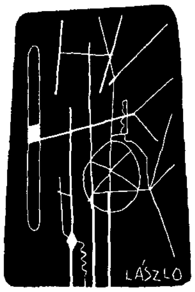
THE AIR

The Road from Highway 1

WALTER CRONKITE said: "Good evening. Communist gunners in South Vietnam were busy on four sides of Saigon today, shelling the sprawling U.S-built Bien Hoa airbase, and, farther from the capital, the cities of Xuan Loc, Tay Ninh, and Cai Lay. At Bien Hoa, fifteen miles northeast of the capital, three explosions—seen and felt in Saigon—tore through a bomb-ammunition dump. It's not known whether artillery fire or sabotage was the cause. Near Xuan Loc, forty miles east of Saigon, there was sporadic, sometimes heavy fighting around Highway 1. Government and Communist reinforcements were being moved into the area, which military strategists in Saigon see as the next crucial battle. For more on the military situation around Xuan Loc, Bob Simon reports. . . ."



IT has been an eerie spring in America. The threat of general financial collapse and rampant inflation—so stark last winter, when economic stories urgently filled the newscasts—has not yet materialized, and though there are still many men and women out of work, business and government experts profess to see a "turnaround" in the economy: another light at the end of another tunnel. Meanwhile, a truce persists in the Middle East. At home, a railroad strike has been averted. Car sales are up. Green shoots of plants and foliage have begun to appear around the country; even in concrete-bound New York, some hyacinths have popped up in Central Park. The days are longer and are warmer. And it has been toward the close of these long, sweetening days, with the pale sun still lighting the spring sky, and the shades not yet drawn, and the sounds of children outside again on the street, that those millions of us Americans who watch the news each evening on television (there are about fifty million of us now) have been watching the fall of Indo-China to the Communist armies of Cambodia and Vietnam.

It is not, one imagines, a spectacle that can be regarded in a too simple fashion, even secondhand, or from American living rooms. A few weeks ago, at the beginning of the Communist offensive, when I wrote a piece criticizing the television networks for not providing a more coherent and ambitious depiction of the state of affairs in Indo-China, I received an intense and angry pencil-written letter from a reader in Quincy, Massachusetts, who said, in effect, that in years past she had been compelled to look at more scenes of Vietnamese warfare than she could stand, and that she could see no useful purpose served in television's now dwelling at even greater length on these distant miseries. I have no idea of how many in the vast television-news audience share this view, but I suspect that a great many do. At any rate, it is not a response that one should brush aside carelessly, or out of one's own impatience, for it seemed to me that the main note that reverberated through this long letter from my correspondent in Massachusetts was—despite her tartly reasoned call for television's disengagement from Vietnam—her own, perhaps classically ambiguous American involvement. "For your information," she wrote, "we have already seen too many scenes of horror *to be borne*." It's hard not to sympathize at least with the emotional basis of such a sentiment, though for myself I think I'd alter the expression to read, "We have already seen too many unfelt and disconnected scenes of military activity and random human misery to try to make sense of them." Even so, what has had weight for me in her remarks was not her "argument"—pro or con, too much or too little—but the sheer humanness of her connection. For if it's true that television news has been remiss, or strangely helpless, in its communication of information about our ten-year engagement in Indo-China, it is also true that network television has brought the mass of people of this country face to face with war in a way that has never happened before.

VIETNAM scenes from the past merge in one's memory: a more than ten-year-long television serial. In the beginning, there were the "military advisers"—tall, crew-cut Americans, standing at a slight distance from grinning South Vietnamese troops. The South Vietnamese generals and their (our) tanks and airplanes. Scenes of Vietnamese leaders and our Ambassador: the Ambassador visits the Presidential palace; the President and the Ambassador tour the new airbase. Then there were the American soldiers beginning to fan out across the fields of dry, waist-high, and (on our black-and-white television screens) whitish grass; we came to learn that it was called buffalo grass. There were the great Navy carriers floating at sea. Delta-winged airplanes in the sky. There were important places, with no locatable existence: the Central Highlands, Hill 880, the Ia Drang Valley. There were the rhythmic, abrupt landings of helicopters, with the kickup of dust and dirt, the wind-blown grass, and the men in uniform scurrying into the woods—"the tree line," it was called. American generals were periodically interviewed. They drank from canteens in the field and spoke of "the need for training." Visiting congressmen toured Saigon. Bob Hope was pictured in Danang. George Romney visited the Ambassador. There were a number of rotten stories: for years, until the mood of the country turned, or became ambivalent, the network news programs went out of their way, or so it seemed, to portray the air war—the heavy bombing, the light bombing, the deadly "gunships"—as romantic and enhancing. I remember one hour-long special, "Vietnam Perspective: Air War in the North," that consisted largely of film provided by the Air Force, extolling its exciting planes, and of straight-faced, R.A.F.-beer-hall-type interviews with several pilots, who chatted of "strikes" and "missions," and one of whom, I recall, spoke heartily of gunning down "gooks" and "suspected Cong" as they ran across an open field. There were also some examples of first-rate combat journalism. I think of John Laurence reporting for CBS from Con Thien; of the coverage by all three networks of the Tet offensive; and of various, seemingly isolated moments of actuality which broke through, as it were, the generally impersonal, unquestioning ritual of network Vietnam coverage—such as certain scenes I still remember that were filmed one May week in 1967 by NBC's fine Vietnamese cameraman Vo Huynh, of a company of our Marines under fire in what seemed to be almost a New England wood. One man was badly wounded and kept calling out to his comrades, "My leg is bust!" (The sound equipment by then was good enough so that you could pick up his words.) Eventually, they got to him—with Vo Huynh not far behind—and brought him back. There was another young Marine, I remember, who had apparently panicked, or

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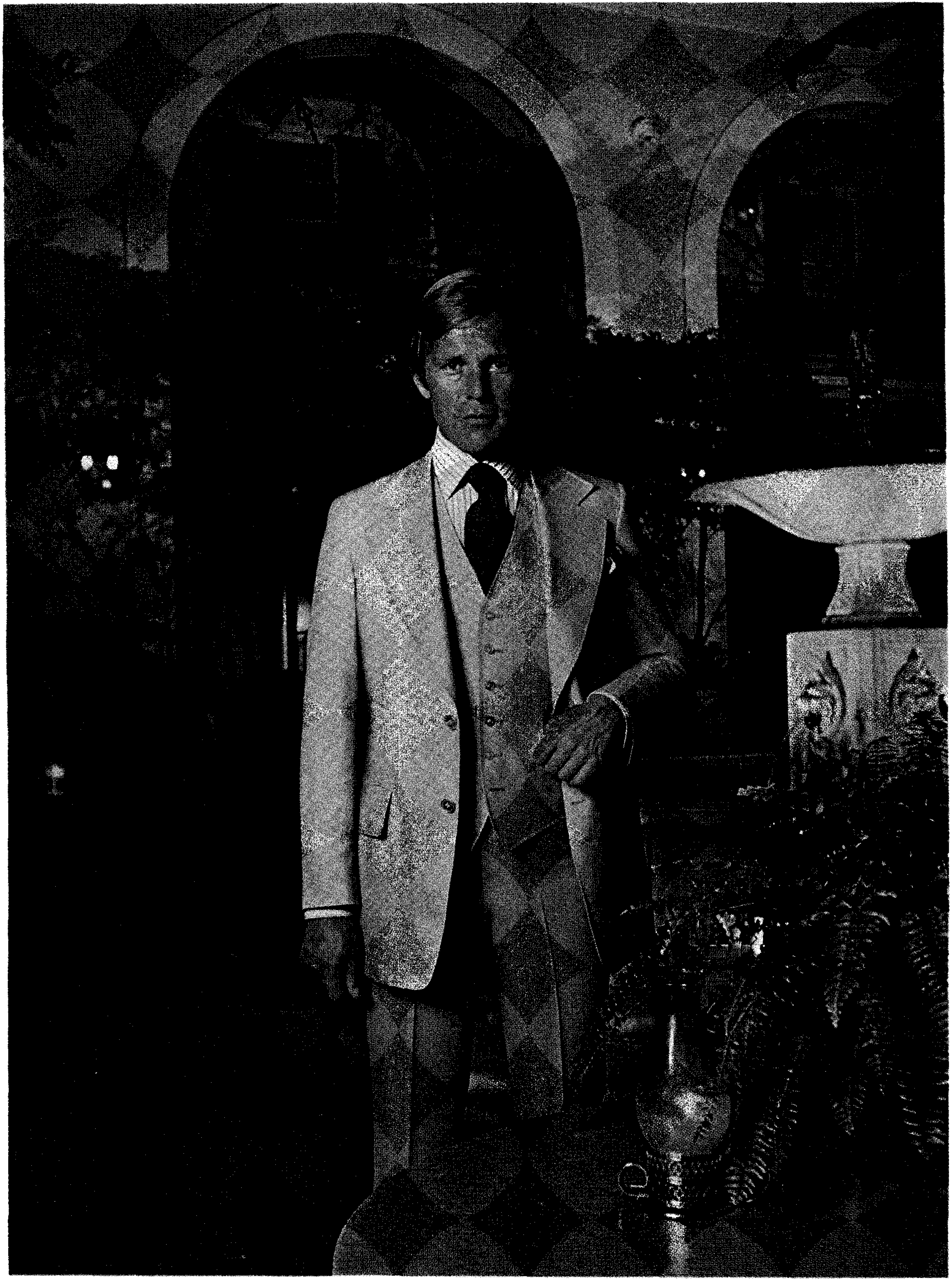

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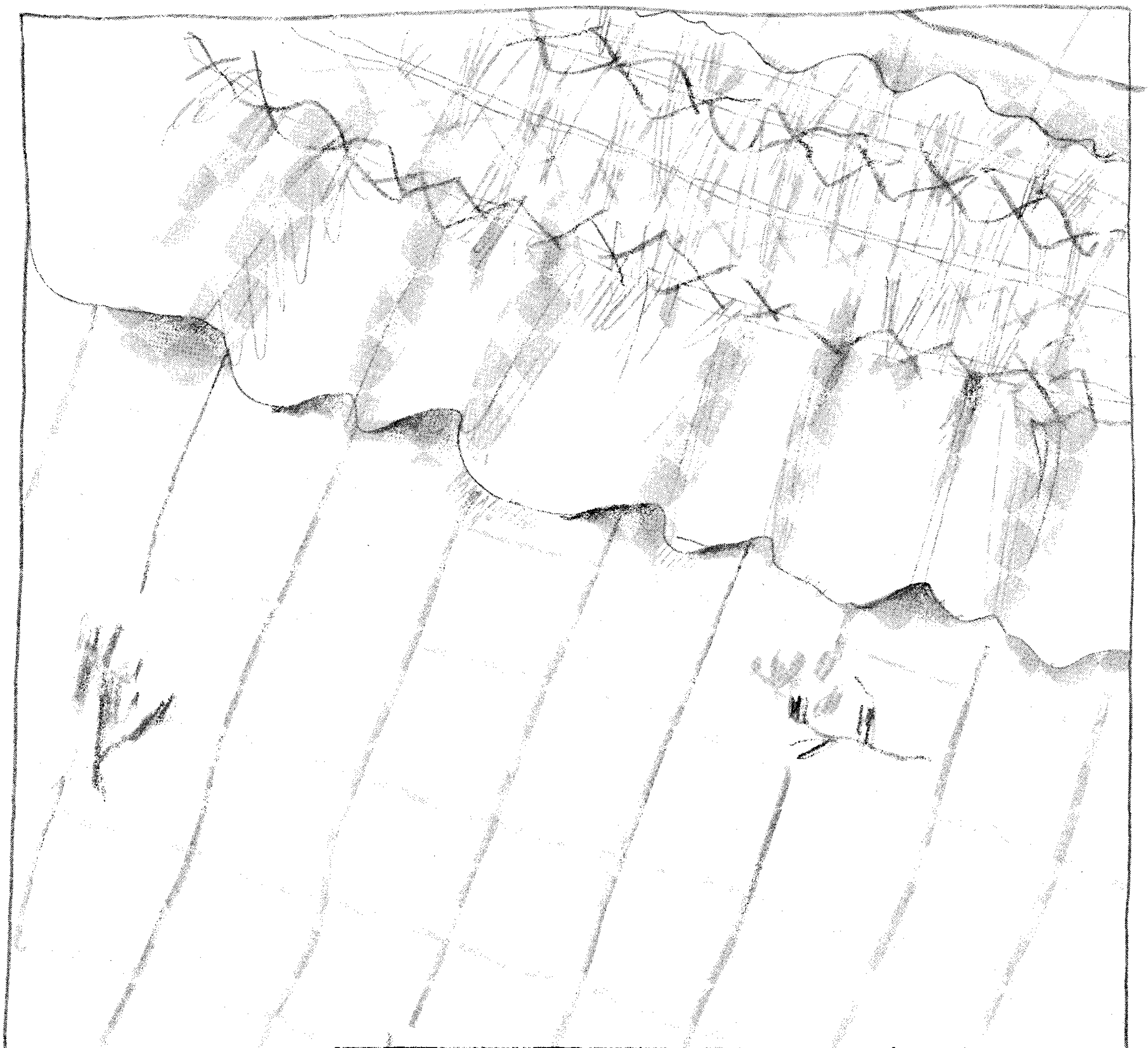

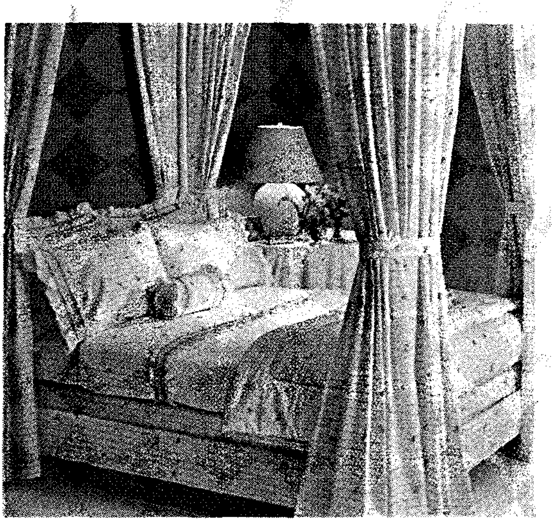

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was close to panicking. A huge black sergeant held him by the arm, half soothing, half furious. "Git up there!" he said. "Now, git on up there!" Vo Huynh caught that, too.

Bob Simon said: "Military movement and civilian uprooting have always gone together in this war. Route 1 today is no exception. But at least right now, in distinction to the disasters of the past few weeks, the soldiers and the refugees are moving in different directions. . . . A few miles up the road—the last government outpost. It's a little less than five miles from Xuan Loc. The Communists have cut the road between here and the city. The men here have been holding this position for six days."

The truth is that the natural penchant of television news has always been for action and immediacy. It's common knowledge that television covers fast-breaking news more effectively than any other form of journalism. It's even widely understood that this single-track ability of television to communicate objective events directly has served almost to heighten an instinctive public tendency to associate "news" only with objectified happenings. Thus, it is a modern truism of sorts that, for example, an American city's tensions or injustices or misunderstandings are rarely treated as news until a riot "explodes," which act somehow certifies the city's situation as news and permits a brief ex-post-facto examination until another event, elsewhere, takes precedence.

But the question is, to what degree is it excessive and willful to find fault with such a system, inasmuch as this system surely reflects human nature—or, at least, the traditional difficulty that men and women experience when they try to focus on something other than objective action? This spring, for instance, in Indo-China, as the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh was being surrounded by the Khmer Rouge, and the South Vietnamese capital of Saigon was being threatened by the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, CBS correspondent Bob Simon (quoted above) was assigned to correspond with the viewing audience in America on the subject of refugees along Highway 1 as well as on such familiar matters as the firing of howitzers ("The government is moving heavy artillery into positions alongside the road") and air strikes by the South Vietnamese Air Force ("F-5 fighter-bombers from Bien Hoa are in action, hitting suspected Communist positions"). All things considered, however, one would have been hard put to it to suggest where better, or even where else at all, he might have stationed himself. For it was as if the war that television had for so long insistently reported to us—the shooting war, the war of fighter planes and guns and distant pillars of smoke—had finally become real. Not that previous scenes of combat hadn't been real, or that there hadn't been planes in the air or glimpses of war-weary Vietnamese peasants beside the roads, but that finally this activity seemed to be about something that was palpably credible. Unfortunately, one felt (with the ambivalent involvement-detachment of someone who has watched a badly narrated story for too long), the "wrong" side was winning and the "right" side was losing; all the same, it was this kind of winner-loser "victory" that we had been attuned to for so many years, and now here it was. There was something almost artistically appropriate in the final televised depictions of our Indo-China involvement—as if that "bang-bang" footage which network assignment desks had made so much of in the past had at last achieved its point.

In certain ways, this is probably a good time in which to be wary of blaming television for too much. For sometimes in recent years it has become a kind of badge of embattled individualism to blame commercial television—or "the mass media"—for the flaws and errors and imperfections of our society. If it weren't for television—so various arguments run—our children would be more responsible; our minorities would be less demanding; our middle class would be more serious; our politicians would pay more attention to issues; our popular values would be somehow higher; and, as a nation, we would not have been so sadly and unsuccessfully involved in Indo-China.

The truth is obviously that the audience shapes its television and that television also shapes its audience; but this kind of unmeasurable truth becomes murkier than usual in the matter of television and its audience and the Vietnam war, because for all concerned it has been an entirely novel experience. "Good" and "bad," which are always difficult terms to apply in questions of communication, become

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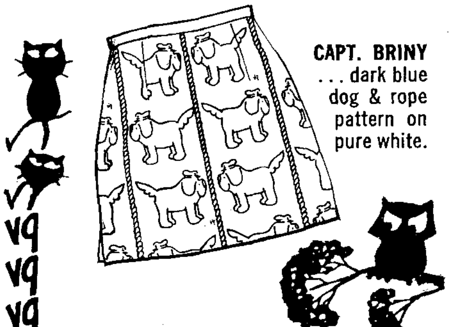

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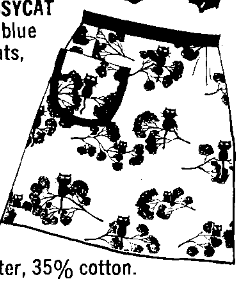

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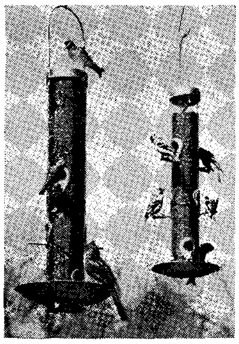

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even more relative and subjective in regard to America and Indo-China. To what does one compare American television's coverage of Vietnam and Cambodia? To the print coverage of the Second World War? To the example of other nations? In the early days of television, for instance, the French fought an unpopular and unsuccessful war in Indo-China; televised coverage in France, via the government-controlled news channel, was slight, fragmentary, and officially biassed. Our new international-trade partner, the Soviet Union, has had experience both in television technology and in politico-military involvements; however, one hardly looks to Soviet broadcasting's handling of the Hungarian uprising or the Sino-Soviet schism for a model of communications possibilities. By a number of standards of comparison, American television's coverage of Indo-China has been fairly good. The network camera crews have not gone everywhere, or even very far from officially certified events; still, they have pushed their way into an astonishing number and variety of places—the more surprising when one considers the number of persons (three) and the amount of equipment they need in order to work. And if the articulate, politically liberal element in the nation has often been impatient at commercial television's timidities—notably in waiting so long to report even skeptical opinions about the conduct of the Vietnam war—one should keep it in mind that during most of that time the majority of the nation (and of the audience) actively favored, or clung to, the government's consistently confident and optimistic pronouncements. But questions about television's coverage of the Vietnam war go deeper than this, and it seems to me that the reason they remain important is that they still don't appear to be admitted, even as questions, by the persons who are most concerned: the public and the broadcasting establishment. It is true that the public frequently expresses an undefined anxiety about the generality of broadcasting, and mostly in demonological terms: attacks on the political leanings of news commentators, and the like. And the broadcasting establishment, for its part, either engages in counter-propaganda ("The audience is the boss") or attempts to allay the public's uneasiness by similarly treating it as a political issue—employing rightist commentators to balance leftist newsmen.

But the problem, one suspects, is not so much political as social. That is, it

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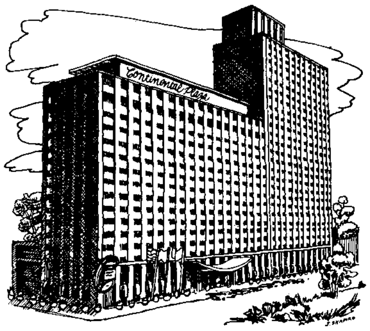

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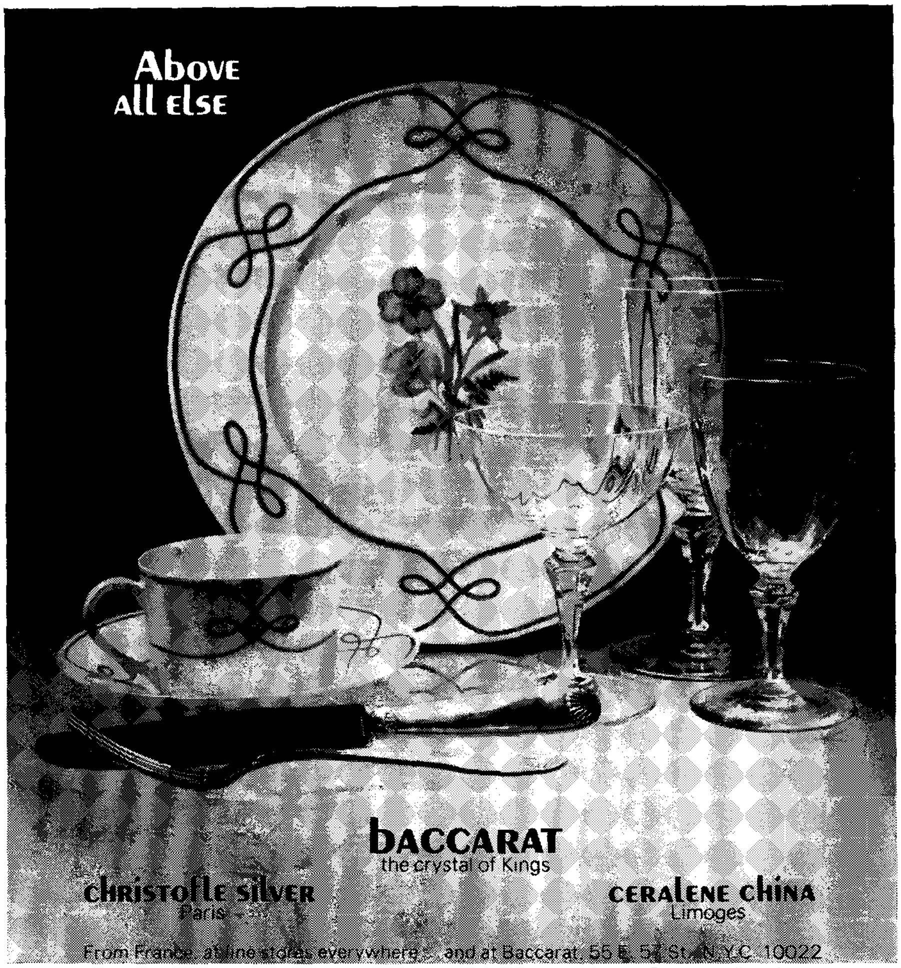
lies in the context of social intimacy in which we have placed our television receivers—our sets—and thus our whole television experience. Previously, as we know, there have been huge popular audiences for theatre, circuses, vaudeville, cinema, and so on. There have been popular audiences for newspapers and radio. Yet there has never been anything like the intimate relationship of a people to a "communications source" which has existed for some time between the American people and its television broadcasters. It is new ground. As a result, a lot of public criticism of commercial television has a way of foundering or of disappearing into thin air—especially criticism that complains of network television for merely existing in its present form, or wishes vaguely that "it" were some other way or that "it" might somehow act toward us as if there were a different set of rules in force. The truth is that there are no real rules governing television's deep relationship to the national audience, because there has been very little acceptance of the extent to which that relationship exists. In fact, American television is at present largely defined by various quasi rules, which are determined not by the actual, evolving, functional relationship of broadcasting organizations to their audience but by superficial considerations of marketing and, even in the matter of news, by the rigid and anachronistic profit-and-loss conventions of an entertainment industry.

In the last few weeks of crisis in Vietnam and Cambodia, for example, the *Times* has been supplying an average of twenty-five thousand words of information each day about the military, political, and human situation there, together with continued commentary on related developments in Washington. The *Times* is owned by the New York Times Company, which last year had sales of three hundred and ninety million dollars and a net income of over twenty million dollars. In these same weeks, each of the major networks has presented a maximum of around three thousand words each day on the Indo-China situation. The networks have also—as the main feature of their news reports—presented numerous brief news-film accounts (such as Bob Simon's from Highway 1), of which some have been dramatic and immediate, and others disjointed and routine. They have also (as a group total) presented two or three "special reports." About ten days ago, NBC presented a thirty-minute "special report" on Cambodia, which



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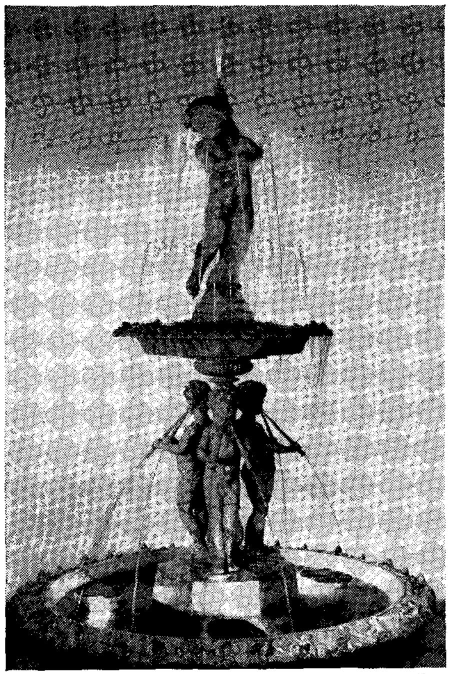

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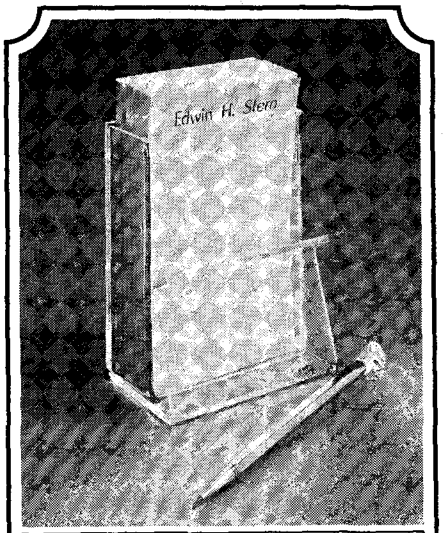

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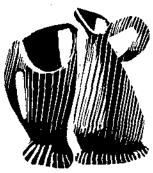
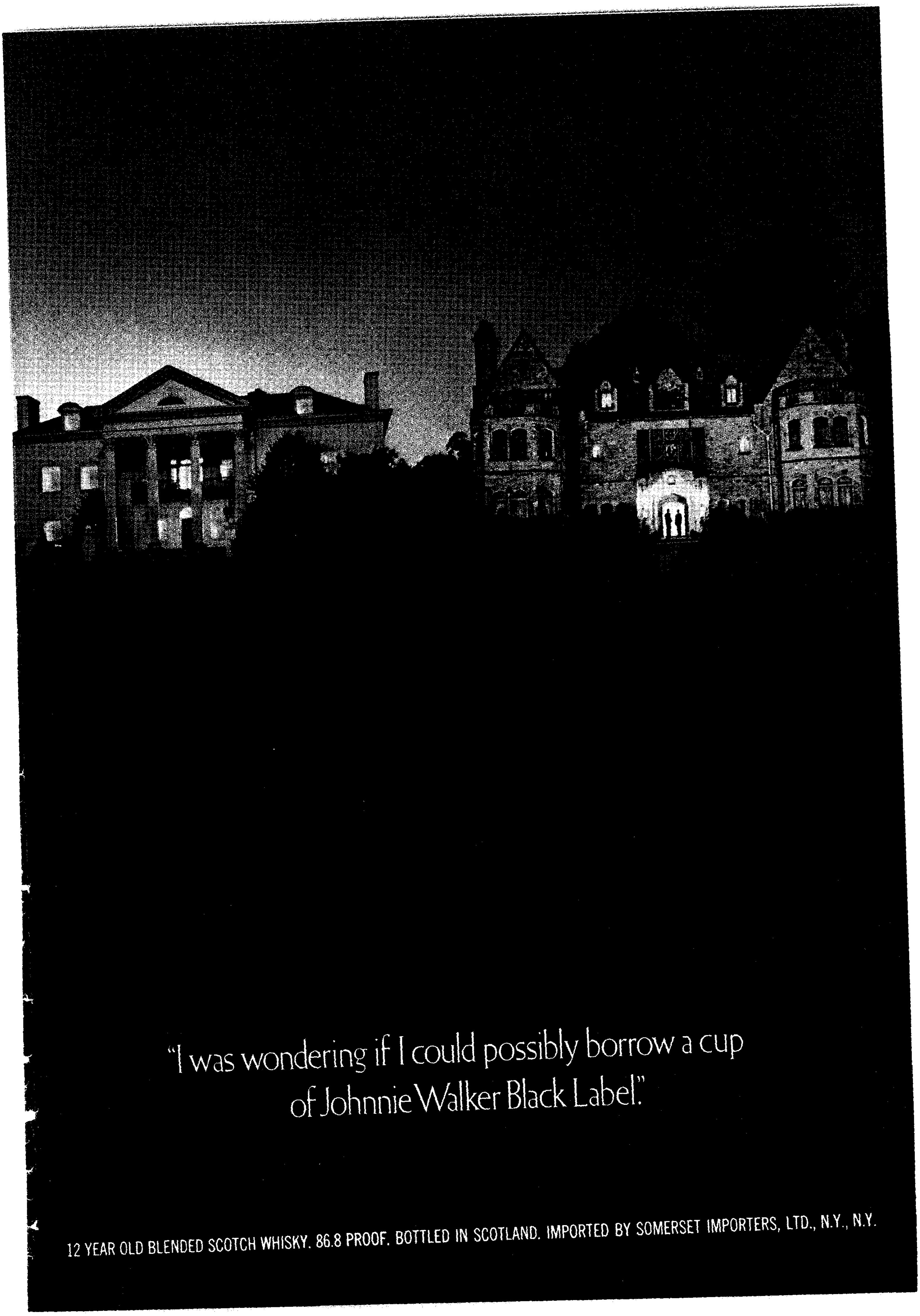
consisted mainly of a wrapup of NBC's regular news footage of the previous week by the New York commentator and was shown on Saturday afternoon. Over two weeks ago, CBS presented an hour-long, altogether conventional "special report" titled "Indo-China 1975: The End of the Road?," which featured a narration by Charles Collingwood (about four thousand words) and was shown at ten o'clock in the evening, in competition with the Academy Awards ceremonies. There have been no further "special reports" on Indo-China by CBS, though network officials say that one may soon be forthcoming. The point is that CBS Television, whose News Division produced fifty-three minutes on the Indo-China crisis on the night of the Academy Awards, is a part of CBS Inc., which last year had sales of one billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars and a net income of one hundred and eight million dollars. The question that, it seems, no one will yet attend to, because it is not yet real, is: To what extent is it important, or even necessary, in a communications society—in which citizens-as-businessmen receive a constant stream of telephoned or Telexed "news" throughout the day as an accepted function of their business role—for citizens-as-citizens to receive information of a similar quality and texture as a function of their perhaps more important role?



ON previous occasions, I have sometimes written to a similar point; namely, the question of the responsibility of television news organizations to communicate information more seriously than they have in the past. And each time, invariably, I have received letters in reply accusing me of being "unrealistic" in these criticisms—one correspondent lately finding me "dishonest" for talking of television news in terms of possibilities that do not exist. The reason I bring up this subject once again is that it strikes me that—with the fact before us of the collapse of our Indo-Chinese position—the question of what is "realistic" or "unrealistic" in television news communication could perhaps begin to be glimpsed in a new light.

A few days ago, at the time of President Thieu's angry resignation speech, I read in the paper that since the beginning of our involvement in Vietnam fifty-six thousand of our own men had been killed; a hundred and fifty-six thousand of them had been gravely wounded (which is to say, often maimed for life); and we had spent roughly one hundred and fifty-five billion dollars of our national treasure. I said earlier that I think television often did an extremely competent job in reporting scenes of immediate combat. But I think, too, that network television news—as a voice—almost never reported the true, full story of what at any given time was happening either to the Vietnamese or to us in Indo-China. In the beginning, this voice talked to us about the brave South Vietnamese government—when reporters knew of its corruption and weakness, and knew that the point, anyway, was not its virtues or lack of them but our government's strategic ambitions. The voice told us about the "military advisers"—when reporters knew that the advisers' efforts were being devoted largely to turning the South Vietnamese into a conventional army with which to fight what was then a guerrilla war. The voice told us of our hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and then our three hundred thousand soldiers, and then our five hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, and about their "sweeps" and "missions" and "patrols" and "reconnoitres" and "air support" and "captured ammo dumps" and "reinforced perimeters"—when the story was what these young soldiers could not do, what could not be done. Our troops played touch football at Thanksgiving. President Johnson put his arm around President Thieu. President Nixon put his arm around President Thieu. Toward the end of the story, the voice announced to us that there was peace—when all too many knew that there could be no real peace, and that it existed under a South Vietnamese government that all too many knew could not govern for long.

All of us in this country, to say nothing of the citizens of Indo-China, have lost a great deal in the course of the narration of these false—or, at least, surreal—stories. And yet the real stories were no great secret. There were reporters who knew about them—many of them reporters working for television. As an odd irony, I noticed in Bob Simon's report from Highway 1 the statement "Military movement and civilian uprooting have always gone together in this war." Simon, who seems to be an able and enterprising young man, spoke this phrase in the spring of 1975 as if it were part of some accepted knowledge—as if we all knew this of Viet-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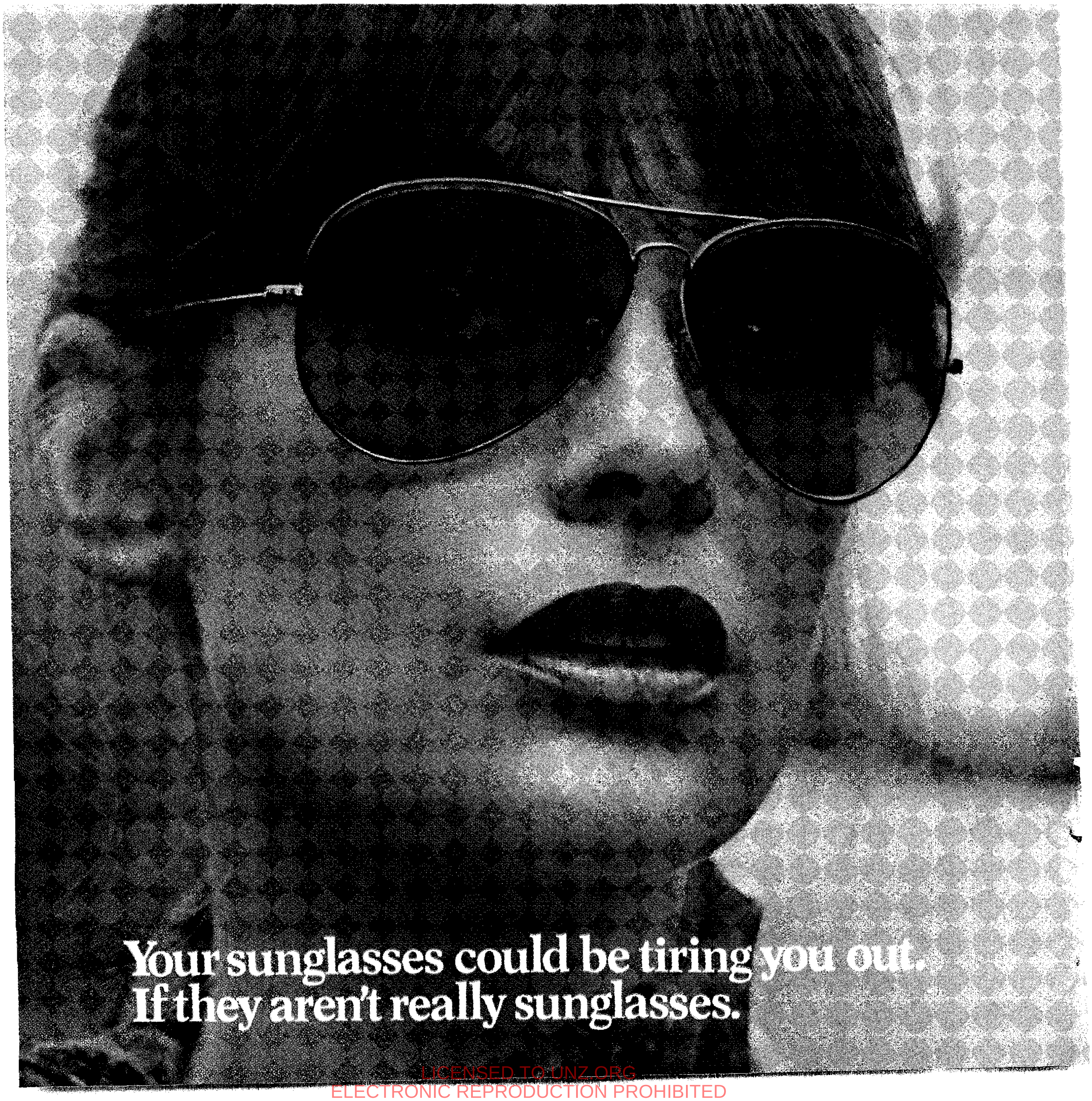
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nam. The fact is, though, that while Simon might make such a casually accepted statement now, when the point is past, his predecessors, for eight or nine years, almost never did so, when the point might have counted. What were *we* doing to the South Vietnamese, with our "strategic hamlets" and "free-fire zones"? That was certainly one of the key stories from Indo-China. And, though television belatedly acknowledged it—for the most part, as ironic texture, one of those "facts of war"—it never really broke the story or made a point of it, despite the networks' vast resources and numerous correspondents. In regard to this and other evaded stories, I have several times heard network executives remark on the considerable government pressures that were brought to bear on their companies as a result of the few critical news reports they did present in the Vietnam period. There is no denying that Presidents Kennedy and Johnson (to say nothing of President Nixon) were congenitally unpleased by journalistic criticism, and often tried to throw their weight around with company officials. But one wonders what might have happened—not just in terms of the nation's understanding and support of the war but in terms of the public's long-term respect for television news, for "the mass media"—if the networks had chosen to seriously acknowledge their role as journalists, as something more than transmitters of certified events, and had given their correspondents honest reportorial missions and then had stood behind them. After all, was Lyndon Johnson's hold on the warrior spirit of the nation so secure that he would finally have compelled a network *not* to report, say, the chaotic forced uprootings of Vietnamese that so disastrously occurred from 1966 to 1969? Did the businessmen of the nation (who are still reeling from the effects of our Vietnam-inspired inflation) have such an irrational stake in our Indo-China adventure that if NBC, CBS, and ABC had said, "Look, it is different from what the politicians and generals say, and from what you think or hope; technology will not win this war; more often, too, we are destroying rather than creating," they would have ceased to sponsor network programs?

Such might-have-beens! The networks never stood up, at least for long, and, for all their billion-dollar resources, almost never gave their reporters honest, enterprising reportorial missions—except into direct combat, which was mostly a false story. Each

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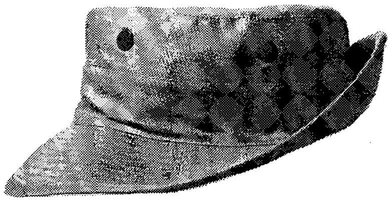

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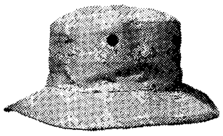

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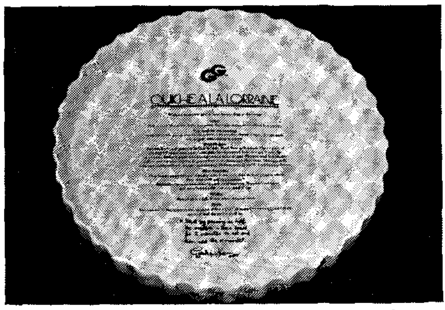

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night, the great orchestration of the evening news went on, with its parade of surreal or superficial stories, and the vast audience travelled through time in its strange company. I think it is wrong or foolish to imagine that television news in some idealized form could have somehow "solved" the problem of Vietnam for us. But I think it is evasive and disingenuous to suppose that, in its unwillingness over a space of ten years to assign a true information-gathering function to its news operations in Washington and Vietnam, American network news did much beyond contribute to the unreality, and thus the dysfunction, of American life.

ON a recent evening, on NBC, I watched another televised scene of South Vietnamese civilians and soldiers fleeing in trucks and on foot—this time down the highway that runs south from Saigon toward the seacoast town of Vung Tau. From some years back, I could remember a news program (though on which network it was shown I've long forgotten) that included a story about the American contractors who had then just rebuilt the old French highway to Vung Tau. They seemed to be mild, efficient-looking men in short-sleeved sports shirts. I remember there were some South Vietnamese political figures on hand; also a general, though I don't recall whether he was American or Vietnamese. There was a speech. I think even a ribbon was cut, and some troop-carrying trucks sped down the new gray asphalt highway.

IN the end, I think, there has been something deeply moving in the American public's muted, ambiguous response to the final days of our engagement in Indo-China: our Indo-Chinese war. I talk about the American public's "response" as if this were a tangible object, which it isn't, or as if I knew exactly what it is, which I don't. Still, it is possible to feel *something* about this, even from the television screen each evening (glowing now in color) as the network correspondents—so many of them new to this long war—try somehow to meet an invisible, unspoken national question with at least a professional response. Helplessly and methodically, they risk their safety by hauling their triad teams and their equipment into the few remaining artillery emplacements or close to the ever-constricting "front lines" or in the path of the continuously fleeing refugees. We are still supplied with the same simplistically informational scenes

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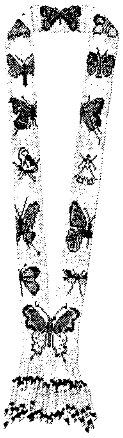

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of firing guns and diving aircraft, but now, more and more, we can fill in the rest. Evidently, something is dying. But is it a nation, or is it the irrationality and superfluity of our presence?

At any rate, it seems not too much to say that television news was crucial—in its commissions and omissions—to the American public's comprehension of our Indo-Chinese involvement. Now, perhaps in the manner of a family that has watched some of its members and goods destroyed in the burning of a house that turned out to have been faultily fireproofed—and that had been posted with signs that turned out to have been either inaccurate or about some other house—the rest of us (when we have finished shaking our heads, and setting up charities for the next of kin, and commiserating with the fire commissioner for having such a hard and lonely job) may, as the saying goes, have learned something. If not about anything else, then about what is "realistic." After all, has anyone, *anywhere* (for the question still persists), been well served by navigating from this past "reality"? —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

"Where do I look?" the guide asks. The answer: "The most convenient place to begin is the classified ad section of the newspaper." At interviews, the guide instructs, "A simple but often ignored rule is to *dress neatly*."

Interviewers might be taken slightly aback when a philosopher strolls in looking for work. "Be prepared to explain why you majored in philosophy," the guide warns. "In answering, try not to be too philosophical."

The few philosophers who have gathered the courage to try for jobs in the real world haven't found prospective employers fabulously impressed by their philosophical credentials. John Sinks, who works at the Bureau of Labor Statistics, says he was practically laughed out the door at other government offices, including the Central Intelligence Agency. Stephen Weiss, who works with Mr. Sinks, got similar receptions at several companies. "There were jobs I could do," he says, "but industry just didn't realize it."

Which isn't too surprising, considering that Mr. Weiss's major qualification—his doctorate—dealt with "the problem of vagueness." He succeeded in becoming the first man to solve the ancient Greek paradox of "The Heap" by proving that if you have a bowl with "a lot" of nuts in it and you take away one nut at a time, you will eventually arrive at a point where you no longer have "a lot" of nuts. The utility of this discovery might be lost on someone looking for hands to help run a steel mill.—*Barry Newman in the Wall Street Journal.*

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DANCING

Hard Work

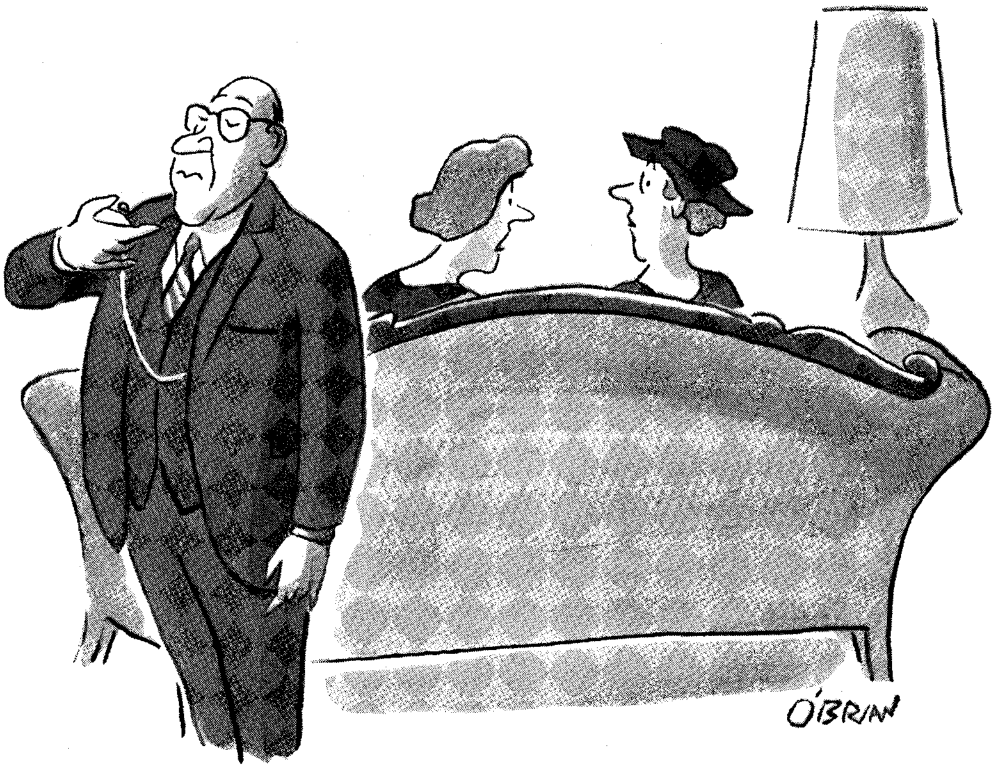
ATTEMPTS to get a ballet about Spartacus, one of Karl Marx's heroes, onto the boards date back to 1950, when Aram Khatchaturian began work on "Spartak," a four-act ballet. In 1956, it was produced at the Kirov with choreography by Leonid Yakobson. Another version, by Igor Moiseyev, was done by the Bolshoi two years later. It failed, and the Bolshoi brought a revision of Yakobson's production to New York in 1962. Plisetskaya appeared as Phrygia, Spartacus' wife (in the Moiseyev version she had danced Aegina, the villainess); Dmitri Begak and Maris Liepa alternated as Spartacus. The ballet met with a poor reception, and several performances were cancelled. In 1968, four years after becoming the Bolshoi's artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich presented a new, three-act "Spartacus," and it was with this production that he opened the current Bolshoi season at the Met.

A peculiar choice. For the first time since 1966, the company appears in New York at something like full strength, but "Spartacus" is not designed to display its range of expression. What it's designed for is force. It has a massive, pounding corps de ballet—soldiers, slaves, courtesans, etc.—acting as background to four principal roles roughly equal in size. The roles contain no opportunities for the dancers to expand or vary their effects; they're straight tests of endurance. On opening night, Vladimir Vasiliev (Spartacus), Natalia Bessmertnova (Phrygia), Maris Liepa (Crassus, the Roman commander), and Nina Timofeyeva (Aegina) managed to sustain their one-note characterizations, and even to build up the kind of pressure openings need. All of them are top-ranking stars, and all but Bessmertnova are members of the original cast. With long experience and that theatrical instinct which Bolshoi dancers alone seem to possess, they took their support from each other and from the corps, which matched them in energy. No other resource was available. Grigorovich's invention expires with the fall of the first-act curtain; from then on he can only repeat. The audience, turned off by Grigorovich's bludgeoning, was slow to respond. And between the stars and the chorus there is no one—no subsidiaries to start a scene or swell one, to enrich the drama or comment on it. When Crassus plots, he has no fellow-conspirators except for Aegina; and Spartacus has no lieutenants—men follow and confer with him in squads, in mass unison gestures. Unless one counts Shamil Yagudin's bit as a masked gladiator in a fight with Spartacus, there are no featured roles, and this deprives us of a sense of the company's middle-level capacities. In the front line of the corps, however, were men like Vyacheslav Gordeyev and Alexander Bogatyrev, who in other roles this season will be dancing leads. Whether starred or in the corps, everyone worked as if to burst the heart. It wasn't the fault of the dancers if one got the impression, as the evening lengthened, that the Russians are pretty damn sick and tired of "Spartacus."

The story and its setting are dimly felt and indifferently projected. All the anonymous faces and bodies make "Spartacus" a cold and empty drama. Grigorovich has been concerned with pace—pace above all. He drives the action along, never allowing it to halt at a climax; indeed, he often deflects a climax, whipping the tail of one scene into the jaws of another, so that the audience can't relax, or even applaud. All the look-alike scenes ram home a different narrative point, yet who would know it? The plot has no dramatic tension; we're not made to follow a thread that binds the characters' fates—there's no such thing. Several times, I got my cues wrong. Phrygia doesn't become Crassus' concubine, as I thought I was being led to suppose, and Aegina, his mistress, isn't activated by jealousy—or any other motive that was clear to me—when she throws an orgy for the more simpleminded of Spartacus' troops and then betrays them. (Why they never suspect her is another obscure point.)

Choreographically, the ballet is relentless. In his corps dances, and notably in his bashing male ensembles (of which there are about five in each act), Grigorovich accounts in strict patterns for every square yard of music, and everything is screwed tight to the downbeat. Nowhere does one see a free, loose, or broken gesture against the music. In the second act, there's a slow bolero for the corps that looks as if it might relieve the monotony, but before long Grigorovich builds it into another of his blockbuster routines. Khatchaturian's classical-jukebox score abets the choreographer in stamping out complexities before they go too far; I wish someone had stamped out the opening bars of the lovers' theme, which sound exactly like the first measures of "Stormy Weather." Simon Virsaladze's costumes are undistinguished, and his scenery makes Imperial Rome look like a moldy granite tomb.

Still, there were extraordinary pleasures to be had in the quality of the performances. Gripped as he was by the choreography's repetitious, stock pat-



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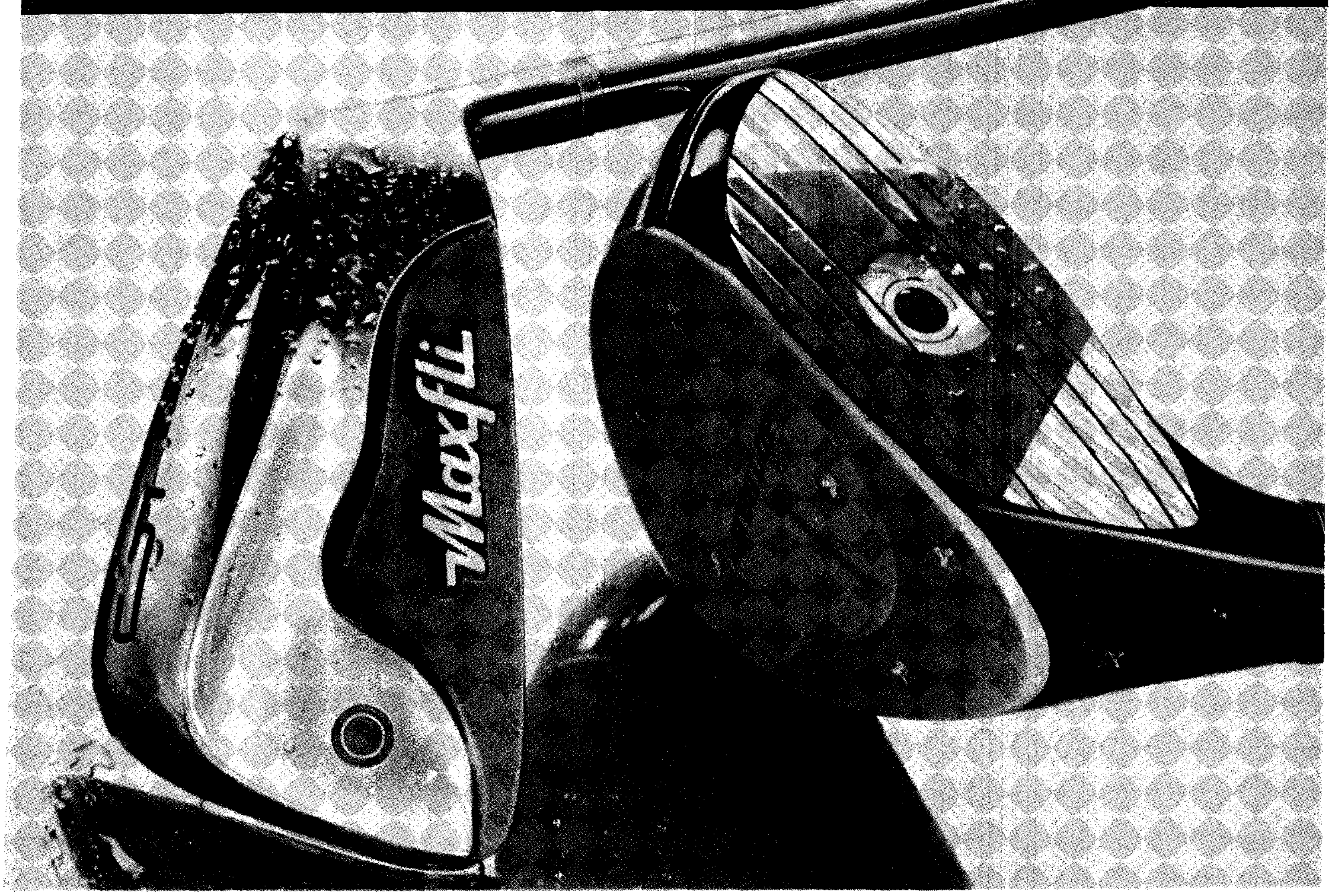

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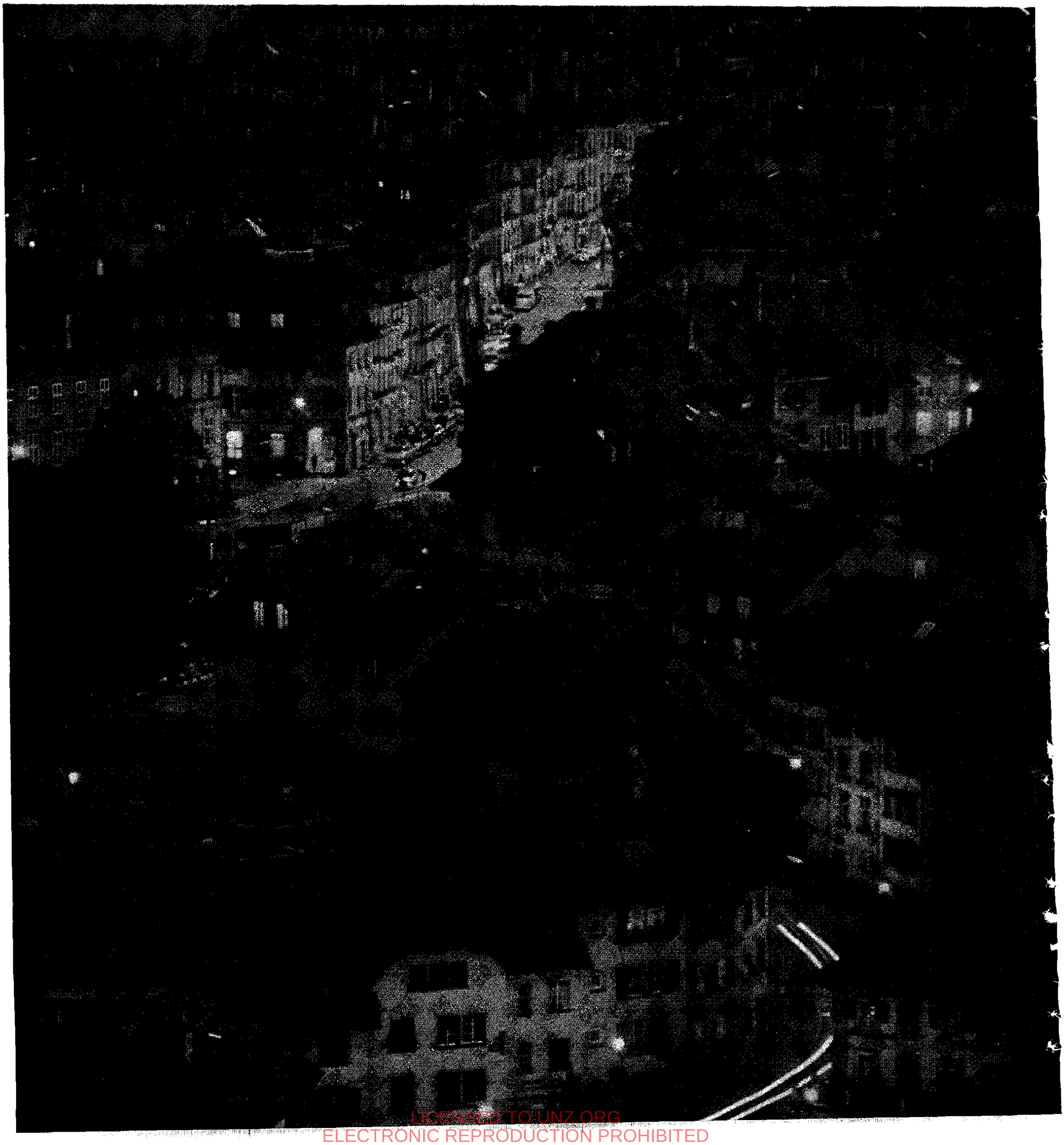

terns, Vasiliev never ceased to pour forth his thunderous rhythm; he was a new man at every entrance, and his split-kick jetés in the last act were his most powerful leaps of the evening. Liepa, although he seems to have declined athletically, was also unequivocally committed. The weak-violent mold of the character set by Grigorovich was always before you, but along with his accustomed partner, the amazing Timofeyeva, he achieved something much more interesting: the two of them suggested a couple of panting suburban pols who have somehow missed out on their success and know it. Timofeyeva, with her long dangle earrings and rich, vehement thighs, amazed me, because I had seen her in 1959 during the Bolshoi's first American tour, when she was already a prima ballerina and Vasiliev was a boy. But here she was, shooting up in jumps and doing it as effortlessly as one might open an umbrella. As for Bessmertnova—is she to become the queen of the season? One of the most ideally formed long-lined dancers in the world, she defines the term "lyrical ballerina." Yet, like so many Russians who fit that category, she defies our notions of type with her charged, floating, superhigh jump. Of all the dancers in the cast, she seemed the least confined by Grigorovich's formulas (which blocked out all of Vasiliev's charm), the least hard-pressed to hold the audience. Not that anyone else exhibited signs of strain. To the contrary: these dancers go the limit and beyond with an ease that shames and delights at the same time. Even in trash like "Spartacus," Bolshoi dancers can impress you with their love of theatre, their rage to perform. They seem to carry reserves of energy like extra oxygen tanks, and because they believe in dancing as a sensible, unharried undertaking they don't mind letting you see them refuel—like Timofeyeva, trudging to the back of the stage between solos or stopping to adjust her *schmata* in full view of the audience. It's a privilege to have such dancers among us once again.

IN "The Mooche," Alvin Ailey has handed four of his dancers—Estelle Spurlock, Sarita Allen, Sara Yarborough, and Judith Jamison—the job of evoking the styles and eras of Florence Mills, Marie Bryant, Mahalia Jackson, and Bessie Smith. Miss Yarborough has the most thankless task: Mahalia Jackson was not noted for her dancing, and the Grahamish postures Ailey has choreographed are not exactly a correlative to her singing. This number, like the ballet as a whole, is much too

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restless and glitzy. Rouben Ter-Arutunian has designed a "Deco" set full of splintered mirrors and silver balls and neon and smoke; the dancers prowl through it in overkill period costumes by Randy Barcelo and do their turns framed by a shadowy male chorus.

Even though it's nine-tenths production, "The Mooche" might have succeeded as a slightly stoned vision of the black woman as entertainer if Ailey had dispensed with the name tags and let us make our own connections to figures of the past. Judith Jamison is more like Bessie Smith than she was like Billie Holiday in last season's revival of "Portrait of Billie," but Jamison in "The Mooche" is irresistibly Jamison, with side links to Josephine Baker. For some of his "portraits," Ailey has made the oddest selections from the recorded Ellington miscellany that forms the score. "Maha" is Ellington's homage to Mahalia Jackson, but used theatrically it seems inappropriate. For "Bessie Smith" we hear "Creole Love Call," to my mind an example of what LeRoi Jones called "the 'jungle' bits of his twenties show-band period, which were utilized in those uptown 'black and tan' clubs that catered largely to sensual white liberals." Definitely not the Empress of the Blues.

Although Ailey doesn't intend his evocations to be literal, he becomes helplessly literal when he dedicates two numbers to women who actually danced. He can reproduce only those styles that have some relation to the way Ailey dancers move. "Black Beauty" was written for Florence Mills, the star of the 1921 revue "Shuffle Along," which puts Miss Spurlock, whose specialty isn't tap-dancing, at a disadvantage. Marie Bryant was a featured dancer with the Ellington band in the forties, appearing in vaudeville and in two of his shows, "Jump for Joy" and "Beggar's Holiday." I cannot say how close Ailey's Miss Bryant is to that Miss Bryant; Sarita Allen, in her white beaded sarong and ankle-strap shoes, does a bump-and-grind number that isolates a period and a performance tradition, if not the best of both.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

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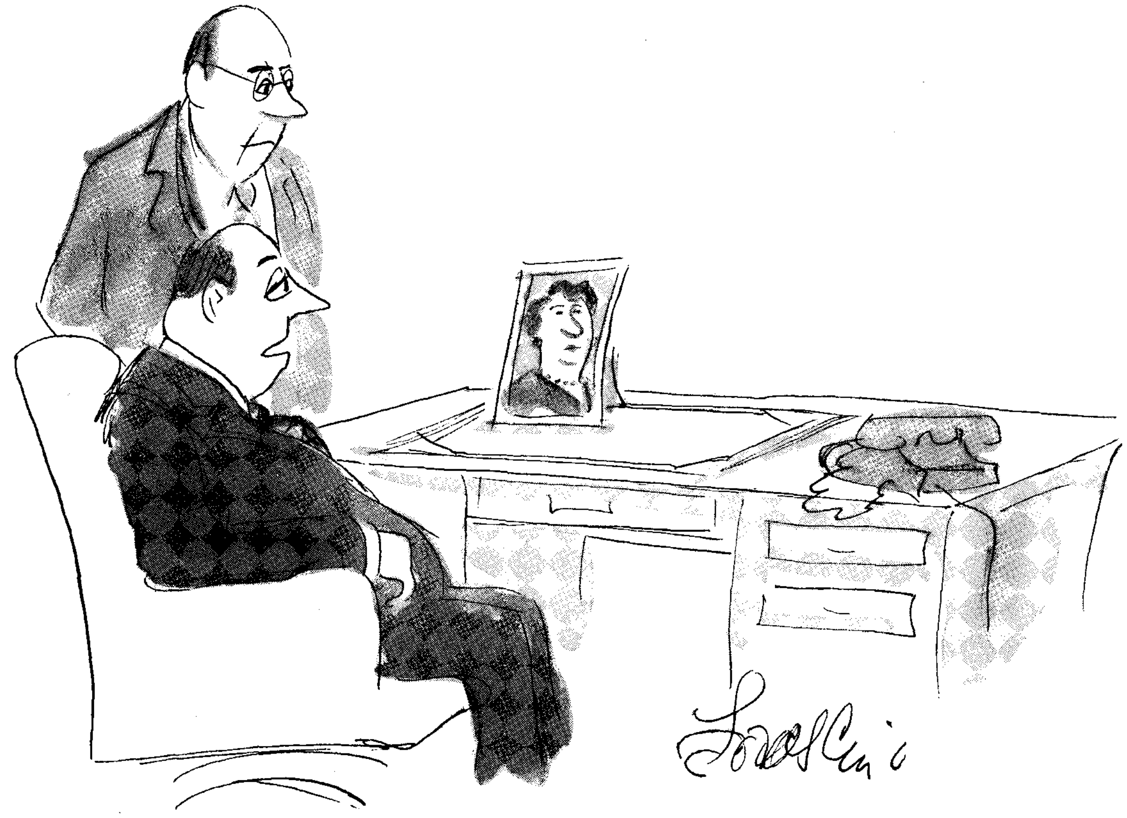
GEORGE STEINER's "After Babel: Aspects of Language and Translation" (Oxford) explores this difficulty: language, which gives man powers greater than those of any other living creature, is felt by man to be a limitation. Like speech, the wish to transcend limits is peculiarly human: we wish not to die but to live forever; we wish not to guess but to know, and to know more than thises and thats, to know universal truths. These wishes, and others, are expressed in and frustrated by language. Dr. Steiner's subject is extravagantly rich, and he ponders it on the most generous scale, discussing how we use and misuse, understand and misunderstand words, and so, without always being aware of what we are doing, create art, history, nationality, and our sense of belonging to a civilization. His discussion dwells on the need for translation or interpretation within one's own tongue—to surmount barriers of age, class, region, sex, and (above all) time. Among his examples of the last is a sonnet by D. G. Rossetti, which, he points out, means less than nothing to us because our idea of poetry has changed since Rossetti's day. Is it a bad poem? Or are we temporarily unable to see that it is a good one? *There* is one limit: can we know outside or beyond our own era's feelings about language? Dr. Steiner discusses grand issues, such as the search for a universal grammar, and whether translation is at all possible, or whether, in effect, all reading and writing are translation. He calls attention to literary themes that have persisted from the Greeks to the present. He discusses instances in which a translator has surpassed the original, or two translators have made the same poem different. He includes unqualified successes, among them French translations of Gerard Manley Hopkins so good as to be almost incredible. And he considers how musical settings change a poem. It seems to me that, whether it is raising the level of a bad poem or ruining a good one, music always overwhelms language, but I do not know whether this is just my response or everybody's.

A subject as important to human beings as language breeds conflicts of values and of judgment. Do you care more for stability or for opportunity? Would you prefer to slow down linguistic change, the better to preserve the literature of the past, or do you seek continued innovation in language? Do you want unity—a universal tongue (Latin, Esperanto, Basic English)—or does the diversity of language entertain you? How do you define fidelity to a text you are translating? And how, having found your definition—there is considerable argument about what "fidelity" means—do you make certain that your preconceptions do not confuse you or your readers? Dr. Steiner says that when Jowett translated "Timaeus" he invariably put "God" in place of Plato's "the gods." Was Jowett trying to make Plato a nineteenth-century Anglican, or did he simply find it inconceivable that a mind as great as Plato's did not agree with a mind as great as Jowett's? As Dr. Steiner ranges his huge field, reporting all these arguments and putting forward his opinions, he displays a remarkably attractive poise. His subject is often tragic—losses of meaning in poetry are the real deaths of poets—but he is too intelligent to wail. He is frequently ironic and witty, but for the most part his language and his ideas display even-handedness, seriousness without heaviness, learning without pedantry, and sober charm.

To him, there is a conflict between language as simple communication and man's desire for ever greater expressiveness—a conflict between (1) informing and (2) trying, through language, to put something new or personal in the world, to use words in unaccustomed ways. The impulse toward the new or personal creates literatures and civilizations, but these creations are, in turn, locked within their languages. And the diverseness of language seems to entail many distinct ways of thinking. Why are there so many languages? My guess is that men began as hunter-gatherers, who had to live in widely separated small groups because they required for subsistence far more space than farmers or city dwellers. Dr. Steiner thinks there is more to it than that; as I read his work, he appears to feel there is something rebellious as well as creative in linguistic diversity. For human languages diverge not only in vocabulary but in grammar, in ways of describing or ordering reality—whatever *is*, out there. Our author is skeptical about the possibility of the universal grammar modern linguists have been seeking—a oneness behind all the



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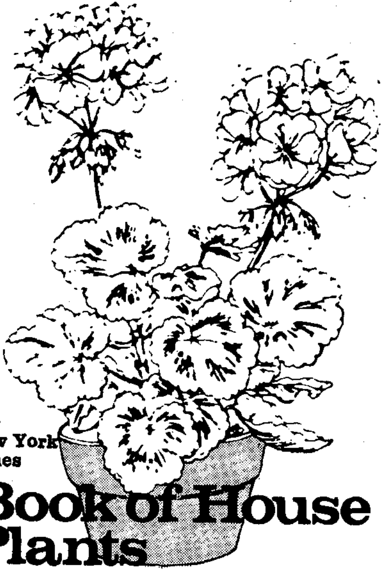

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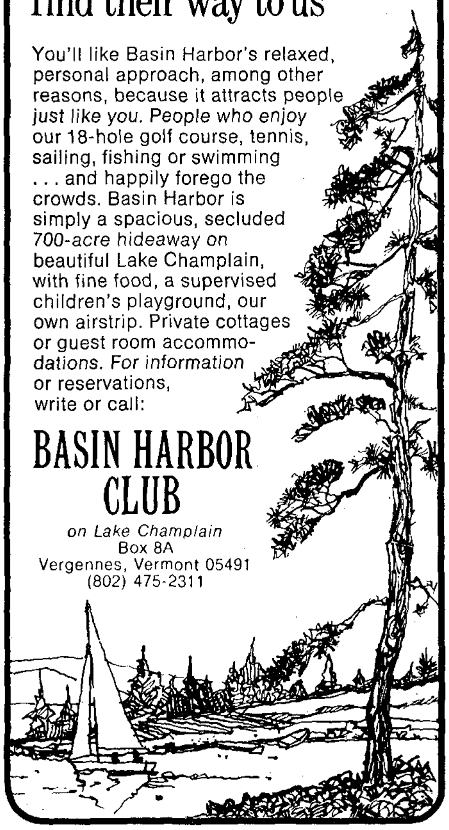
differing languages. I share his attitude, for, like him, I am more interested in languages than in language. There is *value* in multiplicity: others' ways of thinking afford chances to criticize our own. But the diversity of grammar and the concomitant diversity of ways of thinking may imply that what we children of Greek-Hebrew civilization call reason is not the only reason, and they may imply, further, that we must relinquish the high hopes of the Enlightenment, which were based on the assumption that reason is the same for all. This is a painful situation, but then ours has been (in the West, at least) an age of disappointments.

As Dr. Steiner repeatedly (and sensibly) tells us, all speaking and listening, writing and reading, involves translation and interpretation, and these processes make distinctions and reveal differences. Immensely as I enjoy this book—I feel the author wonderfully anticipates my concerns, and that his way of going at his subject is exactly right—his work makes me aware of a difference between the two of us: I had never been aware of the extent to which I read as a woman. When he talks of the resistance neighboring tribes display against learning one another's language (mother tongues defending themselves against invaders), I immediately recall teaching a baby to talk and feeding him at the same time, and then I recall the anthropologists' observation that food preferences, like language, are obstinate cultural traits. And when Dr. Steiner, supported by a battery of major thinkers, decides that the source of fiction and poetry is the lie, and conceives lying to be a self-preservation device whose origin is conflict, I disagree. The instruction of the young seems to me an effort more fundamental to human groups than conflict. I think of narrative and verse as teaching devices, memory aids. The first chapter of Genesis, a story, lists all the most noticeable things in a world much more lacking in human artifacts than our own, and also distinguishes between living and non-living, teaching that the stars do not reproduce themselves but that plants and animals do.

My most unlikely (and perhaps most feminine) response is that I find that Dr. Steiner started me thinking about clothes when he talks of the approaches translators take to classical texts, and to bringing them forward in time. He cites the translation of the "Iliad" by Christopher Logue which compares the way Achilles' chariot horses move to the thrust of a rocket.



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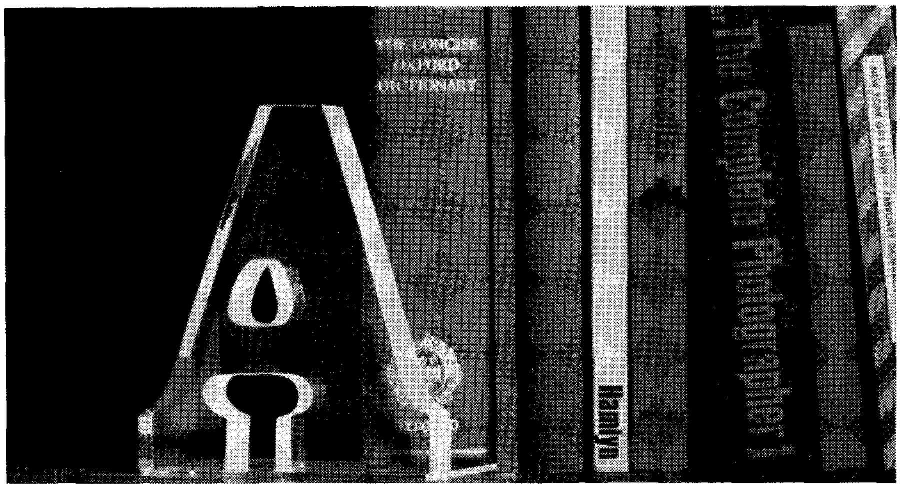
This set me brooding about another kind of anachronism: trying to find accurate counterparts for an object that no longer exists or is no longer in common use but that is basic to a metaphor. The "wallet" of "Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back/ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion" is akin to the "*besace*" of La Fontaine's fable "La Besace," which is an imitation of a classical original. Both words refer to one of a vast collection of receptacles—pouches and sacks and purses and pokes and bags—that were slung over shoulders and around necks or attached to belts. (Perhaps that is why some languages use one verb for "wear" and "carry"—*porter*, *portare*, *tragen*.) The literary effects of B.C. clothing have lasted. Ancient garments had no pockets; they were shapeless; the technology of fabric-making was limited; the strikingly visible distinctions one could indulge in were to wear elaborate armor or jewelry and to have someone carry things for you. Elizabethan and Jacobean actors were doubtless committing a necessary anachronism (I'm not sure that Logue's really is one) when they played past periods in their own dress, for down to the late Middle Ages the technology of clothing allowed for very little of the flamboyance that marked the dress of Elizabeth I or of James' extravagant Anne of Denmark; a Cleopatra correctly costumed for her period would have looked, at the Globe, like a woman in her nightgown. This, Dr. Steiner notes when he talks about a soliloquy in "Cymbeline," leaves us with too much choice and too little certainty in playing Shakespeare: is "Cymbeline" happening in Roman Britain, Elizabethan England, or a timeless land of poetry? When our author moves on to the thing he calls (borrowing a term from mathematics) "topology"—what constant themes remain across languages and over centuries—I cannot help remarking that the distinction between who carries and who does not is one such constant. If you are producing everything as of 1975, Juliet, Phèdre, and Isolde cannot possibly carry shopping bags, but those loving old muddling interferers—Nurse, Œnone, and Brangäne—certainly can; they are, in essence, shopping-bag-carrying souls. Now, those shopping bags are not in Dr. Steiner; he's more interested in Hippolytus's death—how the sea monster stampedes his horses in Euripides, Seneca, and Racine, and in the fact that the last time around, in a movie of "Phèdre," the young man dies in an automobile



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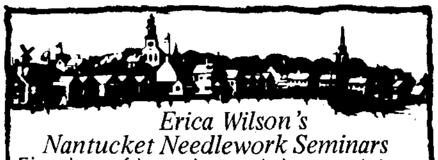

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accident. I apologize. But then he does say that translation or interpretation is also incorporating a work, and I have been making his book part of me.

Dr. Steiner remarks that some modern artists have a wide conservative streak, while others rebel at the notion that civilization is all inheritance and translation and that they cannot really "make it new." Do rebellion and resentment register a real change in history? Most of the past extolled tradition, however little it was understood. Were the artists of then hypocritical? Would they have expressed rebellion or their sense of their superiority to their forerunners and teachers, if they had dared? I can imagine that "*cher maître*" and "*miglior fabbro*" were as sincere as our "sincerely." But then I'm not sure I understand why a writer (Dr. Steiner cites D. H. Lawrence) minds that he is part of tradition, a living bundle of anachronism; it seems to me that being in touch with your fellow-workers, including the dead, is part of being human and a sign, too, that you are not crazy.

Looking forward, Dr. Steiner wonders about the future of English. It is the most popular second language in the world, and precisely because of its popularity, he thinks, it may splinter into dialects abroad while it becomes impoverished or static on its present home grounds. Still, this is no more than what happened to Latin, and, as Dr. Steiner himself shows, the classics live on in us. One can assume, I think, that topologies will persist even if the English language and literature become "the classics." Dr. Steiner frequently contrasts Babel and silence, the multiplicity of tongues and a perfect understanding that would not even need words. I think there is a middle term, attending—listening or reading with concentration and a wish to understand rather than to interrupt. This book is a fruitful, radiant demonstration of what such careful, thoughtful, self-forgetting, attentive reading achieves. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SHARDIK, by Richard Adams (Simon & Schuster). An endless, bloated, muddled, quasi-religious epic, steeped in classical traditions and forms, about a mythical civilization (the Beklan Empire), set in the dark, sombre landscape of a purposely obscure semi-barbaric age. Having exhausted the possibilities of the British rabbit in "Watership

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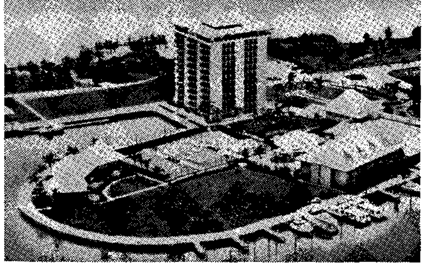

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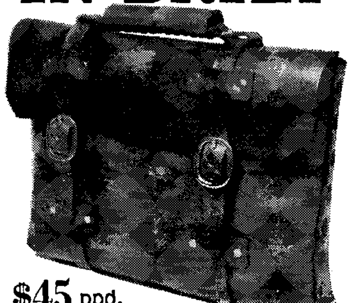

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Down," Mr. Adams now brings us a mystical bear, Shardik. Violent, huge ("more powerful than a rhinoceros and heavy as eight strong men"), and unpredictable, this shaggy, heroically proportioned creature is found wounded by a young hunter, Kelderek, whose life is entirely transformed by his discovery. Kelderek and a sort of elderly, nannyish bacchante called the Tuginda save the bear, and, recognizing him to be a messenger from God, become his disciples. Power struggles, wars, and a complex series of trials for the young hunter follow. As in his rabbit epic, Mr. Adams writes with total descriptive authority about an imaginary place, but the present volume is crammed with so many easily forgettable characters bearing odd names like Santil-kè-Erketlis, Gel-Ethlin, Mollo, and Rantzay, and with so much action-packed mystical melodrama, that it all seems like a Walt Disney production of the Peloponnesian Wars. A Literary Guild selection.

THE MASSACRE AT FALL CREEK, by Jessamyn West (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In 1824, four white men in Indiana were tried for the murder of nine Indians, and three of them were hanged—the first time, according to Miss West, that white men were punished for such a crime. The court records were destroyed in a fire, so she has had a free hand in re-creating the story as a CinemaScope spectacle, full of frontier humor, courtroom drama, young love, aging lust, hairbreadth escapes, and heavy doses of instruction in the ways and morals of the old-time Midwest. Readers with a taste for this sort of thing will get their money's worth, but other readers will regret that Miss West's knowledge and talent, which could have produced a searching factual book, have been applied to such heavy-handed fiction. Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect is the heroine—seventeen-year-old Hannah Cape, whose brother was a witness to the murder. Tall, red-headed, an eager novitiate in the mysteries of life (the dashing, city-bred attorneys are willing teachers), she gives the book an inescapable air of having been intended for the very young. A selection of the Literary Guild.

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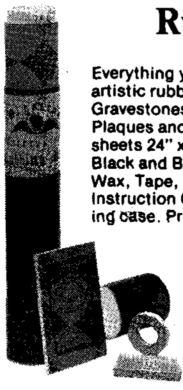

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ume of a projected three-volume edition that will contain not only nearly all of O'Casey's letters that have survived but, in many instances, the other side of the correspondence. Often when O'Casey is writing to a friend, the public note creeps in, as if in the back of his mind is a more belligerent letter he is about to write to the *Irish Times*, the *Irish Statesman*, *The Leader*, the Manchester *Guardian*, or *Time & Tide*. "God be my judge that I hate fighting," he wrote to Mrs. G. B. Shaw, no doubt sincerely believing it. What this nine-hundred-page book demonstrates is that, on the contrary, fighting was mother's milk to him. He found it "impossible to forget, & bloody difficult to forgive." On the opening night of the London production of "The Silver Tassie," Lady Gregory wrote from a Dublin hotel, "Though I never send telegrams on such occasions I want you to be sure that you have all my good wishes for it—and its success. I hope to see it myself very soon for I cross to England on Monday. . . . And I look forward very much to a visit one afternoon if you invite me—to see and make acquaintance with your wife and your son. . . ." O'Casey wrote back, "The production has made my mind a-flood again with thoughts about the play's rejection by the Abbey Directorate, & bitterness would certainly enter into things I would say about W. B. Yeats, & L. Robinson if we were to meet; bitterness that would hurt you, and I am determined to avoid hurting you as much as possible. . . . So, knowing how I feel, & guessing what I would say about the many Artistic & Literary Shams squatting in their high places in Dublin, I feel it would be much better to set aside, for the present, the honour & pleasure of seeing you & talking with you." When this letter was read to him thirty-four years later, he groaned and said, "That was one letter I should never have written." There were others, but his grievances were, for the most part, real, and they are, even now, heartbreaking to read about. Thirty-five dollars.

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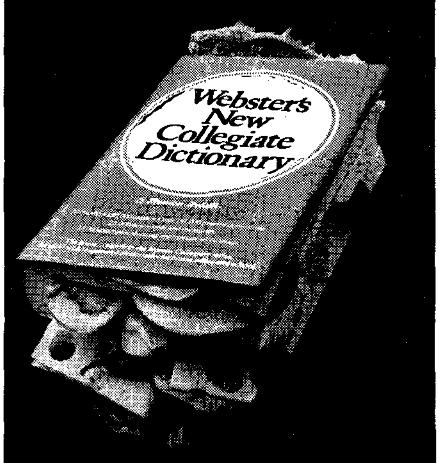

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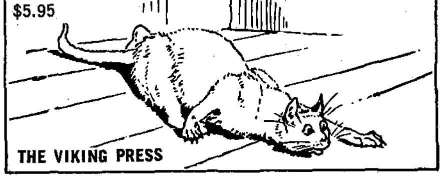

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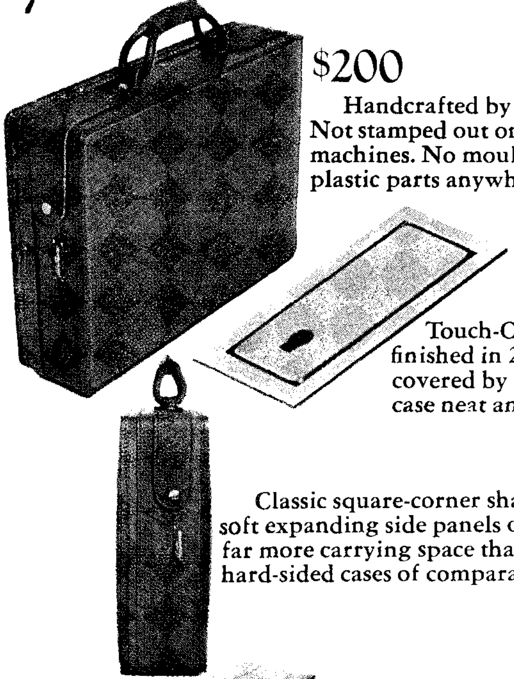

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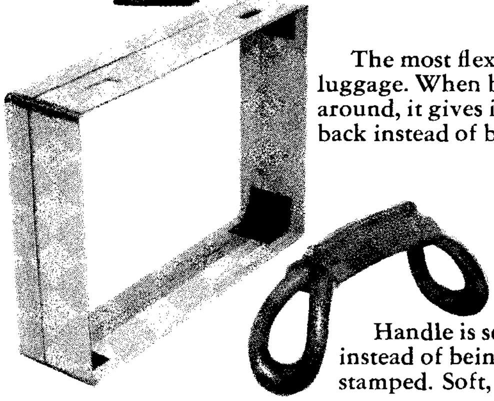

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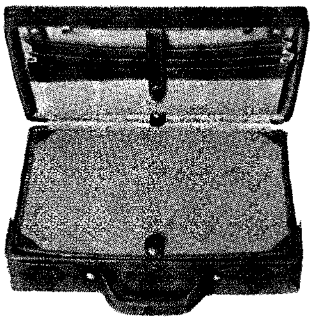

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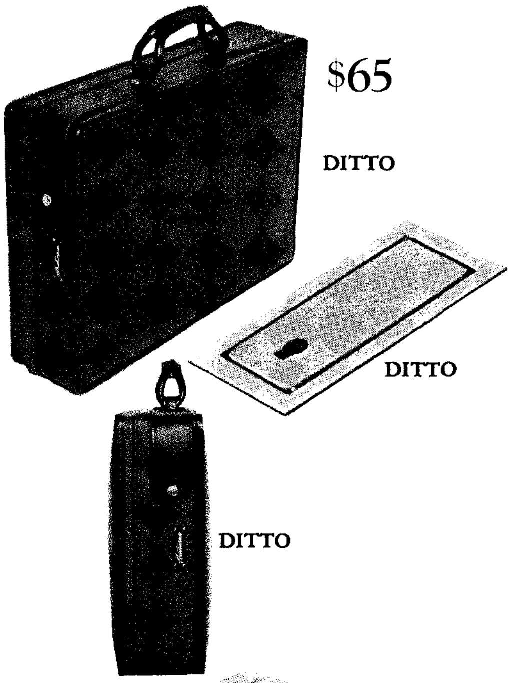

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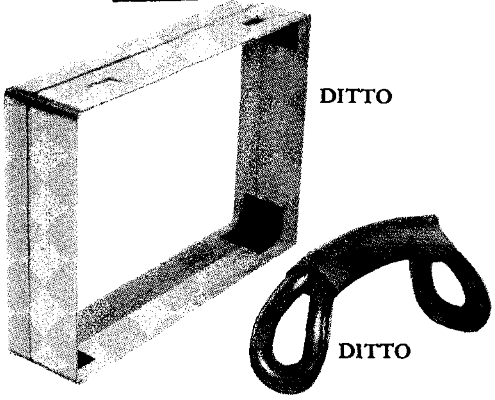

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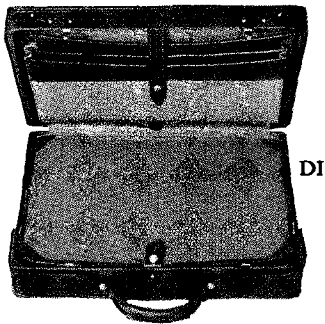

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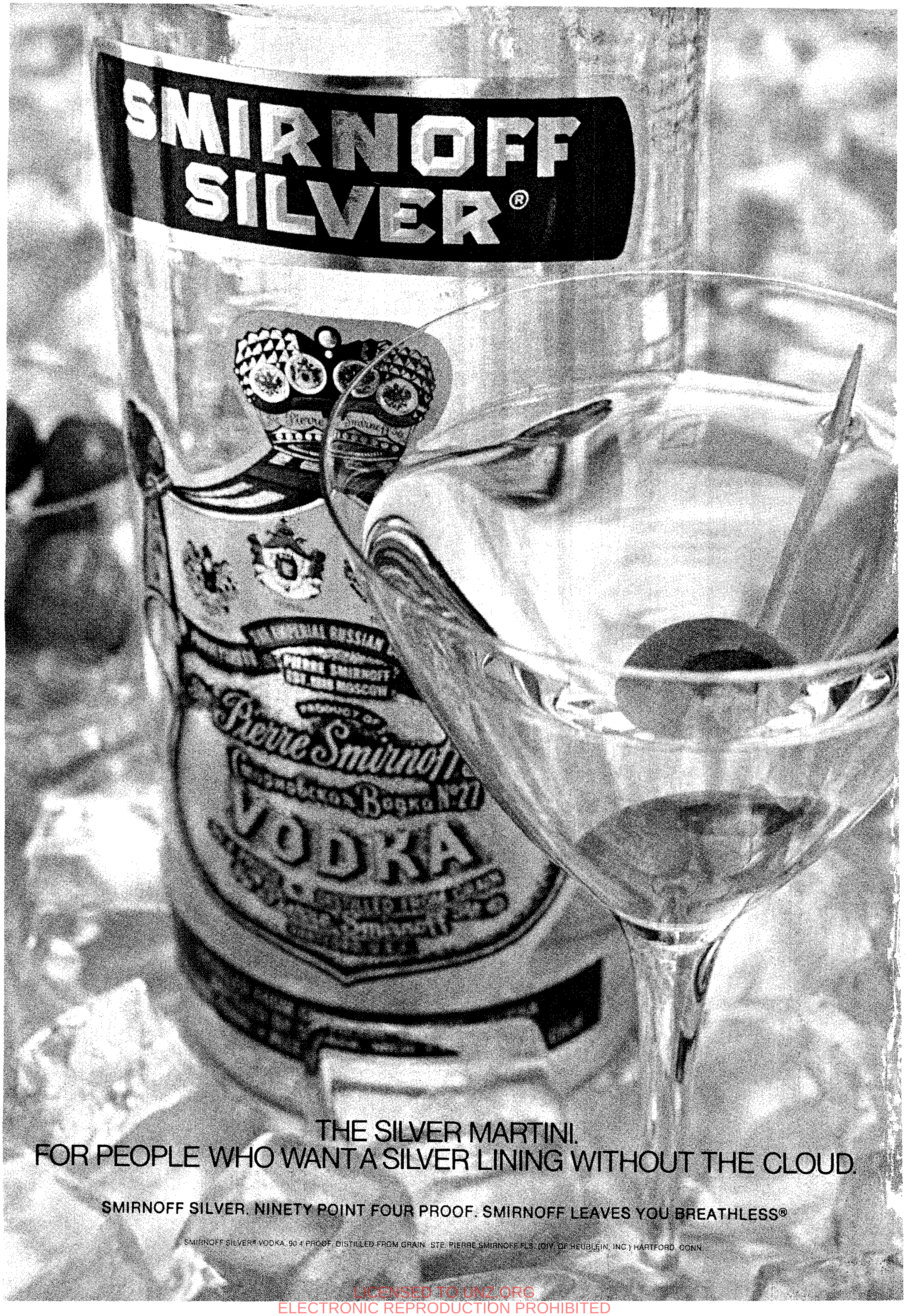
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